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THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

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Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles. Par Eusebe Salverte. Paris, 1829. 2 Vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of a work on the Occult Sciences is almost as great a deviation from the ordinary routine of our literature, as any of the prodigies which it unfolds is from the recognized laws of the material world; and did we not know how little interest is aroused by any volume which bears the proscribed name of Science, we should have expressed our surprise that a work so well written, and on a subject so popular and exciting, should have existed for fifteen years without being either translated into our language, or submitted to the processes of criticism or analysis. Had our author been a conjurer who dealt in wonders, he would have gathered round him a numerous and an eager ring; but as a scholar and a philosopher he has attracted few disciples, and in an age oscillating between utilitarianism and frivolity, his genius and learning have failed to command that applause which they so justly deserve.

There are, however, other causes which may account for the indifference with which this work has been received. More familiar with literary than with scientific inquiries, M. Salverte is less successful than he might have been in referring to natural causes the various illusions and prodigies which pass in review before him; and, though we rise from the perusal of his learned and ingenious details with a certain gratification of our curiosity, it is seldom with the conviction that we have obtained a clear and satisfying explanation of the mysteries which they involve. His decisions, indeed, even when he himself confides in them, fail to inspire confidence in the reader; and in discussions of so peculiar a character, where the mind has to pass from the excitement of an apparently supernatural event to the calm repose of a truth in science, we require the prestige of a name to accomplish the transition. Nor is it a defect of a minor kind, or one less injurious to the popularity of the work, that in selecting his materials he has not confined himself to that wide and productive field which constitutes the legitimate domain of the occult philosophy. The records of divine truth are presented to us under the same phase as those of civil history; and

the miracles of the Old and New Testament are submitted to as rigorous an analysis as the legends and prodigies of the ancient mythology. This unseemly blending of the sacred with the profane is distasteful even to the less serious inquirer; and the Christian, though he asks no immunity for his creed from the fair scrutiny of human wisdom, would yet desire to throw the veil of faith over its holier events and its deeper mysteries, and protect from an unhallowed paraphrase what transcends reason, and must ever spurn the inquisition of philosophy.

M. Salverte was led to study the nature and object of the Occult Sciences as the subject of a chapter in a larger work which he contemplated, on *The History of Civilization from the Earliest Historic Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century*, but his materials accumulated to such a degree that he was induced to give them separately to the world. So early as 1813 the introduction of his principal work appeared at Paris, and in 1817 he published in the *Esprit des Journaux* for July,—a periodical printed at Brussels,—the general principles of the work before us, and many of the facts and arguments upon which they rest.*

In tracing the origin and progress of science, we find that the earliest vestiges of knowledge were the cherished possessions of priests and kings; and it was doubtless by their agency that barbarous and untractable communities were first subjected to the restraints and discipline of law. To the ignorant observer of nature every thing beyond the range of his daily notice is an object of wonder. The phenomena of the material universe, which have no periodical recurrence, assume the character of supernatural events, and every process in art, and every combination in science, become valuable agents, at first of government and at last of civilization. Thus early did knowledge become power,—not what it now is—a physical agent enslaving and controlling the elements for the benefit of man—but a moral sceptre wielded over his crouching mind, acting upon his hopes and his fears, and subjugating him to the will either of a benefactor or a tyrant.

Nor was this sovereignty of a local nature, originating in the ignorance and docility of any particular race, and established by the wisdom and cunning of any individual ty-

rant. It existed wherever the supremacy of the law was established, and was indeed a spurious theocracy, in which the priest and the king appeared as the viceregents of Heaven, displaying as their credentials a series of miracles and prodigies which deceived the senses and overawed the judgment of the vulgar. In this manner did the rod of the conjurer become the sceptre of the king, and the facts and deductions of science his statute-book; and thus did man, the creature of hope and fear, believe, and tremble, and obey.

A system of imposture thus universal in its reception, and having its origin in the strongest principles of our nature, was not likely to suffer any change, either in its form or its character, amid the turbulence of civil broils, or the desolations of foreign conquest. Our passion for the marvellous, indeed, and our reliance on supernatural interference, increase with the impending danger, and the agitated mind seeks with a keener anxiety to penetrate into the future. Hence is the skill of the sorcerer more eagerly invoked "when coming events are casting their shadows before;" and whether our curiosity be indulged or disappointed, or our fears rebuked or allayed, our faith in the supernatural acquires new intensity by its exercise. Nor were the evils of such a system abated by the advancement of civilization and knowledge. Every discovery in science became a new link in the chain which bound the intellectual slave, and in the moral tariff of antiquity, knowledge was the article of contraband, which, though denied to the people, never failed to find its way into the bonded crypts of the sanctuary. The lights of science were thus placed under a bushel, and skilfully projected from its spectral apertures to dazzle and confound the vulgar.

In this manner did the powers of science and the sanctities of idolatry exercise a long and fatal sway over the nations of the world; and when Christianity had extended itself widely throughout Europe, and had lost the simplicity and purity of its early days, there sprung up from its holiest mysteries a system of imposture, hostile to the progress of truth, and not less fatal to the spiritual advancement of man than that which prevailed among heathen nations. Though the instruments of delusion were changed, the system remained the same;—truth and fable entered in definite proportions into the legends of the Church;—the lying miracles of saints, the incanta-

* This Memoir is entitled, *Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles.*

tions of the necromancer, and the presumptuous forgeries of the alchemist, deluded the Christian world for many centuries, and in place of having lost their influence they have been embalmed amid the civilization of modern times. Under this system the spiritual element obtained the ascendancy, and powerful and haughty kings laid their willing necks beneath the feet of the Bishop of Rome. But in modern Europe the Church has become the slave of the State,—the Sovereign as its spiritual head has usurped the powers of the Roman Pontiff, and in retaliation for the wrong, the humblest depositary of episcopal ordination lays claim to a supernatural influence which neither his guilt nor his ignorance can paralyze. The Priest of lying oracles, who forged the responses of his God, and the clerical charlatan of the middle ages who pretended to rouse the dead from the recesses of the tomb, were less guilty in their imposture than the educated and unregenerated priest of our own day, who attributes to his unclean hands the renovating influence of the baptismal element, or than the godless bishop who pretends to give the Holy Spirit to some blaspheming and unconverted aspirant.

But it is not among ecclesiastical functions only that this love of the supernatural has uprisen with such fearful luxuriance,—the pursuits of laymen have been marked with the same extravagances of pretension, and with even a higher demand upon our faith. The Morphæus of the present day, be he the weakest or the wickedest of our race, can distil from his moving fingers the soporific influence, and obtain possession of the mental and corporeal will of his sleeping Alcyone. At his bidding the red current hurries along the stiffened arteries; over the enslaved limbs supervenes the rigor of death; new senses arise; the patient sees where there is no eye, and hears where there is no ear;—nay, he tastes with the palate of his master, moves with his muscles, and thinks with his faculties. Thus have we reproduced the Siamese twins, united, not by a muscular, but by a spiritual ligament. But in this illicit commerce of sensations the magician is subject to an unequal tariff. After he has imparted his taste and his thoughts to the sleeping partner of the firm, he receives nothing in return; and, so singular is the character of his generosity, that he gives what he does not himself possess, and what he has not even taken from another. The patient discovers the

seat and nature of his own diseases, though the sorcerer be no physician; he compounds drugs for their cure, though he be no apothecary; and he predicts future events, though he be no prophet. To these gifts he adds the highest privileges of our suffering nature—an immunity from pain! The executioner might break him on the wheel without the sensation of a strain; and a mesmerised Antonio might give to the Jew his pound of flesh without feeling the inroad upon his skin.

Had such theories stopped here, and occupied merely isolated positions in the intellectual field, some advantage might have been gained from the antagonism of their errors, and time and reason might have slowly and quietly dislodged them. But they have entered into a fearful covenant, the consequences of which have neither been foreseen by its friends, nor detected by its enemies. The centaur of Phrenomesmerism has been its monster offspring, and unless some Theseus, with his Laphæ, shall drive it into exile, *Materialism*, and its kindred heresies, will have a speedy triumph.

Whatever may be the truth of the theory, it is yet consistent with the soul's immateriality, that the mind, acting through material organs, may exercise higher and lower functions in proportion to the form and magnitude of its instruments, and it is equally consistent with the same cardinal truth, that the senses may be quickened, and impeded functions restored during certain states of sleep; but if it be true that the mechanical pressure of a human finger upon an inch of human cuticle, propagated, it may be, through an inch of subjacent bone, and impressed upon an inch of the mental organ—if it be true that such a pressure can excite emotions of piety, and evoke sentiments of devotion, thus summoning into active exercise the noblest functions of the soul, then is that soul but an aggregate of dust—a solid of kneaded clay, which shall die at man's death, and crumble at his decay.

In a country where wonders like these are exhibited to enlightened audiences, and received with faith even by the most skeptical, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid view of the Occult Sciences of ancient times—to survey the apparently miraculous in nature, and the seemingly supernatural in art—to separate the prodigies which science and ocular evidence have established, from the phantoms which

ignorance has created—and to impress upon the young or the unsettled mind the irrefragable truth, that if among the arrangements of the physical world, and under the laws by which Providence directs man's sublunary concerns, there are phenomena and results which transcend our faith and our intelligence, there must be also in the co-existing spiritual world, which is to survive our preparatory state, events and laws which, though they transcend human reason, may yet be established by human testimony, and which, though foolishness to the wise, are yet wisdom to the simple.

After pointing out, in his first chapter, the interest which attaches to the mysteries and magic of the ancients, M. Salverte directs our attention to the motives which give credibility to miraculous recitals. These motives he finds in the number and accordance of the recitals themselves, and in the confidence which we can place in the observers and witnesses, and likewise in the possibility of eliminating what is marvellous by discovering the principal causes which give to a natural fact a supernatural character; and, in the discussion of these topics, instead of exhibiting any skeptical tendency, he evinces an extent of faith which some of our readers may regard as bordering even on the credulous.

"Wherever," says he, "a religious revelation does not overpower the judgment, what motives of credibility can make a judicious mind admit the existence of prodigies or magical works? The doctrine of probabilities will serve for our guide. That a man is deceived by appearances more or less specious, or that he seeks to deceive us if he has an interest in doing it, is much more probable than the accuracy of a recital which involves in it any thing marvellous. But if at different times and in different places several men have seen the same thing or things similar, and if their recitals are numerous and accordant with each other, their improbability diminishes, and may ultimately disappear. Is it credible that, in the year 197 of our era, a shower of quicksilver* fell at Rome in the Forum of Augustus? Dion Cassius did not see it fall, but he saw it immediately after it fell. He collected drops of it, and by rubbing them on a piece of copper, he gave it the appearance of silver, which, he says, it retained three whole days. Notwithstanding his positive testimony, and notwithstanding the tradition reported by Glycas, according to which the

same event took place in the reign of Aurelian, this wonder is too strange to be admitted in the present day. Must we therefore absolutely reject it? The impossible, says one, is never probable,—surely not; but can we assign the limits of the possible? let us examine—let us doubt—but let us not hasten to deny. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most distinguished of the French Savans, a few days after they had rejected, with some severity, an account of a shower of aerolites (meteoric stones) were compelled not only to acknowledge the existence but the frequent occurrence of this phenomenon. If a prodigy similar to that witnessed by Dion, had been reported at different epochs by different writers, and if it had occurred in our own day, and had been seen by skilful observers, it would no longer have been a fable—an illusion, but a phenomenon which, like the fall of aerolites, would take its place in the annals where science consigns facts which it has found to be certain, without pretending to explain them.

"With what disdain, with what ridicule and contempt would we have spurned any ancient author who informed us 'that a woman had a breast in her left thigh with which she suckled her own child and several others.' This phenomenon was actually maintained to be true by the Academy of Sciences at Paris (at the sitting of the 5th June 1827). In order to place the fact beyond a doubt, we require only to know the accuracy of the philosopher who observed it, and the strength of the testimonies by which his veracity is confirmed."—*Tom.* i. p. 11-15.

In support of the sentiment contained in the preceding extract, that we ought to be cautious in denying the prodigies recorded by the ancients, M. Salverte describes a prodigy in our own day, to which he himself bears a secondary testimony, and which, he avers, would have been treated as a fable had it been related by any ancient author.

"On the 27th May 1819, at four o'clock in the evening, the commune of Grignoncourt, in the arrondissement of Neufchateau, and department of the Vosges, was desolated by an enormous hail. M. Jacoutot, then and at present (1829) Maire of this commune, collected and melted several hailstones, weighing nearly half a kilogramme (upwards of 1 lb. avoird.). He found in the centre of each a transparent stone of the color of coffee, and from 14 to 18 millimètres thick (from 6 to 8 tenths of an inch!), larger than a piece of two francs, flat, round, polished, and perforated in the centre, with a hole which would admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen there were found, when it had melted, many similar stones hitherto unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. In a procès-verbal, addressed to the sub-prefect of Neufchateau,

* Neither Dion nor Glycas calls it quicksilver, but the former drops of dew like silver, and the latter drops of silver.

M. Jacoutot mentions this extraordinary phenomenon, and on the 26th September he himself gave to two other persons and to myself the above details, which he offered to have attested by all the inhabitants of the commune, and which M. Garnier, Curé of Chatillon sur Saône and Grignoncourt, spontaneously confirmed to me.

"On the banks of the Ognon, a river which runs at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, there is seen a great quantity of stones similar to those which have been mentioned, and equally perforated in the middle. Were they also the product of hail charged with aerolites?"—*Tom. ii., p. 14, 15, Note.*

Now this story of a shower of transparent coffee-colored stones, embosomed in hail, which is given as an example of an undoubted modern prodigy, is defective in that very condition which M. Salverte considers necessary to command our assent: The phenomenon was never seen in any other place, and by any other persons, and the enveloped stone was not a substance, like quicksilver, known to have a separate existence. A meteoric stone might be projected from the moon, however unlikely such a supposition is, or might be a fragment of a broken planet, or it might be an aggregate of mineral elements, which we know exist in the atmosphere; but a great quantity of circular perforated discs of a polished and transparent mineral, could only have come from a jeweller's shop in the moon, consigned to another jeweller in the atmosphere, who set them in ice for the benefit of the Maire of Grignoncourt. If such quantities of so rare and curious a body not only fell in France, but were gathered on the banks of the Ognon, why did not M. Jacoutot show a single specimen to M. Salverte in 1826, and why do we not find specimens in the different museums in the capital cities of Europe? No mineralogist has described the stone—no chemist has analyzed it; and no devotee has worshipped it.

In the preceding extract, M. Salverte has embodied Mr. Hume's celebrated argument against Miracles, which has so long been the mainstay of the skeptic and the infidel; but though he has himself successfully replied to it, yet he has withdrawn from the benefit of his reply those prodigies and miracles which are witnessed by persons whose judgments are influenced by a "religious revelation," and consequently the miracles of the New Testament. For this exclusion he has assigned no reason

whatever, and it becomes necessary to remove any erroneous impression which it may have made upon the reader.

When we balance the probability that human testimony may err, against the probability that the operations of nature will continue in their ordinary course, we assume an uniformity in these operations of which we have no clear proof, and a fallibility in human testimony which does not universally characterize it. But if there be such an uniformity in the course of nature, and a continuity in her laws, the laws which govern our moral being are no less uniform. That man is often deceived, and is himself as often a deceiver, is a truth too general to be questioned; but it is just as probable, that the earth will stand still, and day and night cease, as that a number of simple and intelligent men will concur in giving false witness when their interests and their happiness would be promoted by withholding it. In discussing a question of this kind, we must take the case of a sober and enlightened inquirer, who is called upon to believe a supernatural event upon the testimony of witnesses with whose character he is acquainted. Such an individual, however learned, can have no very overpowering conviction of the uniform course of nature. Whatever be its extent, it must be founded chiefly on his own limited observation. For any thing he can understand, the earth, or any other planet, may stand still periodically, to keep its motions in harmony with the rest of the system; and for any thing he knows, such an event may have often taken place. Various facts which history records, and events, perhaps within his own knowledge, may concur in giving some degree of probability to the occurrence of such interruptions of the course of nature. The Aurora Borealis, for example, seems to have presented itself to man for the first time within the last 200 years. The masses of meteoric iron in Siberia and in Brazil, must have fallen from the sky since the formation of the soil on which they rest; and in our own day we have seen pestilence tracking its desolating course over the world, and in lines where neither soil nor climate seem to have drawn it, as if it were a catastrophe in which second causes were either inoperative or concealed from our view.

In the records of human evidence, on the contrary, no examples can be found in which concurrent witnesses persisted in a

false testimony, which exposed them to insult and persecution, and finally sealed that testimony with their blood. The sober inquirer after truth, therefore, cannot but regard such a species of evidence as an unerring guide, and by appealing to his own mind—which in a case of this kind must be the safest arbiter—he will find that he could not, under such circumstances, persist in a testimony that was false, and will thus arrive at the same truth which he had deduced from history and observation.

With regard to the limitation which M. Salverte has annexed to the admission of miracles, it does not clearly appear whether the "religious revelation" is supposed to influence the testimony of the witnesses, or the mind of the inquirer. If he means the mind of the inquirer, as the phrase of influencing the judgment might lead us to infer, then the limitation is unnecessary, as no person already convinced of the truth of the revelation, and overpowered by its grandeur, would ever think of inquiring farther into its evidence. If he means the testimony of the witnesses, then it is manifest that the ocular evidence of a believing witness is, in the abstract, equally good with that of a skeptic, and that evidence, too, is corroborated by the consideration, that a witness who is to regulate his conduct by the truths to which he testifies, and, on its account to expose himself to obloquy, if not to exile or martyrdom, will exercise, in the examination of it, a double caution.

In his third chapter, M. Salverte proceeds to enumerate and discuss the principal causes which give to a common fact a supernatural character. The simplest of these causes he finds in the illusory appearances of the works of nature themselves, which the imagination of the observer transforms into realities. The river in the valley of Mount Ida, which every year ran with blood in commemoration of the death of Memnon, who fell in single combat with Achilles, is an example of this species of illusion. This fragment of Grecian fable originated in the more ancient tradition, that the river Adonis, which had its source in Mount Lebanon, was colored annually with the blood of the unfortunate youth who perished by the mortal bite of the wild boar which he pursued. An inhabitant of Byblus observed, that the soil watered by the river, was composed of a red earth, which, being dried by the heat, was carried by the

wind into the river, and thus communicated to it the color of blood. Among the poetical fictions of Greece, was the transformation into a rock, near the island of Corfu, of the Phœnician vessel which brought back Ulysses into Thrace. Pliny mentions, that a rock in that locality actually had the appearance of a vessel in full sail, and a modern traveller has described this curious resemblance.* In illustration of this class of illusory phenomena, to which the character of the marvellous has been given, M. Salverte refers to those impressions on the surface of rocks, which so frequently resemble the tracks of living beings. The foot of Buddha is imprinted on Adam's rock in Ceylon, and the impress of Gaudma's foot is revered among the Birmans. Dr. John Davy conjectures that the one is a work of art, and Colonel Sym regards the other as resembling more a hieroglyphic tablet than a natural phenomenon. The Mussulmans exhibit the impression of Mahomet's head on the walls of a grotto near Medina, and the foot of his camel is sunk in a rock in Palestine. Even in the African desert, in the middle of Soudon, a gigantic impression of the foot of Mahomet's camel is shown to the traveller. Diodorus Siculus informs us that on a rock near Agrigentum, are to be seen the tracks of the cows which were conducted by Hercules. The legends, however, of Catholic superstition have been more productive than any other, of this species of wonder. The Christian devotee has found on Mount Carmel the mark of the foot of Elias. That of Jesus is repeated four times near his tomb in the vicinity of Nazareth. Near the same village, the Catholic reveres the imprint of the knees of the Virgin Mary, and that of the feet and elbows of our Saviour, and he has even discovered the mark of the last step of the Saviour on earth before his ascension into heaven. Even in modern times, an inhabitant of Charente has recognized upon a rock the impress of the foot of Mary Magdalene;† and the prints of human feet, exquisitely natural, both in their form and position, have been found in our own day in the secondary limestone of the Mississippi valley, near St. Louis. In South America, too, similar human footprints, supposed by the Catholics to be those of the Apo-

* *Bibliothèque Universelle, Littérature, tom. ii, p. 195, June 1816.*

† *Mém. de la Société des Antiquaires de France, tom. vii., p. 42.*

ties, have attracted the attention of geologists.

These various statements, with the exception of the two last, have been adduced by M. Salverte as examples of the influence of the imagination, in seeing the likeness of familiar objects in forms accidentally produced, and he does not seem aware of the remarkable discoveries of the footsteps on solid rocks, which now form some of the most interesting data in geological science.* We have no doubt, therefore, that in several of the cases which have been quoted, the impressions were real and not imaginary, or at least as real as the limestone footsteps near St. Louis. M. Schoolcraft, the American geologist, who describes the latter, informs us that it was the opinion of Governor Cass and himself, formed on the spot, "that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of the feet are natural and genuine;" and an eminent English geologist, writing on this subject, frankly states that he "is persuaded that the prints alluded to were the genuine impression of human feet made in the limestone when wet. I cannot now go on," he adds, "with the arguments that may be urged in proof of my assertion, but rely upon it, those prints are certain evidence that man existed at the epoch of the deposition of that limestone, as that birds lived when the new red sandstone was formed."†

The conversion of the natural into the supernatural, is produced, also, according to our author, by the mere exaggeration of the details or duration of a phenomenon, and hence it may be made to resume the aspect of truth, by restoring to it its natural proportions, or if the miracle has been presented to us as something energetic and permanent, by viewing it as feeble and transitory. The diamond, for example, and some other bodies, after imbibing the brilliant light of the sun, continue for some short time to radiate it in the dark; but the eastern fabulists have illuminated palaces, and lighted up the depths of a forest with their emanations. In like manner, the huge herculean *rocckh* of the same writers, is but the exaggerated *Condor* of America; and the monstrous *Kraken* which the northern mariners sometimes mistake to their ruin, for an island, is probably but an

individual of the cetaceous tribes. The ancients believed that there were some animals which produced their young from the mouth; and there is reason to think that this incredible deviation from the laws of Nature, had its origin in the fact, affirmed by Mr. Clinton of New York, that the young of the rattlesnake often take refuge in the mouth of their mother, and of course emerge again when the alarm has ceased. The lake of Avernus, according to ancient authors, exhaled such pestilential vapors, that the birds which flew across it were suffocated in their passage, and long after Augustus had removed its insalubrity by cutting down the adjacent forests, the lake was considered as one of the entrances to the abodes of the dead. The story is doubtless true, and errs only in the duration ascribed to the phenomenon, and in the inference deduced from it. "The marshes of Carolina, says M. Bosc, are so insalubrious in certain places, surrounded with extensive woods, and during the great heat of the day, that birds, which are not aquatic, are struck dead while passing over it."

A third source of the marvellous presents itself in the use of improper expressions, ambiguous in their nature, and either ill understood or ill translated. In the 2d book of Kings, for example, (chap. vi., v. 25,) we are told that there was a great famine in Samaria, and that it was besieged till the fourth part of a cab of *dove's dung* was sold for five pieces of silver! Now it has been proved by Bochart, that this name was formerly given, and is now given by the Arabs to a species of peas, vetches, or parched pulse, resembling the dung of the pigeon. It is now a cheap and favorite food in the east, and is generally used, when fried, as provisions for a journey. Great magazines of it are collected at Grand Cairo and Damascus. Midas, king of Phrygia, and other ancient princes, are said to have died after drinking the *blood of the bull*, and the death of Themistocles has been ascribed to the same cause, although that blood was never supposed to possess any deleterious property. In eastern temples, however, and also in some of the temples of Greece, the priests possessed the secret of compounding a beverage which had the property of producing sudden death without pain, and to this drink, which had a red color, the name of *bull's blood* seems to have been given.

Using the same metaphorical language, the Swiss have given to a particular kind

* See this Journal, No. I. p. 30.

† American Journal of Science, June 1833, Vol. xxxiii., p. 398.

of red wine the name of the *blood of the Swiss*; and M. Salverte thinks it not unlikely that this virtuous race may, in some future day, be represented as cannibals, when they find it recorded by some of their own historians, that ample libations of this ruddy wine had been quaffed at some of their civic feasts. Ktesias places in India a fountain which is annually filled with liquid gold. "It is emptied," he adds, "every year with an hundred earthen pitchers, which are broken, when the gold is indurated at the bottom, and in each of them is found gold of the value of a talent." This statement of Ktesias is ridiculed by Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, who dwells emphatically on the disproportion of the produce to the capacity of the fountain, which could not contain less than a cubic toise of the liquid. The recital of the historian, however, as M. Salverte justly remarks, is defective only in using the phrase, *liquid gold*, in place of *gold suspended in water*. The individual particles of the metal are not visible in the liquid medium, and it is only by the evaporation of the water, and the gradual subsidence of the heavy particles, that they are precipitated on the bottom and sides of the vessels which contain them.

The other sources of the marvellous assigned by our author, are the use of figurative expressions, and a poetical style,—erroneous explanations of emblematical representations,—and the adoption of apoloques and allegories as real facts. In illustrating these different topics, M. Salverte makes frequent reference to the Old Testament as a record of ancient history, and though we cannot suppose that our readers would derive either pleasure or instruction, by the perusal of this part of the work, or from any brief analysis of it, yet we would recommend it to the notice of the biblical critic, who might draw from it some useful-hints both for the exposition and defence of the Scriptures.

From the class of wonders which have their origin in enthusiasm, ignorance, and credulity, M. Salverte passes to the consideration of "real but rare phenomena, which have been extensively received as prodigies due to the intervention of Divine Power." Although our author has scarcely touched upon the subject, the most magical and at the same time the most inexplicable of these phenomena, are the showers of stones which have at different times, and in various places, fallen from the atmosphere. Many examples of this phe-

nomenon occurred long before the Christian era, and when such phenomena were associated in point of time with political or even with domestic events, they could not fail to be regarded as of a supernatural character, and as indicating the immediate agency of the Almighty. Notwithstanding the distinct accounts that have been handed down to us of the fall of stones, metals, dust and rain of various kinds and colors, they were invariably discredited; and till within the last fifty years, or till the year 1803, when more than 3000 fell at Aigle, some of which weighed 17 lbs., they excited little notice in the scientific world. The analysis of these stones, which proved them to be different from any other stones which have been found on the surface or in the bowels of the earth, opened the eyes of philosophers; and the subject of aerolites, as they were called, became one of the most interesting departments of modern science. The writings of the ancients were eagerly ransacked, and in these as well as in the records of the early and middle ages of the Christian era, numerous well authenticated examples of this phenomenon were found. In 1478, A. C., a thunder stone fell in Crete. In 1168 a mass of iron fell upon Mount Ida, and the Ancyloë or sacred shield, which fell in the reign of Numa, and which had nearly the same shape as meteoric stones which in our own times fell at the Cape and at Agra, has been universally regarded as an aerolite. A large stone, the size of a cart, fell at Ægospotamos, in A. C. 466, and was publicly exhibited in the time of Plutarch. So frequently, indeed, has this phenomenon occurred, that not a century has elapsed since the birth of Christ, without many examples of it having been recorded. It is singular, however, that so few accidents have attended the descent of aerolites. In 1790, when a shower of stones fell near Roquefort, in the vicinity of Bordeaux, one of them, which was 15 inches in diameter, forced itself through the roof of a hut, and killed a herdsman and a bullock; and in July 1810, a huge stone fell at Shahabad in India, which burnt five villages, and several men and women.

Other substances, and those sometimes of a very singular character, have been thrown down from our atmosphere. Procopius, and other ancient writers, mention a heavy shower of black dust which fell at Constantinople about the year 472. Showers of red dust, and of matter like co-

agulated blood, have fallen at various times, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanying meteors, and sometimes along with aerolites. Showers of what has been called by some blood, and by others red rain, have been often recorded, and that so recently as 1803; showers of red snow occurred in various parts of Italy, the coloring matter consisting of silex, alumina, and oxide of iron. The most remarkable of these was the snow of a *rose color*, which fell to the depth of five feet ten inches over the whole surface of Carnia, Cadore, Belluna and Feltri. Snow and hail of a red color, with much red dust and red rain, fell over all Tuscany on the 13th and 14th March 1813, and a brick-red snow fell on Tonal and other mountains in Italy, on the 15th April 1816.

Among the prodigies of ancient times, there were none more remarkable than what were considered as *showers of pieces of flesh*. That such substances were found on the surface of the earth, and were, therefore, from their singularity, supposed to have fallen from heaven, there can be little doubt. On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, and also on those of Ischia, there has been found a substance called *zoogene*, which resembles the human flesh covered with its skin, and which, when distilled, furnishes the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernat, who has given an account of it in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April 1821, has found rocks covered with it near the chateau of Lepomena, and in the valleys of Sinigaglia and Negropont.

But the meteoric wonders of the ancients, in which the color of blood was imparted to streams of water and showers of rain, have a close parallel in a phenomenon in natural history which has been observed in our own day, and which M. Salverte has mentioned only in a few lines. This phenomenon occurred in the spring of 1825, when the lake of Morat in Switzerland was dyed, as it were, with a red substance, which "colored it in a manner so extraordinary, that all the inhabitants on the banks of the river which issues from it were struck with astonishment." The phenomenon continued from November till April and even May. Early in the day nothing remarkable is noticed in the lake, but afterwards red lines, long, regular, and parallel, are observed along the margin of the lake, and at a little distance from its banks. The substance of these red streaks is pushed by the wind into the small bays,

and heaped round the reeds, where it covers the surface of the lake with a fine reddish foam, forming colored streaks, from a greenish black to the most beautiful red. A putrid smell is exhaled during the night from this stagnant mass, and it afterwards disappears, to re-appear, in a similar manner, in the following day. The perch and the pike, and other fish in the lake, were tinged red, as if they had been fed with madder; and several small fish, which came to the surface to breathe and to catch flies, died with convulsions in passing through this red matter. The curious phenomenon which we have now described, has been found by M. Decandolle to be enormous quantities of a new animal, which has received the name of *oscillatoria rubescens*, and which seems to be the same with what Haller has described as a *purple conferva* swimming in water. Although this phenomenon did not attract the notice of philosophers till 1825, it is said to happen every spring, and the fishermen announce the fact by saying that the lake is in flower.* M. Ehrenberg, while navigating the Red Sea, observed that the color of its waters was owing to a similar cause.†

In the natural history of our own species, M. Salverte, finds many examples of the marvellous, which, though discredited by the skeptical, have been confirmed by modern authors. Some of the more ancient Greek writers, such as Trigonus and Aristæus, speak of pigmies two and a half feet high, of a people who have their eyes in their shoulders—of anthropophagi existing among the Northern Scythians—and of a country named *Albania*, where men are born with white hair, who can scarcely see during the day, but whose vision is perfect at night. Although Aulus Gellius has treated these relations as incredible, yet M. Salverte is of opinion that they are true, that the Laplanders and the Samoiedans are the types of the two first races, and the *Albinos* of the third. Ktesias places the pigmies in the middle of Asia, and these are considered by M. Salverte to be similar to the *Ainos* of the Kurile Islands, who are only four feet high, and covered with long hair. Our own countryman, Mr. Horner, saw in Boutan an indi-

* *Les Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Hist. Nat. de Genève*. Tom. iii., part 2; and *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, April 1827. Vol. vi., p. 307.

† *La Revue Encyclopédique*. Tom. 23, p. 783.

vidual of a very diminutive race. "Some ancient authors," says M. Salverte, "have placed the pigmies in Africa.* A French traveller, M. Mollien, found in the Tenda-Maïé, on the banks of the Rio Grande, a race which, he says, are remarkable for the smallness of their size, and the weakness of their limbs."† Sir Walter Raleigh and Keymis, were informed by the natives of Guiana, that there existed on the American continent a race of men who had their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in their breast; or, as the French translator of Raleigh's account of Guiana puts it—who had very short necks and very high shoulders. M. Salverte has said nothing of the Patagonians, but we have heard on the authority of a recent traveller, that their apparent size arises from the great height of their shoulders; and if any of our tall male readers will draw himself up so that his head sinks between his elevated shoulders, and if he stalks through the room on tiptoe he will not fall short of the Patagonian giants.

M. Salverte has entertained his readers at some length with an account of a few of those monstrous births, which have been so ably classified and described as a branch of natural history by M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire; but as we do not ourselves take any interest in this department of the marvellous, we shall presume that our readers have the same disrelish for it. The Siamese twins, who have been exhibited in our own times, and in our own country, and who formed the most elegant and interesting specimen of this kind of prodigy, have not even been noticed by our author. Were we to give the wonders of physiology a place among the occult

sciences, we should occupy the rest of our space with the most marvellous details. There would pass in review before us:—youths with horns, and men with horny stumps; spotted and piebald negroes, and men who change the color of their skin; boys who recover their speech in a dream, and girls who preach in their sleep; men who lived eighteen years on water, and women fifty years on whey, and others without any drink at all; persons who survived six days without food under snow, and seven days in coal pits; ladies who talk without tongues, execute difficult pieces of music in their sleep, and who lose and regain their musical ear; Englishmen who live on opium, and Mahomedans who eat corrosive sublimate; soldiers that are slain by the wind of a ball, and sailors who swallow buttons and clasp-knives; and we should bring up the rear with a heterogeneous array of tiny children that go into pint jugs, and gigantic ones that would fill a barrel; of fat men, and men with but skin and bone; and of giants and dwarfs, terminating with General Tom Thumb. We must leave these subjects, however, in the hands of the physiological conjurer, and restrict ourselves to the more inviting topics of natural magic.

The name *Magic* was given by the Greeks to that science in which they had been instructed by the Magi. In Egypt and in all the countries of the East it prevailed from the earliest times, and wherever it did prevail, the belief in it was sincere and universal. The power of controlling the laws of nature was believed to reside both in good and evil spirits, and it was never supposed that the exercise of this power by human agency was any encroachment upon what was foreordained, or any interference with the regular and harmonious government of the universe. Every rival sect, however hostile to each other, admitted the power of their respective magicians, and the truth of their miracles; and, though a master spirit either of good or of evil exercised dominion over the rival necromancers, yet a higher power directed the depositaries of supernatural influence, and limited it to its proper bearing upon human affairs. When we see opposing principles come into competition, the inferiority of the evil principle becomes apparent. Zoroaster, who was supposed to be the inventor of magic, did not scruple to contend with the sorcerers of his day; and the superiority of his science, supposed to be the

* Aristotle places them among the marshes near the sources of the Nile. Herodotus assigns the same locality to his Troglodytes, and the correctness of this assertion is confirmed by Major, now Sir William Cornwallis Harris, who learned when in Shoa, that a pigmy race, called the Doko, inhabited the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffa on the south. They do not much exceed four feet in height. Both sexes go naked; the men have no beard. They live on roots and ants, which they dig with their unpared nails. They are ignorant of fire, and have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; and but a "glimmering idea of a Supreme Being." They are annually hunted by the slave dealers around them, and when surrounded in the bamboo forests, a thousand of the Doko will often surrender to a hundred of their enemies. See Harris's *Highlands of Ethiopia*. Vol. iii., p. 63-67.

† *Voyage dans l'intérieur d'Afrique*. Paris, 1820. Tom. ii., p. 110.

inspiration of the principle of good, never failed to triumph over the ignorance of his antagonists, as the depositaries of an evil influence. Even in the records of Divine Truth, we find the Egyptian magicians contending with the prophet of the true God. Confiding in the wisdom of his sorcerers, Pharaoh sat in judgment over the rival enchantments; but though he at first gloried in the successful miracles of his priests, he at last acknowledged their inferiority to Moses;—and even the magicians themselves, when they saw the genuine display of Divine power, voluntarily cried out that the finger of God was there.

But it was not often that the incantations of human skill, whether wholly acquired by the magician, or communicated to him by some higher power, were brought into collision with the miraculous influence which was given to the prophets. A continued struggle prevailed among the magicians themselves, and he who was the surest prophet, and the most expert wonder-worker, was regarded as the friend and favorite of the gods. The abettors of different religions, and the priests who presided over the temples of rival gods, were thus led to call to their aid all the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, which science could lend them; and thus did the heathen temple become at once the sanctuary of worship and the seat of knowledge.

According to an ancient author, the magic of the Chaldeans consisted of three parts. The first part embodied the knowledge of plants, animals, and metals; the second indicated the season of the year, and the state of the atmosphere, when miraculous works could be most readily produced; and the third was occupied with the details of gestures and cabalistic words, and other mummeries which were held to be the necessary accompaniments of the magical art. This system of truth and falsehood combined, varied from age to age, and assumed new forms suited to the character and superstition of the people over whom it was to be wielded. The common arts of life, which were in early times included among its mysteries, gradually diffused themselves among the uninitiated; the truths of science disappeared, while the processes and methods which sprung from them continued in practice; and the tricks of the charlatan, and the deceptions of the juggler became at last the staple commodities of the magician.

After a learned, but not very interest-

ing, discussion of various questions connected with the history and degradation of the ancient mysteries, M. Salverte proceeds in his tenth chapter to enumerate the wonders which the practice of the occult sciences enabled the magician to exhibit, and he gives the following poetical account of the initiation of a youthful aspirant into the awful mysteries of his profession:—

“At first immovable, and, as it were, chained in the midst of darkness as deep as that of the infernal regions, if vivid lightnings pierce the gloom which surrounds him, it is only to display its horrors. By means of their terrific gleams, he sees, and yet cannot discover the monstrous figures and spectres which rise before him. Serpents hiss beside him; wild beasts howl; rocks tumble with a crash, and the echo repeats and prolongs in the distance these alarming sounds. An interval of calm succeeds; and such still is his emotion, that the slightest noise, and the most agreeable sound causes him to start. The scene suddenly brightens, and he sees it changing around him in its aspect and its movements; the earth trembles under his feet, sometimes rising as a mountain, and sometimes sinking, as it were, into a deep gulf. He is suddenly lifted up, or quickly carried away, without knowing the impelling power which he obeys. The paintings and statues around him seem endowed with life. The bust of bronze sheds its tears. The colossal figures move and walk, and the statues give forth a harmonious melody. He advances, and centaurs, harpies, gorgons, and hydras with their hundred heads, surround and threaten him, while ghastly forms, without bodies, make sport either of his fears or of his courage. Phantoms, having the perfect resemblance of men whom the grave has long concealed—men whom he admired or loved, flit before his eyes, and mock, without ceasing, the embraces which they seem to desire. The thunder growls, the lightnings flash, the waters kindle and roll in torrents of fire. A substance, dry and solid, ferments, melts, and transforms itself into waves of foaming blood! Here the condemned try in vain to fill a shallow urn, but the liquid which they unceasingly pour out, never rises above its level. There the friends of the divinity prove their right to their title by braving boiling water, red-hot iron, melted brass, and burning piles. They make the wildest and most ferocious animals obey them; they give the command, and enormous serpents crawl at their feet; they seize the asp and the viper, and they tear them in pieces, while the reptiles dare not retaliate by their bite. The aspirant now hears the near sound of a human voice. It calls him; he replies to its questions; it issues its orders to him; it pronounces its oracles, and yet every thing around him is inanimate, and the nearer he approaches the place whence the words seem to issue, the less he perceives the

cause which produces them—the voice by which they reach his ear. At the bottom of a narrow vault, inaccessible to day, a light as brilliant as that of the sun, suddenly breaks forth, and reveals to him, even in the distance, enchanted gardens, and a palace whose splendor and magnificence mark it as the abode of the immortal gods. There the gods themselves appear to him, and by the most august signs reveal to him their presence. His eye sees them, his ear hears them. His reason disturbed—his mind distracted—his thoughts absorbed by the many marvels, abandon him; and dazzled with the sight, and beside himself—he adores the glorious indications of superhuman power, and the immediate presence of the divinity.”—Tom. i., pp. 268-272.

When the aspirant has thus witnessed many of the most striking wonders, and has shown himself worthy of a place in the priesthood, he is initiated into secrets still more profound, and instructed in processes still more mysterious and sublime. These new powers over man and the elements, are thus eloquently expressed by our author, as if he were himself announcing them to the initiated aspirant:—

“Servant of a God, now beneficent and now avenging, but ever omnipotent—man and the elements shall obey thee. Thou shalt astonish the multitudes by thine abstinence from food; and thou shalt penetrate them with gratitude for rendering salubrious the unwholesome beverage which an excess of thirst has forced them to accept. Thou shalt unsettle the spirits of men; thou shalt plunge them into animal stupidity, or into ferocious rage, or thou shalt make them forget their griefs: thou shalt rouse even to fanaticism their boldness and their docility; thou shalt fulfil in vision their most ardent desires; and, master of their imaginations, thou shalt often, without any material agent, act upon their senses, and rule over their will. The arbiter of their differences, thou shalt have no occasion, like themselves, to examine witnesses and to balance testimonies—a simple proof will suffice to distinguish the innocent and truth-speaking witness from the guilty person, and the perjurer, struck down by a painful and inevitable death. In their maladies, men shall implore thine aid, and at thy voice assistance from above shall heal their diseases. Thou shalt even rescue from death the prey which he has already seized. Woe be to him who shall offend thee. Thou shalt strike the guilty with blindness, with leprosy, and with death; thou shalt prohibit the earth from yielding its fruits; thou shalt poison the air which they breathe; the air, the vapors shall furnish thee with weapons against thine enemies. The most terrible of the elements, fire, shall become thy slave. It shall issue spontaneously at thy command; it shall dazzle the sight of the most incredulous,

and water shall not be able to extinguish it. It shall burst forth terrible like thunder against thy victims, and tearing up the bosom of the earth, it shall force it to engulf them, and shall give them up to it to be devoured. The heavens even shall recognize thy power; thou shalt predict, either to gratify or alarm, the changes in the atmosphere, or the convulsions of the earth. Thou shalt turn aside the lightning; thou shalt make sport of its fires; and trembling man shall believe that thou hast the power of bringing it down upon his head.”—Tom. i., p. 272-274.

Such are the powers with which magic has invested its votaries, and such the influence which it has in every age exercised over ignorance and superstition. To us, however, whom science has enlightened, and over whom a spurious faith has wielded none of its blighting energies, the illusions and deceptions so powerfully emblazoned in the preceding extracts, will appear but as the results of mechanical dexterity and scientific skill, or as the effects of soporific potions which drown the senses without deadening them—of chemical embrocations which protect the skin, or of pungent odors and penetrating liniments which disturb the senses, or act with energy upon the nerves.

In proceeding to show how all these effects have been produced, our author does not pretend to find in the writings of the ancients, positive indications of that scientific knowledge which a satisfactory explanation of them requires; but he believes that the ancients had the means of performing the wonders which they profess to perform, and he therefore supposes that the knowledge which was thus required has gradually disappeared during its transition through the temple worship and the secret societies to which it had been communicated.

In the display of wonders which were exhibited to the sacerdotal aspirant, the motion of the ground on which he stood, and his rapid transference from one scene of the drama to another, were obviously the principal parts of the performance, without which all the rest would have been insufficient; and hence an ingenious and concealed system of mechanical locomotion was required. That such machines actually existed, may be inferred, as M. Salverte has shown from various passages in ancient authors. Cassiodorus defines mechanics as “the science of constructing marvellous machines, the effect of which is to reverse the entire order of nature.” Livy informs us, that in the disgraceful mysteries which were denounc-

ed by the Roman magistrates in the year 186 before Christ, those who refused to take a part in them were tied to machines, and were said to be hurried off by the Gods into secret caves.* The persons who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracles, were placed at the entrance, which was too narrow to admit a man of the middle size. When his knees were introduced, he felt himself dragged inwards with great rapidity, and in addition to this mechanism, there was another which suddenly enlarged the width of the entrance. When the Indian magi conducted Apollonius into their temples amid a sacred procession, and the chanting of hymns, the earth, which they struck, keeping time, with their batons, moved like an agitated sea, and raised them to the height of two steps, and then replaced them on their former level. That such machinery actually existed, may be inferred also from the present state of some of the ancient temples, where grooves and apertures, and other indications of mechanism are still to be seen.

Ingenious, however, as these pieces of scenic mechanism must have been, they sink into insignificance when compared with the machinery of the present day, contemplated either in the vastness of its power, or in the ingenuity and delicacy of its applications: The mighty steam engine—whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapor-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognized by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the naturalist and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scenes of their respective labors. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in

parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labors less marvellous and less beneficent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head disembowelling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters or depriving it of its deleterious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has its fixed abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessities and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dissevered members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared it exercises a beneficent sovereignty, feeding and clothing man—subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon its liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure house.

In the budget of wonders which the ancient priests opened to the astounded neophytes, the phenomena of sound performed an effective part. The roars of thunder were supposed to precede the approach of the gods, or to accompany the responses of their oracles. Pliny tells us that the labyrinths of Egypt contained several palaces so constructed that when the doors were opened the loudest peals of thunder were reverberated from its walls. The sweet sounds which at another time ravished the ears of the aspirant, issued from metallic rods or other acoustic instruments placed behind the wainscot of the temple, and, in Salverte's opinion, the sounds of human voices were produced by hydraulic organs, which were well known to the ancients. In the treatise on rivers and mountains, ascribed to Pausanias, we are told that a marvellous stone was placed as a sentinel at the entrance to the treasury, and that robbers were scared away by the trumpet accent which it sent forth. Mineralogy presents us with several stones which have the property of resonance, and it is probable that a stone of this description was so suspended as to be struck by a metallic projection when the external door of the treas-

* *Raptos a diis homines dici, quos machinæ illigatos ex conspectu in abditos specus abripiant eos esse, qui sunt conjurare, aut sociari facinoribus noluerint.*—Tit. Liv., Lib. xxxiv., cap. 13.

ury was opened. Strong boxes, or safes as they are called, have been made in modern times which emitted sounds to alarm their owners when broken into surreptitiously;* and we have seen similar boxes which, when opened by a false key, throw out a battery of cannon and shoot the intruder. The clinkstone indicates by its very name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties, and so musical are the granitic rocks on the banks of the Orinoco that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives, while the stones themselves are called by the missionaries *lozas de musica*. Our countryman, Mr. Mawe, informs us that there are large blocks of basalt in Brazil which emit very clear sounds when struck, and hence this property of particular stones has induced the Chinese to employ them in the fabrication of musical instruments. Within the last few years, indeed, an artist in Keswick has exhibited in many parts of the island a piano entirely composed of slabs of rock, upon which difficult pieces of music are performed.

Among the acoustic wonders of the ancients were the magical effects produced by ventriloquism. Children were made to speak at the moment of their birth, and statues, animals and trees, appropriated the words which issued from the closed lips of the ventriloquist. The apparatus called the *Invisible Girl*—an invention of modern times, in which questions are received and answered by the mouth of a suspended trumpet, belongs to the same class of deceptions. The *speaking heads* of the ancients contained the termination of tubes which communicated with living orators concealed either behind them or at a distance. The speaking head of Orpheus, of such celebrity among the Greeks and persians, uttered in this manner its oracular responses at Lesbos. The head of the Sage Mimer, which the Scandinavian magician Odin encased in gold, gave forth its responses with all the authority of a divine revelation. Pope Gerbert constructed a speaking head of brass about A. D. 1000; and Albertus Magnus completed another which not only moved but spoke. Lucian informs us that the statue of Esculapius was made to speak by the transmission of a voice from behind, through the gullet of a crane to the mouth of the figure. An

examination of the statues found at Alexandria, indicated the same process; and when the wooden head spoke through a speaking trumpet at the court of Charles II., a popish priest, to whose tongue it owed its efficacy, was found concealed in the adjoining apartment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than mention the vocal powers of the granite statue of Memnon in Egypt. Sir. A. Smith, an English traveller, distinctly heard the sounds issuing from it in the morning; and while others ascribe them to the same cause as the sounds in granite rocks, M. Salverte regards them as wholly artificial, and the work of Egyptian priestcraft; and he contrives a complicated apparatus of lenses, levers and hammers, by which he supposes that the rays of the sun, as the prime mover, produces the marvellous sounds. Akenside, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, has also alluded to a mechanism of strings put in motion by the solar beams.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Concealing, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains. Book i., p. 109.

But the most celebrated of all the acoustic wonders which the natural world presents to us is the Jebel Narkous, or the "Mountain of the Bell," a low sandy hill in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petraea, which gives out sounds varying from that of a humming top to thunder, while the sand, either from natural or artificial causes, descends its sloping flanks. It has been described in our own times by M. Seetzen, a German traveller, and also by Mr. Gray of University College, Oxford; but as their descriptions have been already published in different English works* we shall not again refer to them. A more recent traveller, Lieut. Wellstedt of the Indian navy, who, while surveying a portion of the Red Sea in 1830, visited this celebrated mountain, and with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing upon the subject, has given the following description of its acoustic properties:—

"Jebel Narkous forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills at a distance of 3½ miles from

* Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, Letter ix.; and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, No. xi., p. 53, and No. xiii. p. 51.

† *Travels in Arabia*. Vol. ii., chap. 2. p. 23-25. London, 1838.

* M. Salverte states that Louis XV. possessed one of these, and that Napoleon was offered one at Vienna in 1809.

the beach, to which a sandy plain extending with a gentle rise to their base connects them. Its height, about 400 feet, as well as the material of which it is composed, a light colored friable sandstone, is about the same as the rest of the chain; but an inclined plane of almost impalpable sand rises at an angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semi-circle of rocks, presenting broken, abrupt, and pinnaled forms, and extending to the base of this remarkable hill. Although their shape and arrangement in some respects may be said to resemble a whispering gallery, yet I determined by experiment that their irregular surface renders them but ill adapted to the production of an echo. Seated on a rock at the base of the sloping eminence, I directed one of the Bedowins to ascend, and it was not till he had reached some distance that I perceived the sand in motion rolling down the hill to the depth of a foot. It did not, however, descend in one continued stream, but as the Arab scrambled upwards it spread out laterally, and upwards, until a considerable portion of the surface was in motion. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Eolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; as the sand became more violently agitated by the increased velocity of the descent, the noise more nearly resembled that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. As it reached the base the reverberations attained the loudness of distant thunder, causing the rock on which we were seated to vibrate; and our camels, animals not easily frightened, became so alarmed that it was with difficulty their drivers could restrain them."—Vol. ii., p. 23.

In continuing his observations, Lieutenant Wellstedt remarked that the noise did not issue alike from every part of the hill. The loudest was produced by disturbing the sand on the north side, about twenty feet from the base, and about ten from the rocks which bound it in that direction. The sounds fell quicker on the ear at one time, and were prolonged at another, apparently depending on the velocity with which the Bedowin descended. The sounds are said to have an inconceivably melancholy effect, and the tradition given by Burckhardt that the bells of the convent were heard here, was often repeated by the Arabs to Lieutenant Wellstedt.

Our author visited the Jebel Narkous on two other occasions. The first time the sounds were barely audible, and rain having fallen before his second visit, the surface of the sand was so consolidated by the moisture that they could not be produced at all.

Hence Lieutenant Wellstedt ascribed the gratification of his curiosity at his third visit to the perfect dryness of the sand, and

consequently to the larger quantities that rolled down the slope. The same sounds, he found, were produced when the wind was sufficiently high to set the sand in motion. He does not venture to explain this phenomenon; but he rejects without hesitation the generally received opinion, that the effects are originated by this sand falling into cavities, "because sounds thus produced would be dull, and wholly deficient in the vibrations he has noticed."

Sir John Herschel has pronounced the phenomenon of El Narkous, as described by Seetzen and Gray to be a very surprising one, and to him "utterly inexplicable," and we should doubtless have found ourselves in the same dilemma had we not perused the narrative of Lieutenant Wellstedt, and become acquainted with an analogous phenomenon recently observed in our own country by Mr. Hugh Miller.

This able geologist and accurate observer, when visiting in the course of last summer, the interesting island of Eigg, in the Hebrides, observed that a musical sound was produced while he walked over the white dry sand which forms the sea beach of the island. At each step the sand was driven from his foot print, and the noise was simultaneous with the scattering of the sand. We have here, therefore, the phenomenon in its simple state, disengaged from reflecting rocks, from a hard bed beneath, and from cracks and cavities that might be supposed to admit the sand, and indicating as its cause either the accumulated vibrations of the air when struck by the driven sand, or the accumulated sounds occasioned by the mutual impact of the particles of sand against each other. If a musket ball passing through the air emits a whistling note, each individual particle of sand must do the same, however faint be the note which it yields, and the accumulation of these infinitesimal vibrations must constitute an audible sound, varying with the number and velocity of the moving particles. In like manner, if two plates of silex or quartz, which are but large crystals of sand, give out a musical sound when mutually struck, the impact or collision of two minute crystals or particles of sand must do the same, in however inferior a degree, and the union of all these sounds, though singly imperceptible, may constitute the musical notes of the Bell Mountain or the lesser sounds of the trodden sea-beach of the Eigg.

The thirteenth chapter of the work be-

fore us is devoted to the discussion of those prodigies which are supposed to have been produced by optical combinations. This class of wonders is perhaps the most interesting of any of those which have a purely scientific origin. As the science of optics deals especially with images either of animate or inanimate objects which can be diminished or enlarged, multiplied or inverted, thrown upon smoke, into the air, or upon the ground, or upon the walls or ceiling of an apartment, it is obvious that the magician may apply these resources in effecting the most extraordinary exhibitions. It is to the eye, rendered sensitive or faithless by fear, or even when in the full possession of its powers of scrutiny and detection, that the spectres and apparitions which form the staple of the supernatural, invariably present themselves. The illusions of the ear we may question; and even those of the taste, the touch, and the smell, may be liable to suspicion; but we never doubt the existence of what stands fully before us, whether it appeals to our individual observation, or to the concurring senses of our associates.

It is universally admitted that the ancients used mirrors of silver, steel, and of speculum metal, composed of copper and tin. It appears from a passage in Pliny, that mirrors of glass were manufactured at Sidon, though we have no reason to believe that they possessed the art of increasing the reflective power of their posterior surface; and therefore they could be used only when a very faint image was required, or when the person or object was highly illuminated. Aulus Gellius has mentioned another kind of mirror which, though it gave distinct images in one place, lost its power of reflexion, or rather of forming images, when carried to another place (*aliozum translutum*). M. Salverte regards this property as either the result of sleight of hand, or of "something analogous to the phenomena of polarized light, which ceases to be reflected when it falls at a certain angle upon a reflecting body." The last of these suppositions is clearly inadmissible, and without having recourse to the magician's wand we may deprive any mirror of its reflective power, by merely breathing upon it, or conveying it to a film of vapor which will disappear quickly or slowly, according to the temperature of the mirror, or the dryness of the atmosphere in which it is placed.

With mirrors and specula for his utensils, the magician is prepared for the most su-

pernatural exhibitions. The ancients had particular places (Nekyomantion) specially consecrated to the raising of the dead, and the apparition of their images or shades. These were images either formed on the wall, or any white ground, and were generally dumb representations, unless when the ventriloquist added his science to perfect the illusion. Sometimes they were formed on the wreaths or clouds of smoke which rose from the burning incense. The objects from which these optical pictures were obtained, were either painted likenesses, or busts, or they might be living persons themselves, dressed and painted so as to resemble the god or the hero who was to be summoned from his retreat. In one of these magical abodes, Homer makes Ulysses converse with his friends raised from the dead, and a crowd of apparitions and a frightful noise interrupt the conversation. We are informed by Jamblichus that the gods, when evoked by the magician, appeared among the vapors disengaged from the fire; and when the statue of Hecate was made to laugh amid the smoke of burning incense, it was probably the image of a living person wearing the sorcerer's costume. But even this supposition is not necessary. The resources of the magician might enable him to dispense with his laughing friend: The grave image of the grave statue of Hecate might have been quickly replaced by a laughing image from a laughing statue of the same personage.

But the same, and even more astonishing effects, might be produced by simpler means. It was stated by Sir David Brewster, at the British Association at York, that the rigid features of a white bust might be made to move and vary their expression, sometimes smiling and sometimes frowning, by moving rapidly in front of the bust a bright light, so as to make the lights and shadows take every possible direction, and various degrees of intensity. Hence, if such a bust is placed before a concave mirror, its image, like that of Hecate, may be made to do more than smile when it is cast upon the smoky wreaths.

The employment of phantasmagoric exhibitions by the ancients is clearly indicated by Damascius, in his account of the manifestation of Osiris by the Alexandrian priests. "There appeared," says he, "on the wall of the temple, a mass of light, which seemed at first very remote. It transformed itself, while contracting its dimensions, into a face evidently divine

and supernatural, with a severe aspect, yet blended with gentleness, and extremely beautiful." This is precisely the manner in which the figures of the modern phantasmagoria, produced by mirrors or lenses, rise out of the luminous image, when put out of focus.

The celebrated feat of modern necromancy described by Benvenuto Cellini, in which he himself was an actor, though perplexed with unnecessary and misleading details, was clearly the work of a magic lantern which threw the pictures of gods and demons upon the wreaths of smoke, while the spectators were stupefied or intoxicated with noisome or exciting odors, which increased their liability to deception, if they did not add the phantasms of the imagination to the crowd of apparitions with which they were previously encircled.

Mirrors of a kind different from any of those we have described, and acting upon a different principle, may have been used by the ancients. A mirror of this kind was, about 15 years ago, sent to India from China, where they were very uncommon. They are said to have been brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years before, and to have excited general notice. One of these mirrors, which was described to us by George Swinton, Esq., was five inches in diameter, and made of copper and tin. On the back of it there is stamped in relief certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face is so convex as to give an image of the human face half its natural size, and when it was made to reflect from that surface the rays of the sun upon a white ground, the image of the circles with the Grecian border, as stamped upon the back was distinctly seen in the luminous area on the white ground. On the back of another mirror was a dragon, the image of which was, in like manner, reflected from the polished side. This is doubtless a very magical result, and the instrument which produces it might be made a fertile source of deception. There is here no object to be concealed. The elements of deception all lie within the mirror itself, and the apparition requires only a strong light to be evoked. Like the ablest conjurers, the artist has contrived to make the observer deceive himself—the most insurmountable of all kinds of deception. The figures stamped on the back are the source of this self-deception. The picture in the luminous area is not an im-

age of the figures on the back, and has no connexion with them whatever, excepting in their resemblance. The figures on the back are merely a copy of a concealed picture which is somehow or other formed or impressed in the polished surface which reflects it. The figure of the dragon, for example, may be delineated in shallow lines on the surface of the mirror previous to its being polished; or it may be eaten out by a diluted acid, so as to remove only the smallest portion of the metal. The surface must then be polished upon cloth, which will polish the slightly depressed parts of the metal as highly as the rest, so that the picture of the dragon will be wholly invisible to the eye. A curious example of this may be seen in highly polished gilt buttons, upon which no figure whatever can be seen by the most careful examination, and yet when they are made to reflect the light of the sun or of a candle upon a piece of paper held close to them, they give a beautiful geometrical figure, with ten rays issuing from the centre, and terminating in a luminous rim. If, in place of the sun or candle, we were to use a small bright luminous point, we have no doubt that the figure given by the Chinese mirror and the button would be much more distinct.*

A similar illusion might be produced by drawing a figure with weak gum water upon the surface of a convex mirror. The thin film of water thus deposited on the outline or details of the figure would not be visible in dispersed day light, but when made to reflect the rays of the sun, or those of a divergent pencil, would be beautifully displayed by the lines and tints occasioned by the diffraction of light, or the interference of the rays passing through the film with those which pass by it.

In accounting for the enchanted gardens and magnificent palaces, the residence of the gods, which were exhibited during the initiation of his aspirant, M. Salverte supposes that a method similar to that used in the diorama was employed. In this beautiful invention a fine painting, visible only by transmitted light, rises into existence during the disappearance of another on the same canvass, visible only by reflected light. In this manner a cathedral, perfect in all its parts, gradually passes into one destroyed by fire, and the

* See *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. i., p. 438. Dec. 1832

splendid abbey of Notre Dame, at first illuminated by the setting sun, gradually passes through its different phases after sunset, till its interior is illuminated with artificial lights, and the appearance of the moon and the stars completes the midnight representation of the scene.

The *dissolving views*, another beautiful optical combination of the present day, but which was not known when M. Salverte wrote, would have been, or perhaps was, a valuable auxiliary in ancient mysteries. By means of two magic lanterns, in one of which is the summer representation, and in another the winter representation of the same landscape, the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly, by mirrors, so that the ancients might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave or given to the pallid corpse both life and motion.

Another optical apparatus which we believe has not yet been made an instrument of imposture, might be made available by the skilful conjurer. Could we alter the focal length of a large concave mirror, we might make the image of a statue or a living object move or walk backwards and forwards in the air, or through a lengthened wreath or a series of contiguous clouds of smoke suited to its reception. Now Buffon has actually taught us how to bend a large plate of glass into a concave mirror. He took glass plates two or three feet in diameter, and by means of a screw acting upon a piece of metal in the centre of the plate, he bent it by mechanical pressure into different degrees of concavity. He improved upon this idea by making the glass plate a part of an air-tight drum, and by exhausting the air with an air-pump, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the glass into a concave form. He next proposed to grind the central part of the plate into the shape of a small convex lens,* and in its focus to place a sulphur match, so that when the plate was directed to the sun, his rays, concentrated by the lens, would inflame the match, produce an absorption of the air, and consequently a vacuum. In this way Buffon produced mirrors whose shortest focal length was 25

feet; but M. Zeiher of St. Petersburg, by adopting a better process, succeeded in bending a Venetian plate of glass, 2 lines thick and 20 Rhinland inches in diameter, so as to have a focal length of 15 feet. He did this by placing a bar of iron across the centre of the plate when placed in a ring. The plate was kept in its place by a thin bar of iron stretched across it, and having a female screw in the centre. This thin bar was again pressed against the glass by a screw passing through the centre of the cross bar and working in the female screw. An apparatus similar to that of Buffon has, we understand, been lately constructed by our ingenious countryman, Mr. Nasmyth, who produces the vacuum by simply sucking out the air from behind the plate of glass.

But of all the wonders of modern science the art of Photography furnishes us with the most striking. Beyond the violet extremity of the solar spectrum there exist certain invisible rays which, though not appreciable by their incidence on the human retina, have yet the power of exercising a chemical action upon a Daguerreotype plate or upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by the Calotype process of Mr. Talbot. If these rays, as suggested by Mr. Talbot, were introduced into a dark apartment so as to fall upon the persons and objects which it contained, the sharpest eye within would descry nothing athwart the thick darkness which surrounded it. But if a camera, furnished with the sensitive retina of an iodised plate, or a sheet of calotype paper, were directed to the party in the room, it would, in a few seconds, take their portraits, record their passions, and reveal their deeds. Were this dark abode the locality of crime, and the shroud of night the cover of the criminal, the blank yet pregnant tablet would surrender to the astonished sage its embosomed phantoms—the murderer and his bleeding victim.

Nor is this the only contribution which the photogenic art has made to natural magic. Professor Moser of Königsberg has discovered that all bodies, even in the dark, throw out invisible rays, and that these bodies, when placed at a small distance from polished surfaces of all kinds, depict themselves upon such surfaces in forms which remain invisible till they are developed by the human breath, or by the vapors of mercury or iodine. Even if the sun's image is made to pass over a plate of glass,

* It is singular that Buffon did not think of the simpler method of cementing a lens on the centre of the plate.

the light tread of its rays will leave behind it an invisible track which the human breath will instantly reveal. Had the gigantic bird which, in the primæval age, left its footprints upon the now indurated sea beach as a stereotype of its existence and its character—had that bird marched over a surface of glass without leaving any visible trace of its path, and had that surface been exempted from other agencies, the breath of the modern geologist would have revealed, upon the vitreous pavement, the footprint and the stride of the feathered colossus.

But while *visible* objects thus leave behind them invisible phantoms, which may at any time be summoned into view, *invisible* objects may also impress, or leave behind them, visible and persistent images. The portraiture of the unseen and the unknown may be made upon surfaces with which the objects neither are, nor have been, in contact; and even in our very dwellings may this transmigration of forms, like the hand-writing on the wall, surprise or alarm us.

It has been noticed by several observers, and we have more than once seen it, that a plastered ceiling sometimes exhibits upon its surface the forms of the joists by which it is suspended. The plaster immediately beneath the beams dries less quickly than what is between them, and admits more freely into its pores the finely attenuated matter which the occasional smoke of the fire-place conveys. Were the magician, therefore, to construct the ceiling of his closet in the manner best adapted for his purposes, and place on its upper side, in the apartment above, either a skeleton or its imitation, the smoke of his incense, or the wreaths from his hookah, would soon display, on the whitened surface beneath, the hideous osteology which it conceals. By the exhalations thus modelled and fixed, through a physical agency, in which nature herself is the magician, the forms of things secreted might become manifest, and deeds of darkness revealed, which had baffled the most eager search. Had the lady of the misletoe-bough concealed herself above such a roof instead of in the "old oaken chest," the mystery of her melancholy fate might have been more quickly revealed.

Our narrow limits will not permit us to dwell on the wonders which the ancient magicians derived from the science of hydrostatics. The magic cup of Tantalus, which he could never drink though the

beverage rose to his lips; the fountain in the Island of Andros, which discharged wine for seven days, and water during the rest of the year; the fountain of oil which burst out to welcome the return of Augustus from the Sicilian war; the empty urns which, at the annual feast of Bacchus, filled themselves with wine, to the astonishment of the assembled strangers; the glass tomb of Belus which, after being emptied by Xerxes, would never again be filled; the weeping statues of the ancients, and the weeping virgin of modern times, whose tears were uncourteously stopped by Peter the Great when he discovered the trick; and the perpetual lamps of the ancient temples,—were all the obvious effects of hydrostatic pressure.

The ascending vapor of fluids, as well as their downward tendency, was summoned to the aid of superstition. Anthemius of Tralles, the architect of Justinian, being desirous to play a trick to the orator Zeno, his neighbor and his enemy, conducted steam in leathern tubes from concealed boilers, and made them pass through the partition wall to beneath the beams which supported the ceiling of Zeno's house. When the caldrons were made to boil, the ceilings shook as if they had been shaken by an earthquake.* Another example of the application of steam to the purposes of imposture is given by Tollius.† History informs us that on the banks of the Weser, *Busteric*, the god of the ancient Teutons sometimes exhibited his displeasure by a clap of thunder, which was succeeded by a cloud that filled the sacred precincts. The image of the god was made of metal, and the head, which was hollow, contained an amphora (nine English gallons) of water. Wedges of wood shut up the apertures at the mouth and eyes, while burning coals, artfully placed in a cavity of the head, gradually heated the liquid. In a short time the generated steam forced out the wedges with a loud noise, and then escaped violently in three jets, raising a thick cloud between the god and his astonished worshippers. In the middle ages the monks availed themselves of this invention, and the steam *bust* was put in requisition even before Christian worshippers.

Although Chemistry, as a science, was scarcely known to the ancients, there is reason to believe that they were acquainted

* Agathias, *De rebus gestis Justiniani*. Lib. v., cap. 4.

† Tollius, *Epistolæ Itinerariæ*. p. 34.

with some processes which were made available in their temples. In the middle ages, and in more recent times, when the alchemists formed a powerful community of impostors, the transmutations of chemistry became valuable elements of magic. A process for imitating blood performed high functions even in the Christian temple, and when this pabulum of life was seen to boil upon the altar and in the urn, disasters, both individual and national, were portended. Even in Provence, in the seventeenth century, when a worshipper approached the statue of one of the principal saints, his coagulated blood, contained in a phial supposed to be filled with it, became liquid, and suddenly boiled. Nor has this imposture ceased to be produced in our own times. In Italy it was universally exhibited at a public ceremony, where the blood of St. Januarius, which was said to have been preserved in a dry state for ages, liquified itself spontaneously, and rose and boiled at the top of the vessel which contained it. After the French took possession of Italy, the trick ceased to be performed; but we have been told by a gentleman who has seen it, that it has been again introduced, and is one of the most imposing of the lying miracles of antichristian Rome.* M. Salverte informs us that this blood of the saints is made by reddening sulphuric ether with alkanet root, and then saturating the liquid with spermaceti. This preparation will remain fixed at a temperature of 10° cent. above freezing, and melts and boils at 20°, a temperature to which it can be raised by holding the phial for some time in the hand.

In the story of Nessus and Dejanira, M. Salverte has found another example of the chemical sorcery of the ancients. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to Jupiter, he required a dress proper for the occasion. His wife Dejanira sent him a poisoned tunic, which she had received from Nessus, and no sooner had he put it on, than he was seized with the fatal distemper of which he perished. According to Sophocles, this garment had been smeared by Dejanira herself with what has been called *the blood of Nessus*, whom

* In confirmation of this, we may state that Mr. Waterton, (the celebrated naturalist, who distinguished himself by riding upon a crocodile,) when at Naples, kissed five times, in the course of five hours, a bottle containing the solid blood of St. Januarius, and regarded all his adventures as utterly insignificant, when compared with this act of his life!

Hercules had slain. Venus gave her a phial of the liquor, instructed her to keep it in the dark, and to rub it over the garment with a flock of wool. When exposed to the sun, this flock of wool took fire, raised a foam upon the stone on which it lay, and was reduced to powder. M. Salverte supposes that it was a phosphuret of sulphur, composed of equal parts of these inflammable bodies, which remains liquid at a temperature of 10° cent., and takes fire at 25°. Thus, when Hercules stood before the flaming altar, the heat of the fire and the moisture of the body, may, according to our author, have decomposed the phosphuret, and permitted the dry and caustic phosphoric acid to disorganize the skin and muscles, and finally produce death.

The sciences of electricity and magnetism yielded but a small tribute to the magic of the ancients, and the priestcraft of the middle ages. The art of bringing down lightning from the heavens seems to have been the only electrical charm which they possessed; and, in a very interesting chapter on the subject, M. Salverte has rendered it probable that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning by conductors, and that the Temple of Solomon was thus protected. Under the magnetical knowledge of the ancients, our author is disposed to rank the mariner's compass, which, after Mr. W. Cooke,* he supposes to be the "intelligence," which animated and conducted the Phœnician navy; and he conceives that the arrow which enabled Abaris to traverse the earth by an aerial route, was nothing more than a magnetic needle. But whether we refer the invention of the compass to an early age, or to the Fins in the twelfth century, it is quite certain that the ancients were acquainted with the attractive power of the magnet; and the great miracle of modern times, the suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the air, was more than once performed in the heathen temples. Pliny informs us, that Democritus began to build a temple at Alexandria with loadstones, in order to suspend a statue of Arsinoë in the air, but he did not live to accomplish it. According to Suidas, a brass statue of Cærops was suspended in the vault of the temple at Alexandria, by means of a strong iron nail in its head. Cassiodorus, without mentioning a magnet, avers that an iron statue of Cupid was suspended in the air in the tem-

* *Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religion.* Lond. 1794. p. 2.

ple: and Isidore of Seville, without naming the temple, says that there was seen an iron statue suspended in the air by means of a magnet.

That these miracles were the result of imposition, there can be no doubt. A magnet suspending a weight may have been exhibited as a decoy to the ignorant; but the coffins, if they were suspended at all, were suspended with cords or wires, which, by a judicious arrangement of the lights, in reference to the position of the spectator, could be easily rendered invisible. The science of Magnetism, in its present state, and were it even to borrow from galvanism her stupendous magnets, is incapable of honoring Mahomet with an aerial mausoleum. It is the modern science of Electromagnetism alone that can perform this splendid miracle; and within the spiral coils of its wonder-working helix, we may yet see suspended the bones of Joanna Southcote; or the undecomposed remains of the chief of the Mormonites; or perchance the penance-worn frame of some Puseyite hierarch, who may have appealed to science as a forlorn hope against the Protestant faith.

In the remaining fourteen chapters of the work before us, occupying a little more than the second volume, M. Salverte discusses, with great learning and ingenuity, many interesting subjects, which have not a special connexion with any individual science. We shall endeavor to give our readers a brief and rapid sketch of the most important points which they contain.

The art of breathing fire—of protecting the human skin from the heat of melted metals or red-hot iron, and of rendering wooden buildings proof against fire, seems to have been practised from the earliest ages. Two hundred years before Christ, Eunus established himself as the leader of the insurgent slaves, by breathing fire and smoke from his mouth; and Barchochebas, the ringleader of the revolted Jews in the reign of Hadrian, claimed to be the Messiah from his power of vomiting flames from his mouth. The priestesses of Diana Parasya, in Cappadocia, as Strabo states, commanded public veneration by walking over burning coals; and, according to Pliny, the Hirpi family enjoyed the hereditary property of being incombustible, which they exhibited annually in the temple of Apollo, on Mount Soracte. Pachymerus tells us that he has seen several accused persons prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron;

and in 1065, the monks produced as a witness, in the great church of Angers, an old man who underwent the proof of boiling water, and that, too, as their reverences state, *from the bottom of the boiler, where they had heated the water more than usual!* Sylla could not set fire to the wooden tower raised on the Piræus by Archelaus; and Cæsar could not burn the tower of Iarch, which was doubtless made fireproof by a solution of alum. The use of certain chemical embrocations—the substitution of the fusible metal of Darcet, which melts at a low heat—and the application of plasters of asbestos to the feet—or of a saturated solution of alum to the skin—were among the arts thus called into use.

The influence of man over the lower animals was, in ancient times, a fruitful source of the marvellous. There were Van Amburghs, male and female, in those days. The influence of valerian upon the cat, of the oils of Rhodium, cummin, and anise-seeds upon rats and mice, may serve to give us an idea of what may have been effected on a greater scale. Men condemned to destruction by wild beasts, are said to have protected themselves by the fetid odor of the fat of the elephant, with which they had been smeared; and Firmus is said to have swam with impunity in the midst of crocodiles, by rubbing himself with their grease. In the temple of Jupiter Olympus, there was a bronze horse supposed to have been anointed with the juice of the *hippomanes*, which roused the passions of every horse that approached it; and an analogous property is said to have been possessed by the brazen bull which was the chef-d'œuvre of Myron. The influence of music over animals, the fascinating power of snakes, and the methods of taming them, by depriving them of their powers of mischief, are all treated by M. Salverte with much detail. The lumbering hippopotamus, and the massive elephant, rejoice in the notes of martial music, and the cat, the lizard, the iguano, the tortoise, and even the spider, are said to be susceptible of the charms of harmonious sounds.

The professors of ancient as well as of modern magic found powerful auxiliaries in the soporific drugs, and poisonous beverages which derange the intellectual as well as the physical condition of man. The waters of Lethe, and the beverage of Mnemosyne, which killed Timochares in three months after he had quaffed it in the cave of Trophonius, are examples of the soporific

and stupefying drinks of the ancients. The *Nepenthes* of Homer, the *Hyoscyamus datura*, the *Solanum*, the *Potomantis*, the *Gelatophyllis*, and the *Achaemenis* of Pliny, the *Ophiusia* of the Ethiopians, and the *Muchamore* of Kamtschatka, were all the instruments of physical and intellectual degradation. Carver informs us, that a bean is thrown into the mouths of the religious fanatics, and that the insensibility and convulsions which it occasions terminate only with its rejection from the stomach. The Old Man of the Mountain, in the time of the Crusades, is said to have enchanted his youthful followers by narcotic and exhilarating draughts. The Hindoo widow is supposed to ascend the funeral pile, physically as well as morally fortified against pain. The victims of the Inquisition similarly prepared, are said to have frequently slept in the midst of their torments; and M. Taboureaux assures us that the merciful jailers made their prisoners swallow soap dissolved in water, (the vehicle doubtless, of more powerful medicaments,) to enable them to bear the agonies of the torture.

It would be difficult to study the history of imposture, whether founded on the miracles of nature or the devices of art, without learning, if we wish to learn, an important lesson. As the mere occupant of a terrestrial paradise, man cannot but appreciate the noble provision which has been made for his wants and his pleasures, and admire the beneficent arrangements which have superadded the refinements of domestic and social life. In his dominion over the animal world, he wields the sceptre of a king; and in the freedom of his range over "a thousand hills," the beauty and grandeur of nature hallow with their finer sensations the rude activity of his lot. From day to day is repeated the mysterious round of life and motion, and were he thus to live and die but in the exercise of his physical powers, the very source and purposes of his being would be the deepest mystery. But when he recognizes within himself the germ of intellectual life, the spiritual element which no chain can bind, and nothing sublunary satisfy, the mystery of his existence is wrapped up in the higher mystery of his fate, and life here and life hereafter combine their mysterious relations but to perplex and alarm him. Mysteriously ushered into life—imbibing mysteries in his earliest lessons—encountering them in his studies—and checked by them in his aspirations—he is yet unreasonable enough to

expect that they will be cleared away from the only subject with which they are inseparably combined. We believe that races of animals, anterior to man, have been buried and embalmed in the solid rock beneath us, and yet we know not why they lived, and by what catastrophe they perished. We believe that a deluge has swept over the earth with its desolating surge, destroying life, and moulding into new forms the hills and valleys which it covered; and yet we cannot discover whence its waters came, and what was their commission. We believe that masses of rock and stone have fallen from the heavens; and yet their source and their errand are equally unknown. But though cherishing even such mysterious convictions, we yet startle at the belief that the Creator of man has revealed to him his will, and that the Sovereign whose subjects have rebelled, has sent a deliverer to their rescue. If the fulness of knowledge has gradually developed to our understanding the wonders of creation, the fulness of time will as certainly unfold the mysterious arrangements of providence.

Nor is the power of the marvellous, as an instrument of government, less instructive than the comparison of what the skeptic rejects, with what reason compels him to believe. Over our brightest hours there hangs a mysterious cloud, veiling or eclipsing the future, while it casts over the present a sombre and a fitful light. The worldly man seeks to dispel it, and the wise man to pierce it; but, however viewed, it is unceasingly before us, and the spiritual world, like our planet in her darkest eclipse, is still seen in shadowy outline, displaying its mountain tops and its caverns. And though "from that distant bourne no traveller has returned," we yet people it with the beings of our affections, and feeling as if, beneath their eye, and under their care, we willingly surrender ourselves to an influence invisible and undefined. Active at all times and in every place, this reverential fear finds a residence in every bosom. It is the homage of a created spirit to its Master—the becoming awe of a fallen and derived intelligence. Can we wonder, then, that minds thus constituted have, in every age, been slaves to the marvellous, and the easy dupes of every species of imposture that claimed an alliance with the world of spirits? The greater our own veracity the less do we suspect that of others, and the more willingly do we surrender our own

judgment to that of our superiors in genius and knowledge. The rising doubt is speedily checked by the display of what, to such minds, must appear supernatural; and the positive possession of powers more than human is easily vindicated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of science, and have discovered the easiest avenues to the uninstructed mind. So overpowering, indeed, is this kind of influence, and so irresistible is its appeal to the evidence of our senses, that the most accomplished and the least credulous individuals have surrendered themselves at its call.

But though the cunning priest and the needy conjurer still ply their work, yet the reform in religious worship, and the increasing intelligence of the age, have narrowed the magician's sphere, and paralyzed his influence. In place of being a tributary to imposture, knowledge has become its foe. Its empire of power, indeed, has ceased, but its empire of civilization has begun. It no longer governs but guides mankind. Formerly their oppressor, it is now their friend—once the chain which bound them to the earth, now it is "the wing on which they rise to heaven."

The transition from the supremacy of knowledge to the decline of its power, and from ecclesiastical to civil rule, is one of the most extraordinary phases of modern times. As science has become more valuable to the State, she has, in the same proportion, sunk in influence and esteem; and as religion has become more pure and simple, she has, even in a higher ratio, been shorn of her inherent and inalienable rights. An oligarchy of wealth has replaced the nobler oligarchy of knowledge, and a conclave of statesmen has usurped the hierarchy of the Church. To compensate for misgovernment, or to quell turbulence, or, perchance, to purchase a temporary quiet, error, intellectually debasing and spiritually fatal, is about to be fostered and endowed, and that system of faith which claims a sovereignty over things temporal as well as eternal, is to be sustained by those very men who have denied to a Protestant Church its spiritual jurisdiction, and whose hands are yet scarred with its destruction. If, in their thirst for power, hostile factions shall combine in support of an idolatrous creed, while Protestant truth enjoys but a partial toleration, it is time that the host of evangelism should be marshaled for the combat. The shadow of the coming conflict is already cast

before us: Revelation has predicted that collision, and woe be to those who are blind to its indications, or who shrink from the stern duties which they impose.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

It was after a dinner, perhaps a little less animated and delightful than usual, at the *table d'hôte*, and while the Roberts family, and the three gentlemen who were their constant attendants, paraded up and down the portico before the rooms, that the purposed departure of the latter was announced. Miss Harrington, indeed, had been informed of it during her usual morning's walk with her cousin, but was not conscious either of any inclination or duty, that obliged her to increase the ordinary scanty intercourse between herself and the Roberts family by communicating it. The dreadful news, therefore, was as unexpected as it was terrible; yet it was communicated with such easy gaiety of manner, as happily enforced the necessity of concealing for a moment the far different feelings with which it was received.

"How dreadfully I missed the dear princess at dinner!" exclaimed Agatha. "She certainly is the most fascinating creature in existence. I wonder we don't see her! She positively promised to join us here before this time."

In order to watch for the approach of the fascinating princess and her *cortège*, the different *tête-à-têtes* into which the party usually divided themselves were suspended, and they all stood in a group together on the steps. The observation of Agatha was therefore heard and replied to by her sister, who said, rather fretfully, for Miss Maria did not like standing all together in a group,

"It is very provoking, indeed; I wish she would come! It is such a bore standing here waiting for her; besides, I want to know what she has decided upon for tomorrow. A picnic is to be the order of the day; but her highness seemed undecided between the Murgthal and the mountains. Which shall you like best?" she added, looking tenderly into the eyes of Lord Lynberry.

"Alas!" exclaimed Montgomery, coming forward to the assistance of his more

embarrassed friend; "alas! It matters little what either Lynberry or I may prefer, for Vincent, cruel fellow, has fixed upon tomorrow for starting with his lordship, and I have promised to travel with them."

Agatha started, and the sort of little convulsive movement which this communicated to the hand that rested on Montgomery's arm, made him for an instant feel rather ashamed of himself; but Maria groaned aloud, and, relaxing her hold of Lord Lynberry, she seemed about to fall. But the young lordling's heart was growing hard, and he made a movement so plainly indicative of his intention to let her go, if she liked it, that she suddenly grasped him tighter than ever, and after repeating the groan in the most touching manner possible, softly whispered in his ear,

"Oh, heavens! Is this true?"

"Yes, indeed, I am sorry to say it is," he replied, producing for decency's sake, something like a sigh. "Vincent says that my father has fixed this time for our going to Rome, and of course, you know, I must obey orders."

"Oh, yes! of course," re-whispered Maria, with a softer sigh. But happily her heart was at that moment saved from breaking, by remembering that other people might go to Rome as well as Lord Lynberry. Nevertheless, the moment was a very awful one, and she naturally found it necessary to support herself, by leaning her trembling form against that of her too dearly loved supporter.

Lord Lynberry was very kind, however, and, as he pressed her hand in his, as he was a good deal in the habit of doing when they were walking together, she mentally exclaimed,

"All hope is not over yet."

Nay, the trembling weakness of her limbs had so much effect upon him, that he, on his side, mentally exclaimed, "I might be taken in now, if I were plain Dick Archdale."

Yet, after all, perhaps, the emotions of Mrs. Roberts were the most vehement; for, as usual, in addition to her own tremendous disappointment, and to all her maternal sympathy for the disappointment of her daughters, she had before her eyes the dread of what was infinitely more painful to her than all the rest; namely, the having to confess to her husband that she was mistaken, and that she was not at all points the very best manager in the world. Happily, however, for her too, a thought arose in

this moment of extremity, which enabled her so far to recover herself as to avoid all public display of her emotions. Mr. Roberts was smoking a quiet cigar under a distant tree in happy unconsciousness of the blast that so cruelly threatened to blight all the hopes of his family, and Mrs. Roberts remembered in time to save herself from displaying a stronger degree of anger than she wished to make visible, that it was still in her power to represent the matter to him, "after what flourish her nature would." A real offer of marriage from any thing under the rank of a knight, could hardly have consoled her more effectually at that moment, than the recollection of her own powers of painting, and it was with an admirable degree of self-command that she said, loud enough for all the party to hear,

"I am truly sorry to find that we are to part so soon, my dear friends, but at any rate I hope we shall pass this last evening happily together at the Balcony House. Let us talk for half an hour or so in those beautiful shady walks yonder, and then we will go home to tea. Shall we?"

"I am sure it will give us the greatest pleasure," replied both the gentlemen at once, both perhaps feeling equally well pleased at being thus permitted to slip off the scene, without being visited by any very vehement display of regret from any of their admiring friends.

During the time occupied by this abrupt discovery, Mr. Vincent and Bertha were very composedly conversing at the distance of about three yards from the rest of the party, and Mrs. Roberts having received the above-mentioned amiable acceptance of her invitation, turned about and walked towards Bertha and her cousin, which she would probably not have done, had not some feeling of embarrassment made her feel disposed to do something besides discoursing with Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery on their approaching departure; for by gentle degrees she had learned to understand that it was better for all parties to let Bertha alone; the very slightest approach to interference with her freedom of action being received, not with juvenile poutings, or any thing in the least degree resembling the rebellion of an ill-behaved, self-willed young girl, but with an air of quiet dignity that so obviously challenged her right of interference, as to make her feel that she had better not bring the question of authority, or no authority, under discussion. But now she ventured to break into the evident-

ly confidential conversation of the cousins, and said, in her most polite and amiable manner,

"I am so sorry to hear, my dear Mr. Vincent, that you are all going away! I am sure I don't know what the Baths will do without you. You have all three been such an ornament. However, my dear sir, I hope you won't refuse what the other two gentlemen have granted, but that you will come this last evening to drink tea with us at the Balcony House."

Whether invited or not, Mr. Vincent would undoubtedly have sat beside his cousin on that evening, till her usual early hour of retiring to rest; he replied to Mrs. Roberts' invitation, however, very civilly, and declared that he should wait upon her with great pleasure. PLEASURE! Poor young man! Amidst all the violent emotions awakened in the various bosoms of the party by the approaching separation, there were none—no, not even in the bosom of Bertha, that could approach in vehemence to those which wrung his heart. Bertha had a feeling at the bottom of hers, that she was fearfully independent of every one in the whole world. This feeling, which a short time ago had been one of very bitter misery, was now full of consolation. Her father had forfeited, had abandoned, all right to control her; he had thrown her off upon utter strangers, or rather he had thrown her altogether upon herself; but now she no longer felt abandoned and alone in the world. Heaven, in its mercy, seemed to have sent her as a protector the only relative she had whose name she had heard mentioned by her mother's lips with love and esteem, and the idea that she was to *lose* him by the separation, which was now about to take place, was as foreign to her mind as to that of a child who sees its father take his hat and walk out of the house upon a matter of business. And thus, while the heart of Vincent was wrung with the doubt whether he ever should see his pretty Bertha more, she was pleasing herself with the anticipation of the exceeding pleasure she should feel when they should meet again, and with the thoughts of the perfectly new delight she should enjoy in writing to him and receiving his letters. In fact, of all the party about to be left in possession of the vaunted Balcony House, she was the only one who felt disposed to thank Heaven for having permitted her to enter it.

"I suppose we may walk on into the shrub-

beries, my dears," said Mrs. Roberts; "I don't think that it is any use waiting for the Princess Fuskymuskoff. She so seldom keeps any engagement of this kind, you know."

"I must beg you, ma'am, not to find any fault with the Princess Fuskymuskoff," said Agatha, "she is the friend I most value upon earth."

This was spoken *avec intention*, as the French call having a meaning for what they say, and was doubtless said for the purpose of causing a pang to the perfidious Montgomery. Whether he felt all that it was intended he should feel might be more doubtful. However, he once more presented his arm, which was once more accepted, and the party moved on, every one of them, excepting Bertha, endeavoring to appear to feel either more or less than they really did; and not one of them, perhaps, excepting Bertha, being much deceived by the efforts thus made. But as for her, poor little girl, she had no more idea of the deep and hopeless anguish which was wringing the heart of her companion, than of the fervent and unchangeable love that was nestling in her own. And next to Bertha, the least uncomfortable of the party, perhaps, was Mrs. Roberts, for she had great faith in the influence of leave-taking on the hearts and the lips of young gentlemen, when walking side by side with such girls as hers; and, besides that, the moon was come round to the full again, and the balcony was as pleasant to sit in as ever. And who could tell what might happen yet, before it was time for every body to go home and go to bed?

This last balcony hope proved as unsubstantial as the moonshine which had assisted its creation. The young ladies threw open the windows, and the young gentlemen, upon being invited so to do, walked through them, but a marvellous change had come over their spirits since the first evening on which the experiment was made. It is a disagreeable sort of fact to dwell upon, because it leads to all kinds of mortifying feelings concerning the prettiest part of the creation; but I pause upon it a moment solely for their sakes. I am not now going to moralize upon any deeper mischief than may arise from the idle wish of hearing agreeable young gentlemen say agreeable things; for which purpose it is by no means very uncommon to see young ladies exercise a good deal of ingenuity,

contriving little aside scenes, like those in the Baden balcony, both with a view to inspiring these agreeable things, and to affording a favorable opportunity for uttering them. I heartily wish that all pretty young ladies would believe me, when I assure them that they had much better let it alone. If the gentlemen they most wish to listen to have really any thing to say that is worth hearing, they will be quite sure to make an opportunity for themselves, and they will be, oh, a great many thousand times more likely to profit by this, than by any that can possibly be made for them. For the fact is, that the suspicious creatures are often exceedingly sharp-sighted on such occasions, and are as apt to take fright if they perceive any preparation for catching them, as a two years' old partridge when he hears the snap of a gun. Alas! it is painful to think how many a fair creature, having done all that her womanly wit could suggest, to insure a good opportunity for the wished-for declaration, may have exclaimed, when remembering how eagerly no opportunities at all have been seized, during the first early days of fresh flirtation, for uttering short abstracts, of what she was anxious to hear at full length,

Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you!

It really is *very* painful, and heartily glad should I be if I could succeed in persuading all young ladies, present and to come, that the very best thing they can do upon such occasions is to do nothing. But the Miss Robertses did not think so; they both of them felt that these last moments were very precious, and, like their mamma, they thought also that they *might* be profitable, and, therefore, not even when their wishes and their will had been the most steadfastly fixed on the acquisition of a new ball dress, in the distressing times before drafts upon capital had been thought of, not even in those resolute and trying moments, had they ever more strenuously exerted themselves to obtain what they wished than they did now.

"I know not what ails me," said Maria, "I feel as if this room had not air enough in it to permit my breathing. Oh, see how beautifully the moon is rising over those acacia-trees! Let us look at her once more."

And, having opened the window with her own fair hand, she stepped forth into the balcony. Lord Lynberry followed, of course, but it was with a very different step from that with which he had formerly obeyed the same invitation.

"I should so like a chair, my lord," she resumed, after they had silently stood side by side for a minute or two; upon which his lordship returned into the room and brought one out to her. "And will not you sit down too?" she said, rather plaintively. "Are you afraid of the fresh air to-night?"

"Oh, dear no! not the least in the world," he replied, and as he spoke he walked to the very farthest extremity of the balcony, as if to prove that the fresh air might blow upon him as much as it liked. Maria sat still for about a minute and a half, with her eyes, which she knew were very handsome eyes, raised with a sort of softly reproaching expression to her friend the moon. And what that friend thought of her and her eyes it is impossible to say, though she looked down upon her very steadily in return; but as for her other friend, for whom the attitude and the look were certainly in part intended, there was sad reason to suppose that he was not thinking of her at all, or which, perhaps, under the circumstances, was worse still, that he wished her to suppose so—for he had turned his head as decidedly as possible the other way, and appeared anxious to reconnoitre some object only visible by his leaning forward so as to look quite round the corner of the house. Maria saw it, saw it all, notwithstanding her steadfast contemplation of the moon, and she thought that there might be more ways than one for accounting for his "altered eye." The glance that took not half a second, sufficed to show her that there was something forced and artificial in the manner in which he looked away from her, and another half-second was long enough to give birth to a thought which explained it. It was his tutor who was taking him away. It was Vincent who was thus tearing them asunder, and it was doubtless some vehement remonstrance from the young man's father which now induced him to make these terrible, these supernatural efforts to avoid an explanation with her. A most bright and lively little family of new-born hopes were produced between the glance and the thought. Maria started from her chair and followed him. As his lordship had reached the extreme boundary of the balcony, he

could retreat no further; and when Maria gently laid her hand upon his arm, heaving at the same time a profound sigh, he felt that there was nothing left for him but to take her hand in his and to sigh too. This was quite as it should be, and Maria began to recover her "peace of mind," which a few minutes before she had had very serious thoughts of telling him he had destroyed forever. But now she changed her purpose. Every thing was perfectly intelligible. The poor dear fellow was suffering as much as she was, and not for worlds would she have uttered a word that might pain him!

"You will not forget us, Lord Lynberry, when you see the moon rise again, though over far distant scenes?" said she. "I will not think that you can forget us, when you know so very well that we can never forget you."

His young lordship was very tender-hearted, and though he thought all he had said about Miss Maria to his tutor, and perhaps a little more besides, he could not stand these gentle words unmoved, and, if the truth is to be told, his arm encircled her waist as he replied, "No, my dear Maria, it is quite impossible that I should ever forget the many happy hours I have passed with you."

Maria was moved to tears, and for a few moments could not speak; and so, as she stood perfectly still, his lordship's arm was not removed. And he, too, was silent; a circumstance which she interpreted, poor young lady (as many other poor young ladies have done before her), in a way as far removed as was well possible from the truth; for, whereas he was silent solely because he had nothing to say, she thought it was solely because he had too much—too much for his timidity—too much for the harsh command of his most noble, but most cruel, father to permit his uttering. But this state of things could not go on forever—they were both of them aware of this. So Maria began to sob, and Lord Lynberry, as if desperately determined to bring it to an end at once, caught her in his arms and kissed her. And then some considerable time before it would have been possible for her to have summoned strength sufficient to extricate herself from his embrace, he relaxed his hold, and saying, in an accent of great alarm, "Take care, my dear girl, we are watched!" he hurried back to that portion of the balcony upon which the windows of the drawing-room threw a light. For Maria to follow at that moment was to

tally out of the question. Her feelings quite overpowered her; and had she not seized hold of the iron railing, she must, she was quite sure, have fallen. Meanwhile, he entered the drawing-room in rather a hurried manner, a circumstance which Mrs. Roberts remarked with very particular satisfaction, and having extended his hand for a parting shake, he exclaimed, "Good by, my dear Mrs. Roberts. It is very disagreeable to say good by, isn't it? But there is no choice, is there?" and then adding, "Come along, Montgomery!" he ran out of the room and down the stairs in a way that left a great deal of hope behind him. The circumstance of his not taking leave of Agatha, who was still standing in the balcony with Montgomery, was thought by Mrs. Roberts to be quite decisive, and showed the poor young man to be in a state of agitation, which left him without the power of knowing what he did. But here, too, there was room for more interpretations than one. That he *was* agitated is certain, but perhaps this might arise quite as much from his fear that he could not get away fast enough, as from any suffering arising from going away at all.

Meanwhile, Mr. Montgomery and Agatha were preparing themselves for the separation which had been announced, for which purpose they, too, had retreated to the balcony. The scene which ensued between them there, though having, of necessity some general points of resemblance, differed a good deal from that which was passing between Maria and Lord Lynberry. In the first place, Mr. Montgomery's embarrassment—for he, too, certainly was embarrassed—was of a different nature from that of his young friend, and had in it a much larger mixture of self-reproach. Lord Lynberry knew that he had been guilty of insinuating, if not of absolutely declaring, a great deal more love for the young lady he was about to leave than he had ever felt; but his conscience was rendered pretty tolerably easy under this self-accusation, by his conviction that the love he had given was of just about the same worth as that which he had received—the chief difference between them being, that her ultimate object was to make him marry her, and his to take care that she should not succeed; so that, on the whole, he felt that when the leave-taking was, once for all, done and over, he should set off again, not only heart-whole, but pretty nearly self-acquitted of all blame.

But in the case of Mr. Montgomery, matters were different. In the first place, he knew that he had no right to make love at all, being affianced both in fact and in feeling; and, moreover, he could not suspect, like Lord Lynberry, that the flattering partiality so frankly made visible by the lady proceeded from any hope on her part of obtaining an advantageous marriage by means of persuading him that he had gained her affections. He could not suspect this, because he had himself most distinctly informed her of his engagement. He felt, therefore, that whatever degree of partiality he had inspired, was quite disinterested, and therefore that he ought to be most particularly grateful. Yet somehow or other it was not so. On the contrary, he felt angry and provoked, both with her and with himself. Partly from vanity and partly in sport, he had permitted the sentimental friendship she had talked about to assume at least the appearance of love-making; and this it was which now made the easy and elegant-mannered Montgomery feel embarrassed. But Miss Agatha Roberts was rapidly becoming one of those strongly-pronounced and independent characters, who make up their minds to "care for nothing," but to take that position in society which pleases them best, without doubting for a moment the power of their own talents to obtain it. Something of this sort Mr. Montgomery suspected. But he did not quite understand Miss Agatha. He did not fully understand her master-passion. She herself would have called it ambition; and such it was, perhaps, but of a very queer kind. Her ambition was to be what she called a woman of fashion, *coute qui coute*. For this end she had consented to smoke, though the doing so made her dreadfully sick. For this she preferred receiving the attentions of the engaged Montgomery to those of any other man at the Baths, however free—for Montgomery was a man of fashion. She had been shocked a good deal at first hearing of his sudden departure; but the brain being a tougher organ than the heart, she came to this farewell conference in the balcony, without any intention of being pathetic. Mr. Montgomery soon perceived this, and it was so great a relief to him that all his embarrassed feelings disappeared, and with them a good deal of the contempt he had felt both for himself and her. So that, excepting for the fact that no one was looking on to witness the flattering intimacy with which he treated

her, this parting interview was as gratifying to her feelings as any she had ever had with him.

"I shall miss you terribly, my dear friend!" said she, in very much the tone in which a French marquise, of Louis le Grand's day, might have addressed one of her *cortège* of lovers, when sending him off upon a campaign; "but depend upon it I shall not forget you—nor can I hope to meet with many friends in future so well calculated to make the idle hours of life pass pleasantly."

"You are too kind, my dear Miss Roberts," he replied.

"Nay, call me Agatha," said she. "You have often done so, you know, and I like it. It is a sort of landmark or mile-stone in the journey towards my friendship. And indeed, Montgomery, you must let me class you as a friend."

"You cannot, I am sure; doubt my wish to do so," he said, but with rather less warmth than she expected; for she knew that she was letting him off very easily, considering all their philanderings, and she thought the least he could do was to declare himself her faithful friend for life. But, in fact, the notion of Lady Charlotte's being present at some future day, when the charming Agatha, with her outrageous ringlets, her prodigiously puffed petticoats, and her three-quarters *décolletés* morning dresses, might seize upon him with the licensed grasp of eternal friendship, came across him at that moment with something like a shudder. However, her rejoinder gave him courage, and during the remainder of the interview he was very affectionate.

"Alas!" said she, "it is grievous to think how very little chance there is that we should speedily meet again. You will be returning to England to fulfil your engagement. And as for us, Heaven only knows where we shall be! The whole race, you know, look up to me, and, as I know I shall guide their movements, whether I intend it or not, I think it not unlikely that we may visit every court in Europe before we return to our English residence."

"Such unlimited power of locomotion is very enviable, my dear Agatha," he replied, rejoicing exceedingly at the enlarged sphere of action she was proposing for herself; and if I am doomed, as I think I may be, to parliamentary shackles after I marry, I must console myself with thinking of my fair friend's more extended field of enjoyment."

"Do so, Montgomery; and you may think, too, that in all her wanderings she will never have forgotten you. And *à propos* of that, my dear friend, I hope you will sometimes let me know that you have not forgotten me—not that I mean to propose *une correspondance suivie* with a man who is about to marry a woman I don't know—I am too discreet to think of it, I assure you. If she were a particular friend of my own, it would be different—but as it is, the thing is quite out of the question. You shall never have cause to fear my discretion, Montgomery. What I mean to ask of you is, that you will give me, give us, I mean, of course, introductions to any people of real high fashion that you may know upon the Continent. What I am chiefly anxious for is, to increase my acquaintance with foreigners of distinction wherever I may happen to be. Such a friend as the Princess Fuskymuskoff is invaluable! As to introductions to English ladies, unless they are persons of really high rank and fashion, and who have got a little out of the musty-fusty hum-drum of our odious country, I will not trouble you by asking for any introductions to them. But I shall be obliged, we shall all of us be really very much obliged, if you would present to us, by letter, any young men of fashion and fortune whom you may happen to hear of setting off upon a continental excursion. I need not tell you, my dear friend," she continued, "that I say this with no missish view to forming matrimonial connexions. I detest the idea! I declare to you that, for myself, I care not a straw whether I marry or not. I cannot endure the idea of making marriage the most important business of life. We all know that the majority of men and women do marry, and therefore, of course, the chances are that we shall do so, like the rest of the world—but as for fixing one's thoughts eternally upon it, I neither will nor can do it."

Mr. Montgomery assured her that he thought she was perfectly right, but there was something of vagueness both in his eyes and his accent as he said this, which left his fair companion in doubt as to what he meant. She looked at him as in the days that were gone, with a prodigious deal of mysterious sentiment, stealing, as it were, from her eyes to his.

"Ah! Montgomery! I should like to know what you are thinking of at this moment!" said she. Upon which, strange to say, Mr. Montgomery actually blushed, or

in more fitting phrase, he colored—for his thoughts at that moment were wholly and solely occupied upon the question of how soon he could decently go away, and retreat to his lodgings and his bed—for he had been busy all day, and was heartily tired; not to mention that of all things in this mortal life, there was not one which he considered to be so dull, stale, and utterly unprofitable as the unmeaning sag-end of an unmeaning flirtation. Nevertheless, he roused himself to the performance of the tiresome task which his folly had brought upon him, and said, looking as handsome and melancholy as possible, "My thoughts, my dear friend, were occupied upon the detestable necessity of saying adieu. But alas! it must be done."

"Not till you have promised to do what I have asked," said Agatha, who in truth was thinking on her side much more of her future career than of the present parting. "Will you not, my dear friend, promise to give me this proof of the sincerity of your affectionate regard? I really feel that I deserve it, Montgomery, for nothing can have been less selfish, or more sincere, than my conduct and my sentiments towards you."

This was said in a very imposing manner; and it did impose in one sense, though not in another; that is to say, it influenced but did not cheat him. It would indeed have required a monstrous deal of eloquence to persuade him that the fine clear bold eye that was now raised to his face, expressed any sentiment in the most distant degree allied to disinterested affection of any kind. Few men understand the characters of the ladies with whom they flirt so nearly as Mr. Montgomery did that of Agatha Roberts. He was perfectly aware that she was a cold-hearted, calculating, ambitious schemer, with vanity enough to desire greatly, nay, passionately, a distinguished place in society, and shrewdness enough to perceive that she had no chance of obtaining it in the ordinary way, and must therefore arm herself for the enterprise by a steadfast resolution that nothing should stop her, and a confident hope that if she could not get on in one way she might in another. Her pretence of simple minded friendship therefore he valued exactly at its proper worth; but nevertheless he did remember that, such as she was, he had condescended to select her constantly as his partner in the dance, as his companion on the promenade, and, in short, as the object of all the attentions which he had

made it his amusement to pay during the banishment to which he had been condemned; while her present lofty tone reminded him also of the obvious fact, to which indeed it was her especial object to allude, namely, that the generality of young ladies, under similar circumstances, would have tormented him with insinuations that he had used them ill. He at once determined therefore to comply with her request, to which perhaps he was the more inclined by perceiving that the doing so might be made the means of bringing this parting interview to an immediate conclusion.

"Most willingly do I promise what you ask, my dear friend," he replied, "and I am very glad you have thought of naming it before it was too late to prove immediately my wish to obey you. Heaven only knows where I may be, or what may become of me, nor even how soon I may be recalled—I mean how soon I may be obliged to go back to England. The only way therefore in which, as it strikes me, I can be really useful to you is by going home immediately, and writing half a dozen letters or so before I go to bed, to various friends of mine who I know are at this time amusing themselves by wandering about the continent. You will be sure to meet them somewhere or other; and I am sure they would all be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Thank you, my friend," replied Agatha, in the tone of one who receives what he knows is his due, but who condescends, nevertheless, to express gratitude for it. "I thank you, dear Montgomery," she resumed, "but remember that I do so in the belief that your letters will be addressed only to such persons as I should wish to know. You understand me. I certainly shall not thank you if you put me in the way of being disgusted with the society of Englishmen who are not of high rank, or who have not thrown off their detestable national stiffness."

It was at this moment that Lynberry, rushing through the drawing-room had exclaimed, "Come along, Montgomery!" whereupon the gentleman so addressed eagerly replied to Agatha's last speech by declaring that he understood her perfectly, and would take care to give her no introductions but such as she would wish to have.

"But, my dear friend," he added, "if I am to write at all I must go directly. God bless you, dear Agatha!" and gallantly sa-

luting the tips of her fingers, he too rushed through the window into the drawing-room, where, with all his usual irreproachable perfection of manner, he offered his hand to Mrs. Roberts, who seized upon it with a grasp that under other circumstances might have been mistaken for a hostile and resolute method of detention, but it was now clearly understood by Mr. Montgomery to be only a mark of strong affection, strongly expressed.

While this grasp still lasted, he uttered an elegant phrase or two, upon his regret at quitting Baden while so charming a family as hers remained in it, and then tore his hand away with the appearance of considerable emotion, and vanished.

Although each one of the Roberts female trio had very resolutely made up her mind not to betray the slightest symptoms of disappointment or surprise at the sudden departure of the gentlemen whose presence had shed a brightness so much beyond that of ordinary German sunshine upon Baden-Baden, they certainly did look, in spite of all they could do to prevent it, rather blankly on each other as they met in a sort of triangle, face to face, when the two daughters entered by the two windows, and met their mother, who was coming forward to advise them not to catch cold, but to come in directly.

"Well! I am sure," began Mrs. Roberts in gentle accents which seemed to promise a good deal of lamentation.

"I shall go to bed!" said Maria, rather abruptly, "for I am tired to death."

"Do, my dear, do," replied her mother; "it will do you good, more good than any thing, take my word for it; and I will send you a little good strong white wine whey, my dear, and then perhaps you will get to sleep, love."

Maria felt a little angry, but still more pathetic, and feeling that if she remained she should certainly begin crying, which she particularly wished to avoid, she hurried out of the room. But as she was passing through the door the idea of the white wine whey seemed to comfort her, and she half turned round and said, "if you please, ma'am; thank you."

Mrs. Roberts rang the bell and gave the necessary orders, that is to say, she desired that "*une pint du lait*" should immediately be put upon the kitchen fire, adding that

she would "*descendre en point de tout de tems pour faire ce que etait necessaire.*" And then, the servant having departed, poor Mrs. Roberts hoped to indulge herself in a little consultation with her eldest daughter upon recent events and the present state of their affairs, and was beginning with her usual phrase, "Well, Agatha," when that young lady abruptly stopped her short by saying, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but at this moment I really cannot listen to you, for—"

"Oh! my dear girl," replied the tender mother, interrupting in her turn, "don't say a word about it; I don't feel in the least offended. It is so natural, my poor dear child, that you should wish to be quite quiet after it all. We will talk it all over to-morrow, Agatha. Would you like, my dear, to have a little whey brought you, like Maria? A pint of milk will make plenty for you both, and I am sure it would do you good, Agatha."

"Mercy on me, ma'am! I trust you are not going to treat me, as if I were a love-lorn girl like Maria. If she chooses to fall sick about every man she meets in society she must do it, I am sure I shall never interfere to prevent it. And you may give her whey, if you like, with plenty of sugar and spice to comfort her. My scheme of existence is a different one. I flatter myself I shall never give you any trouble about my love affairs, and in return I must request, ma'am, that you never torment me about any of the persons, either male or female, to whom I may happen to attach myself. I am quite willing to pledge you my word that my family shall never be exposed to the danger of any low associations on my account; and, moreover, that if it should ever happen that I found myself likely to be induced to form a matrimonial engagement, I would give you and the rest of my family timely notice of it. And now, ma'am, I won't detain you from Maria and her whey any longer; but I should think you had better advise her not to *promener* her woe too publicly. There are a good many pleasant people still left at the baths, whatever she may think of it, and I should be sorry to see her wipe her eyes upon them all. For my part I shall console myself by putting on my cloak and smoking a cigarette in the balcony."

The young lady, as she uttered these words, passed by her mother to seek the luxury she spoke of, and Mrs. Roberts looked after her with mingled pride and admiration.

"Well! thank Heaven!" she fervently exclaimed, "my unceasing efforts for the good of my family have not all been thrown away. That dear girl will repay them all! What a mind!—what manners!—what a walk she has! That is a daughter that any woman might be proud of; and I have no more doubt of her making a splendid marriage, than that I stand here. But she must set about it in her own way, that's plain enough—and so she shall, dear creature! Such a girl as that is not to be treated like an everyday miss, who would rather catch up the first penniless 'prentice she could find, than not be married at all. I wish that poor dear Maria had some of her admirable strength of mind! I should not be obliged to go broiling over the kitchen fire if she had!"

But notwithstanding this somewhat harsh-sounding reflection, Mrs. Roberts performed the maternal office of comforter so effectually, that Maria speedily fell asleep, the last words she uttered as she closed her eyes being, "Good night, mamma! We will talk it all over to-morrow."

And when the morrow came, it found Mrs. Roberts early awake, and anxiously awaiting the moment for Maria to be awake too, for these parting words had sent her to bed with the delightful conviction that, after all, there was something to tell, "and if there is," she murmured, as she cheerily rubbed her rosy hands after washing them, "and if there is, let it be as little as it will, I shall know how to make the most of it." But it was in vain that the anxious mother lingered on the outside of the breakfast-room, determined that the moment Maria approached it, she would take her to some quiet corner, and hear all she had got to say before she met the rest of the family, however much they might clamor for their breakfast. But not all her watchfulness nor all her patience availed to obtain her object; sorrow and white wine whey combined, caused Maria to sleep much later than usual, and when at last she did make up her mind to leave her bed, there was a sort of sullen languor in all her movements, which rendered the business of dressing too long for the patience of poor Mr. Roberts to hold out, and when he exclaimed in a tolerably loud tone of voice, "I don't want the rest of ye to have any breakfast if you dont like it, but I must and will have my coffee directly." The disappointed mother gave way, and took her place at the table in a state of the most torturing un-

certainly. Nor, when at length, quite at the conclusion of the meal, Maria entered, and took her usual seat, could the acute maternal eye discern any symptom by which she might guess whether the "all" that was to be talked over contained a history of weal or woe. There were certainly no traces of tears, neither were there any traces of smiles—nor did any glance betray a broken spirit or a broken heart. On the contrary, indeed, if any thing could be read distinctly on her pretty face, it was something quite the reverse of despair; and yet it was not quite the glance of hope either, but rather a steadfast wilfulness that seemed prepared to overcome all obstacles that might stand in its way. And this was a sort of expression which would certainly have been hailed as favorable by Mrs. Roberts, had it not been accompanied by an air of sulkiness that she did not quite understand. Luckily, however, she was not doomed to endure the torture of uncertainty much longer—the silent breakfast ended, Mr Roberts and his son walked off, and Miss Harrington retired to her room.

"Now then, my dearest Maria! The time is come, isn't it, for us to talk it all over, as you promised me last night? You will not put it off any longer, will you, dear love? What is it you have got to tell me, my darling Maria?"

"I have very little to tell you, ma'am, as to the past, but there is a good deal that I wish to say about the future. How soon, ma'am, do you think of leaving Baden-Baden?"

"How soon? I have never begun thinking, as yet, about leaving it at all—I don't mean, of course, that I have any notion of staying here for ever. It does not seem to me as if any people of fashion really lived here; but every thing has been going so very pleasantly till just now, that I never turned a thought towards going away; and besides, you know, we have engaged the house for ever so long, and we must stay till our time is up."

"I see no sort of necessity for that, ma'am," said Agatha. "It would be a monstrous bore indeed, if people were obliged to stay in a house whether they liked it or not, merely because they had taken it. It would be positively turning one's house into a gaol."

"But what is one to do, Agatha?" said Mrs. Roberts, looking greatly dismayed. "You know as well as I do, that we pushed things pretty far, when we took such an

expensive house, and just think what your father would say if we were to go away and leave it before our time was up, having to pay for it, of course, all the same. What do you think he would say to it, Agatha?"

"Upon my word, ma'am, it would be a great deal too much for my nerves if I were obliged to divine what my father would say upon that or any other subject that was proposed for his consideration; but, fortunately, we have the comfort of knowing that it does not signify what he says. I am happy to say, ma'am, that you have too much *savoir faire* to suffer yourself and your family to be led about blindfold by any old gentlemen in existence."

Mrs. Roberts was evidently a good deal touched by this compliment, but she looked a little frightened too, and after she had nodded and smiled, to show she was not at all angry, a liberty indeed which she had quite ceased to take with her eldest daughter, she said, "But what would you propose to do about the house, my dear Agatha, if you had the management of it all quite in your own hands? You don't mean that you would go and hire some other house, and still be obliged to go on paying for this all the time? You don't mean that I suppose, do you?"

"Really, ma'am, if I had to manage the business, I should consider a few weeks' rent of such a little place as this, as a matter of very little consequence. I dare say the house might be very easily disposed of, if that were all. If it suited my convenience to leave the house, I should leave it. The first object for every rational creature being, of course, the placing themselves exactly where they would best like to be; and having decided upon going, if such were my pleasure, I should next take measures to dispose of the house for the remainder of the time for which we have taken it; but as to sitting down in it to keep watch over the goods and chattels, I should as soon think of proclaiming myself a pauper and going into the poor-house at once."

"You need not say so much about it, Agatha. It is not at all likely that mamma means to do any such thing," said Maria.

"I assure you, Maria, I have no idea that she has any such absurdity in her thoughts. I merely answered a question, you know," replied Agatha.

"Don't let us talk any more about the house now, girls," said Mrs. Roberts, coaxingly. "I am positively dying to hear

what dear Maria has to tell me about what passed last night."

"Impossible, ma'am," replied Maria, casting down her eyes, and appearing to be in some confusion. "It is quite out of the question, I do assure you. If you would give me the whole world, I am certain I could never bring myself to describe to you every particular of what passed last night."

"I am sure, my dearest love, I would not ask you to enter more into particulars than was pleasant to you, for any thing that could be offered to me. I have a great deal too much respect for your feelings, Maria, to do any such thing," said Mrs. Roberts; but you may easily guess, my dear, how excessively anxious I am to hear the upshot of what passed between you and Lord Lynberry last night; because, of course, one must consider *that* to be pretty nearly decisive, you know."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I know no such thing," replied Maria.

"Then he did not say any thing to you at all, Maria?" said her mother, looking most deplorably disappointed.

"What can you mean, ma'am?" replied her daughter, knitting her brows a little in the style of her elder sister. "What can you mean, ma'am, by saying that he did not say any thing to me at all? Gracious Heaven! as if the recollection of such an interview is not agitating enough, without the torture of being told that he said nothing."

"How foolish it is of you, Maria," returned the puzzled parent, "to fancy I meant to say that he actually said *nothing*. No, no, Maria, I am not so old, my dear, but that I know better than that. What I meant to ask, Maria, was whether he said any thing at all approaching to an offer of marriage? Do give me a straightforward answer to this question my dear, will you?"

"I really do suppose, ma'am, that you are the first person in the world who ever did ask for a straightforward answer upon such a subject!" exclaimed Maria, vehemently, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven. "Straightforward, ma'am? Gracious Heaven! what a phrase!"

"Indeed, ma'am! I must say that I think you press Maria very unkindly. I quite agree with her in believing that you are the only person in the world, who ever would have thought of using such a form of interrogatory on such a subject," said

Agatha. "I really think that under the circumstances the only fair question would be whether he has given her reason to believe that he is still attached to her."

"Well then, Maria, let me ask you that, will you?" said her mother, "Tell me, my dear, did he give you reason to believe that he was still attached to you?"

Maria gave her mother a look, that seemed intended to say a great deal, though Mrs. Roberts could not tell what, and then spreading her two hands over her face she exclaimed,

"Oh, Heavens! Yes!"

"Then, my dear child, I feel satisfied," replied Mrs. Roberts, "perfectly satisfied, Maria. I would rather have preferred, certainly, I will not deny it, I would rather have preferred his declaring his intentions to me, or to your father, before he left the place—I certainly should have preferred it—but it is impossible, I know, to have every thing just exactly as we would wish; and thankful I am, and thankful I will be, at the constancy of his passion. But yet, my dear girls, don't you think yourselves, that there is something very odd in his going away so abruptly, without giving me the very least hint in the world that there was any chance of our ever meeting again? Now don't fancy, my dear Maria, that I doubt your word. On the contrary, my dear love, I feel perfectly sure and certain that you feel convinced of his tender attachment, but—"

"There is no but about it, ma'am," said Maria, interrupting her; "I am not such a baby but that I know how a man behaves when he loves a woman. And I do beg that I may not be plagued any more about it."

"I am sure, Maria, any notion of plaguing you is the farthest thing from my thoughts. I am quite sensible, my poor dear child, that the more you are convinced of his love the more the parting must be painful—one must have the heart of a tiger to plague you just at this time—so don't you take any notice of what we are talking about, but I should just like to ask Agatha what *she* thinks. You have a monstrous deal of observation, Agatha, nobody can deny that, and I wish you would tell me now, quite confidentially, as one friend might speak to another, what do you think about it?"

"About what, ma'am?" said Agatha, raising her eyebrows.

"About Lord Lynberry, my dear. Do

you think from what you have seen yourself, and from what you have heard your sister now say, that we may expect his lordship to propose for her? Now speak plain and clear, Agatha, and let me understand you," returned her mother.

"Upon my word, ma'am," replied Agatha, "you have desired me to do the most difficult thing in the world. How can any one speak *plain* and *clear*, as you call it, upon a subject so notoriously intricate as the heart of man? Besides, I really must be excused from passing any judgment on the question. Nobody, in fact, can do this but Maria herself—for you must be aware, ma'am, that the very truest love is often that which conceals itself the most carefully from the public eye. But though I will not pronounce a judgment, I may give an opinion, and that opinion is, that in examining this matter, you should take care to keep in mind the rank and station of the young nobleman in question. It is obvious to common sense that we are not to expect precisely the same straightforward conduct from him that might be looked for from a person exactly in our own station. Don't mistake me, however; I use this phrase solely with reference to the old gentleman, his father, who having, unluckily for him, been born in the last century, has conceived himself, and possibly given to his son, or at least attempted to do so, some of those old-fashioned prejudices which make station depend rather on birth and fortune than on fashion. We know better, I hope; we know that once admitted within the magic circle of TON, every thing else is forgotten. That, of course, as far as society is concerned, is all that is looked for—is all that is at all important. But in affairs of marriage, I am afraid these noblemen of the old school are still apt to make a ridiculous fuss about birth and connexion. *Nous autres* may laugh at all this, for we know how utterly absurd it is; and it is probable, from the choice he has made, that poor dear Lynberry knows it too. But this, you will observe, may not be sufficient to prevent his having some trouble with his father. I should not be at all surprised if he had a good deal."

"Yes!" cried Maria, clasping her hands and lifting her eyes to heaven. "Yes! that should account for every thing! In fact, it *does* explain every thing, and makes, what otherwise *might* be puzzling, as clear as light! And therefore, mamma, I hope and trust that you will not let any nonsense

on papa's part prevent your doing what you ought to do. Remember that the happiness of my whole life depends upon it; and if you refuse, I am doomed to misery—or rather let me say to DEATH! Yes, mamma, to an early tomb! For I know and feel that I have not strength to survive it."

"Survive what, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts. "What is it that you say will send you to an early tomb? Oh! Maria! how very shockingly you do talk!"

"What is *talk*, mamma? What is talk compared to action? If you do not do your duty by me now, you will have to weep over my early grave!"

"But what is my duty, Maria? For Heaven's sake explain yourself! You terrify me to death, and then won't even tell me what you want me to do."

"You shan't have reason to complain of that long, mamma, for I have not the least objection to telling you what I want you to do, for I know it is reasonable, and I know it is right. All I ask is, that you should immediately take measures to leave this hateful place, and follow Lord Lynberry to Rome. I am quite sure that in his heart he expects that we should do so, though he was too delicate to say so. *He* is obliged to go, poor fellow, for such are the orders of his tyrannic father; but I, thank Heaven, am free—Lynberry knows this, and therefore must of course expect that I should follow him!"

"Follow him, my dear!" said Mrs. Roberts, relapsing for a moment into the *rococo* decencies of her former mode of life. "I know very well that, as Agatha says, things not exactly as they used to be. But still, somehow, I do think the notion of all setting off and following this young gentleman to Rome, has something very queer in it."

"Queer!" cried Maria, with violent emotion, "what a word to use at such a moment! My life is hanging upon a thread, and you call it queer."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I must say that I think you are very unfeeling," said Agatha. "If you choose to refuse the perfectly reasonable request of Maria, you certainly might do so without making a joke of it. I see plainly that it is likely enough that her happiness, poor girl, may be sacrificed to your detestable old-fashioned notions; but at any rate there is no need to add insult to tyranny."

"How you do run on, Agatha!" exclaimed her mother, looking as angry as she dared. "You know perfectly well that I

am as far from wishing to part Maria and Lynberry as you can be. And if you can explain away the oddness of our all setting off after him the moment he is gone, I shall be very glad to listen to you. There! I am sure I can't say any thing fairer than that, can I?"

"I don't see any great fairness in it, ma'am," replied her eldest daughter. "It is putting a monstrous bore upon me, if I am to do battle with all your windmills. You really should not have brought us abroad at all, ma'am, if you were conscious of not having strength of mind sufficient to overcome the ridiculous prejudices to which you have been accustomed at home. I confess indeed that I am a good deal disappointed at hearing you speak in this manner; for though of course we all know that your education, like that of every other woman brought up in England, must have placed you a thousand leagues behind those who have had the advantage of visiting the continent in youth, yet still I flattered myself that you had sufficient quickness of observation to enable you to get rid of all such nonsense."

"And so I have, Agatha," said Mrs. Roberts, bridling with conscious ability, "and you would soon perceive that you were perfectly right in thinking so if you would but have a little patience. But it is not fair, my dear, to expect that every body should be as quick as yourself. But let us talk a little soberly and reasonably about all this. You hurry on so, that I declare I hardly know what it is you do want. Do you mean, both of you, that you think we ought to give up this expensive house that we stand engaged to pay for during the whole of the summer—do you really mean that we ought to give this up directly, and set off to Rome after Lord Lynberry?"

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am, by going *after* Lord Lynberry. As he is gone already we *must* go after him, if we ever intend to go to Rome at all. But not to quarrel with phrases," pursued Agatha, assuming great dignity of manner, "not to quarrel with phrases, but to come with equal courage and sincerity to the real question at once, I do think that if Maria feels persuaded that Lord Lynberry has left Baden-Baden by the desire of his father, and that, notwithstanding his doing so, he is still attached to her, in that case I certainly do think that it is your duty, ma'am, to bring them together again, and that with as little delay as possible."

"Well, Agatha," replied her mother, "I suppose you are right, for certainly, according to the old system of things it *was* hardly reasonable to suppose that Lord Southtown would approve of the match just at first. But then, my dear girls, I must say that I think the question of our going or not going ought to depend very much upon what has passed between Maria and Lord Lynberry. Nobody can know this, you know, but her own dear self, and though I am sure I would be the last person in the world to insist upon a poor dear blushing girl telling every thing that has passed between herself and her lover, yet I do think that under the circumstances, Maria ought to be a little open with us. Don't you think so, Agatha?"

"Why yes, ma'am, I confess I think there is a good deal of reason in what you say," replied Agatha. "The giving up the house, Maria, certainly ought not to be done without some good reason for it. You need not tell every thing, dear; but if he either said or did any thing which proved that he left you with the sentiments and emotions of a lover, I really think that you ought to confess it to mamma; and if you do not, she must certainly be held excusable if she refuses to set off for Rome."

"Well then, ma'am," replied Maria, with a good deal of indignation naturally arising from the force thus put upon her delicacy, "well then, ma'am, he took me in his arms and kissed me! I don't know what more you would have!"

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

From the North British Review.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller.
Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; with a brief sketch of Schiller's Life. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1844.

EXACTLY forty years ago—a few days will complete the eighth lustrum—the small but famous city of Weimer was startled by the knell of FREDERICK SCHILLER. At nature's curfew, which quenched on earth the poet's glorious fire, there was darkness in the chambers of every German heart. Amid the havoc of that terrible period when

life was spilled like water, death, by a sudden, though gentle summons, called away no nobler spirit. Going down to the grave in the very prime of manhood, Schiller had already woven the language of his country in imperishable garlands, round sublime truths and beautiful ideas, which humanity, under all its climes and through all its generations, will proudly vindicate and fondly cherish. Thus he fulfilled the twofold mission of his genius, to sing immortal strains, and glorify his native tongue. For, hereafter, when the demi-gods and heroes of German literature crowd the temple of Fame, apart with their ivory sceptres shall sit the Saturnians,—

"Ex fronte potentes
Cœlicolæ, clarique suos posuere penates"—

who founded and established an empire of national renown, coextensive even now with the limits of civilization. Of them Schiller, though so lately living among ourselves, was yet one of the most illustrious.

From Pope to Chaucer, nothing can be more magnificent than the retrospect of England over every field of literature. Could architecture symbolically represent the trophies of mental energy, strength, and elegance, a cunning pencil might congregate in a picture, typical of English literary achievements, for more than four centuries, all the most remarkable edifices in the world. So, at least, we can fill up to ourselves "the frenzy of the dreamer's eye." But Pope was in the tomb, when Klopstock published "The Messiah." Nobody, we presume, can doubt our implied meaning in these words. The gauntlet of a fiercer or blinder enthusiasm than our own we can only lift up, on the condition that the combat à l'outrance shall be transferred to other lists. Our present purpose is to take, what to some may appear a hard and cold, but, as it seems to us, rational and useful survey of a very interesting subject.

If back from Klopstock we peer into preceding ages, what is discernible? Let the answer be, vast learning, deep, and broad, and fearless thinking, an idiosyncrasy of sturdy independence, the hooded wisdom of sarcastic allegories, the soft echoes of a passionate chivalry, the trumpet blasts of a rude but stout heroism. All this we can see and feel to have existed without coming a step nearer the object of our inquiry—the existence of a proper German literature. All this we know to have found vent and expression, in sundry ways, with

great force, and curious felicity, leaving us perplexed, not aided by this knowledge, to explain why the culture was neglected of so much natural fertility. Luther's translation of the Bible, the Apologue of Reynard the Fox, the Lay of the Nibelungen, have little in common, except the unquestionable excellence of each, and the feeling of surprise which they combine to excite, that a language, able to be the worthy vehicle of such compositions, instead of pouring out in continuous streams the effusion of national sentiment and thought, exhibited but a few isolated specimens at distant intervals, of individual ability or humor.

The art of printing itself educated no German literature. The Reformation, which threw open the prison-gates of the mind, was followed by no such results. In the cradle-land of that mighty expurgation, which restored the soul to a healthful atmosphere, and of that invaluable discovery which bestowed on knowledge at once ubiquity and perpetuity, in as far as these attributes can appertain to mortality, there were feebler signs, for a long period, of the breathing and stirring of their legitimate offspring, than in many other European countries.

Indisputably the parent of the vernacular literature of Germany is Luther's translation of the Holy Scriptures into the dialect of Saxony. The Bible, indeed, came not from the pen of Luther. But no writer, by an original work, could then have scattered abroad novelties of more dewy freshness than the pure stores of the glad tidings of God. They were too truly original writings for thousands of his countrymen. Old age inhaled from them with its latest sighs, the softness of an unwonted solace, and manhood, for sterner purposes, imbibed a new strength, while by the lips of boyhood, chanting on the homeward path from school the lessons of the day out of the psalmody of the Reformer, were wasted, like the thistle-down on the wings of the wind, the seeds of eternal truth, to take root in their due seasons and appointed places. It is certain, also, that from the date of this momentous publication by Luther, the dialect of Saxony became, in the subsequent history of its literature, emphatically the language of Germany.

Without a smile, in the serious investigation of facts, we pass from the pulpit to the shoemaker's stall—from the erudite theologians of Wittemberg to the illiterate cobbler of Nuremberg. Hans Sachs, with

his medley in three folios of "most admired disorder," has as clear a right of audience before us, as any Dalberg ever had in the Courts of the Emperor. Ignorant and uneducated, knowing nothing but his mother tongue, and that much as his mother-wit gave it to him, his multitudinous verses, adapting themselves with equal facility to hymns or comic tales, allegories or farces, were, at the moment of their dissemination, far from being unserviceable to the cause of Protestantism. Caricatures, cheap engravings, and not very scrupulous ballads have done in our own day, what Hans Sachs partially accomplished by his vulgar and forcible rhymes. He habituated the common mind to the moving and absorbing topic of the time—inordinately exaggerated, ludicrously misrepresented, or, at the best, coarsely delineated. But still it was the eminent theme, submitted to the judgment of headlong critics, in a familiar and vigorous phraseology, easily and gladly embraced alike by their comprehension and their taste. His armory, we have stated, was of a multifarious description—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The stithy of Vulcan furnished less potent weapons for Achilles. The hymn for the hour of warming fervor—the merry tale for the winter evening or lonely wayside—the allegory against lordly oppression—the farce in undisguised ridicule of monkish hypocrisy—assaulted by turns the popular breast, and took prisoner the popular sympathy. It was man stirring man—as the untutored animal cowered in the jungle of semi-barbarism,—with the roar, and the howl, and the shriek intelligible to their mutual condition. The cause and shape, the influence and effect, of right and wrong might have been, as they probably were, egregiously distorted and aggravated; but living as a contemporary of Luther, converted to his doctrines, prosecuting a guerilla warfare for his interest, and witnessing the vicissitudes of the contest, perfectly conversant with the temperament of those whom he addressed, and speaking to them as he would have spoken aloud in communing with himself, Hans Sachs was an auxiliary, whose immediate value we can hardly appreciate, especially as his three folios form, in the estimation of posterity, a rampart of exclusion from closer acquaintance with him, rather than any monument of his triumphs.

A hundred and fifty years waned without revealing any native literature. It would be unjust, however, to state or suppose that

the mind of Germany was therefore idle or barren. Her universities were numerous, celebrated, and crowded. The name of Leibnitz alone fills their halls, and lights up for them the seventeenth century, with a blaze of glory. But the sons of Hermann were doing homage to the memory of Varus. Learning and fashion—much more truly, pedantry and vanity banished from their pompous sanctuaries with contumely and disgrace the language of the land. Despised in kingly palaces—scourged out of the schools—avoided in the ordinary intercourse of society—the German muse wandered over her imperial domains like an unheeded stranger or a lurking exile. But her voice might still be heard mingling its melody with the twilight murmurs of the Rhine, or by the steps which echo hollowed from the mountain-side, springing to greet the earliest smile of dawn. Little, probably, did they whose contempt was so harshly exclusive, anticipate that ere Time was much older, Cinderella, who sat among the ashes, and spoke with the bated breath of menials, should, escaping from unnatural obscurity and ill-merited degradation, emerge royally apparelled as became her, assert the station of her birth-right, and sway with an authority which deepens and grows firmer every hour, the destinies and pursuits of the enlightened intellects of mankind in all the quarters of the globe.

Every body may have observed, looking up at the sky in certain states of the weather, the rapidity of succession, and the individual distinctness, with which the stars seem to flash out from the darkness. A moment earlier, the firmament is a blank; a moment later, the eye leaps from light to light, coruscating one by one, till the whole roof of heaven is studded with the lamps of night. So it has been with the literature of Germany since the middle of the last century. The multiplicity and variety of writers is astonishing and distracting—who have invaded almost always as conquerors every province of science and every region of fancy. We cannot recall a single sphere accessible to our mental faculties, which the Germans have left unvisited. The ultimate consequences of their enterprise and industry are incalculable. There is nothing extraordinary in the enthusiastic admiration of the nation itself for the altitude and extent, the power and beauty of its literature. But it is remarkable to notice, and most important to watch the accelerating influences with which German

literature is now operating among other nations, and, with prodigious velocity, among ourselves. Any scholar-like knowledge of the German language, was, within the recollection of the present generation, regarded in Britain as an acquirement of which the ambitious student, or accomplished gentleman, might boast with pardonable self-complacency. In all our principal seminaries of education, the study of German will henceforward go hand in hand with that of French. We can hardly be said to have submitted to the ordinary process in this instance, by which similar innovations have been introduced and finally established. The luxurious embellishment, without the usual gradations of progressive diffusion, has become at once a portion of the necessary furniture of an educated mind. We rejoice that it is so—and heartily encourage such an extension of the circle of useful instruction.

The literature of Germany, in truth, has had to contend with some curious prejudices, before a permanent footing was secured for it in the public estimation of this country. Without intentional disrespect to many illustrious critics, there did appear to be an overwhelming obstacle in the way of writing common sense on the subject. Nor is the infatuation which dictated the mischievous absurdities of this false style, even yet quite extinct. It was not possible apparently for a German to utter plain words with a plain meaning. Every syllable falling from his lips was a myth. There was a sphinx perpetually propounding riddles; at least there was an *Ædipus* perpetually pretending to solve them. A book, lucid as crystal pool, had nevertheless a mystery lying at the bottom of it, over which it behooved the reader to ponder with the awful dubiety of a Peter Bell.

"Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin, or a shroud?"

But, if the pages of the German were the oracular leaves of Dodona, the explanations of the English interpreter were the ravings of the Sybil. Rational and temperate men were positively panic-struck by the extravagant hallucinations which infected the devotees of such a literature whose "brew'd enchantments" were denounced as utterly repugnant.

"To a well govern'd and wise appetite."

Its philosophy, in particular, was the object of aversion and distrust, diving into abysses of perplexing obscurity, out of which were brought no precious pearls of sound doctrine, but muddy lumps of dark and crude theories. To follow this guidance was to be entangled in, and not extricated from the labyrinth—

"Calidoque involvitur undique fumo;
Quoque eat, aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus,
Nescit."

In short, we were made acquainted for a time with a kind of composition, which, from its phraseology and manner, quite as much as from its matter, was in popular judgment pronounced to be German, and very little in harmony with English feelings and habits.

The poets were the first who came to our deliverance from these absurd misconceptions of the true character of German literature; for the blame of our ever having been in error, we repeat, is to be largely ascribed to sciolists and enthusiasts among ourselves. But the universal language, into which all the fragments of the confusion of Babel spontaneously fit—the language with which poetry fills the swelling heart and stirs the aspiring soul of man, is sure sooner or later to be rightly understood. The lyrical ballads of Klopstock, the "*Oberon*" of Wieland, the "*Faust*," and even the "*Hermann and Dorothea*" of Goethe, the "*Wallenstein*" and the "*Song of the Bell*" of Schiller, burst the fetters of prejudice, and dissipated the clouds of doubt. A new planet was added to the system. A young and gigantic scion—fresh from the breasts of the mighty mother—joined the Family of Song. "Let us now," it was felt, if it was not uttered, "let us now take more kindly to the German."

Having thus looked the chimera in the face, its terrors have vanished, as Bellerophon on Pegasus overcame the monster of ancient fable. There is actually no vocation, humble or exalted in life, to which the study of German will not bring infinitely valuable assistance. The mass of information, apart altogether from the speculations or reflections of the individual compilers, which has been accumulated on every topic of literary or scientific interest, is enormous. It would not be true to affirm, that this vast repository of erudition is as methodical in its classification as it is stupendous in its range. Dug out of pro-

found mines, or gathered from the surface plucked from bushes or fished from unfathomable depths—these are treasures, which, like Ali Baba's, require not a pair of scales, but a capacious measure. From the heaps, however, amassed by indefatigable perseverance, there needs a just discernment to select what may be becoming or necessary, fascinating or impressive. But if to laborious and insatiable research are added acute and massive reasoning—ingenious and daring conjecture—lofty meditation and singular sincerity of feeling—we shall more fully be aware of the benefits which may be derived from an intimate intellectual alliance with the kindred descendants of our common ancestors.

Impressed then with these views, nothing is so gratifying to us as to see the general mind of this country made more and more familiar with SCHILLER. He is pre-eminently the German poet in unison with English hearts. His manliness and his tenderness, his magnificent thoughts and delicate susceptibilities, his longings and repinings, his sympathies and antipathies, the earnestness and the disinterestedness of his purpose, all touch responsive chords in a healthy condition of English character. His spirit is nearer in affinity to ours than that of any of his countrymen. His Germany—as his mind's eye saw it—was as free in thought, in speech, and in action, as Britain. What line in the "Wilhelm Tell" would a Briton blot? The play has again and again been proscribed in Germany. Nor is it in any way satisfactory to remark, that the fears of an arbitrary government are in reality distorted reflections of the desires of the governed, and that the sentiments, for example, which might fall unpleasantly on the ears of an Austrian censorship, are exactly those which are most welcome to an Austrian community. No writer was less revolutionary in intention than Schiller. But he enunciated truths relating to the dignity and independence of the constituents of a body politic—such as an organized state—for which, we venture to say, he could not have cited authority from the history of Germany. Schiller never wrote a word with the purpose of instilling into the minds of his countrymen the poison of discontent with the established system of things; yet he has written much with which the practical sympathy of his countrymen could not exist, the political system remaining unaltered to which they have

been habituated. The story of Tell, told by a bard like Schiller, is read by England in a noon-day blaze of light; but by Germany, even yet, in the grey of the dawn. Gessler's hat has been pulled down, the spear on which it hung is still planted in the ground.

What we principally desiderate is, that the student of German literature shall be allowed to commence and prosecute his perusal of the works of Schiller as he would do the works of a great English poet. Milton is a school-book with us; there are few of our youth who, before they go to college, have not the wonderful productions of Shakspeare

"Familiar in their mouths as household words."

It is not then, however, expected or demanded from them to expound the doctrinal theology of *Paradise Lost*, or unriddle the philosophy of *Hamlet*. The mind, however, quickly detects that there are intimate relations which link nobility of sentiment with dignity of expression. It is therefore, in our opinion, a wise nurture of the mental faculties which does not shrink from bringing them, at an early stage of their development, into contact with the loftiest achievements, at once in thought and diction, which our literature can furnish. Only let us take care in doing so, that we merely assist the natural expansion, and do not force the precocity of the mind. The exoteric must precede the esoteric. The former ought to be the discipline necessary to guide and support the instinctive tendency existing in all men towards the latter. To confound both, to attempt to carry forward both at the same time—the probation and the initiation—is irrational and mischievous. Out of the very fervor of youth comes the strong judgment of manhood, as the blossom heralds the fruit. It cannot be productive of good to huddle seasons together, and place the sickle of autumn in the hands of spring.

What do we advise? We conscientiously advise the scholar, at each point of his progress, to study Schiller. There we bid him go, if he seeks but an easy introduction to, and superficial acquaintance with German. There we bid him go, if his object is to gain easily, agreeably, and extensively, a knowledge of the power, variety, and melody of that tongue. There we bid him go, if, not contented with the golden harvests that wave over the surface of the soil, he thirsts after hidden treasures

lurking beneath—solid wisdom under passionate feeling—the ore of philosophy hurried along by the stream of poetry. There we bid him go, if, prepossessed and prejudiced, he defies comparison with, or approach to the intellectual conquests of his own compatriots. A Napoleon may be doomed to weather the sea, but the invasion of genius rides on the wind, or strikes with the lightning.

We begin with the mere novice, and request him to spell out one of Schiller's ballads. Let it be *Fridolin*. Is it essential for him to deduce an occult moral from so musical a narration? Will not simplicity, pathos, horror, delight suffice? Mean malice, rash jealousy, devout innocence, intuitive remorse, are they inadequately represented? Is not the household of the feudal lord distinctly portrayed? Is not the den of ruthless savageness impressively painted? Is not the tableau of the ministry in the chapel so faithfully graphic that the tinkling of the little bells suffuses silver harmony over the ear, and the obeisances of the youthful sacristan are involuntarily followed while we read of them? A child will see all this in *Fridolin*. A child will understand Schiller.

The student, by degrees, has little difficulty offered to him by a German vocabulary. He is wrapt in the "Song of the Bell." In half an hour that exquisite and untranslatable poem has taught him, that the language in which it is originally written is as a diapason, comprehending tones and semitones never rendered with real felicity or adequate expression, into any other tongue. The pictures on which he gazes are infinitely various; the words of the poet are invariably appropriate, complete, suggestive, and realizing. The imagery shifts like Proteus; the might of the language is unalterable as Atlas. The line-of-battle ship and the pinnacle, the naked wreck of the deep-laden merchantman, float on the sea, whose broad bosom bears them all. Hope and grief—prosperity and ruin—peace and tumult—marriage, and birth, and death,—call successively for utterance from the bard, and obtain it in such power and such tenderness, such melting sweetness and such tempestuous energy, such rending wailings and such sweeping gusts, as have baffled—we speak deferentially but deliberately—every effort to copy or imitate.

He has stretched far across, and dived deep down into German as a language,

who has mastered the Song of the Bell. And it is Schiller's.

But there comes a craving for something more than magnificence or elegance of diction, than copiousness or strength in a language. Man's nature, like the king in the ballad, is for ever flinging goblets into the gulf, and urging on the diver. There is little, perhaps nothing, which issued from the mind of Schiller, as it is now extant, which does not cling, by however delicate and attenuated fastenings, to a system of deep philosophy. He cannot truly be said to have built up a system and entrenched himself within it. More correctly, he evolved systems out of himself. He worked more as the spider does than the bee. The stuff was within, and diffused from himself, rather than collected from external fragrance, riches, and beauty, to be afterwards kneaded into odorous nutriment. Therefore, it has been remarked that he depicts virtue as if its image were always before him, and its reality with him, and sketches vice as if he had only been darkened by its shadow, and never grappled with its substance. All the yearning of his soul and straining of his intellect were bent in earnest and sincere desire to embrace truth. He waded through many dark doubts—the infirmity of noblest minds,—wrestled with tempting plausibilities, and felled to the ground stubborn rebellions of his spirit, without losing sight of the bright goal at which he aimed. On the evening before his death, his answer to the inquiry at his bedside was, "Better and better, calmer and calmer." It was the history of his philosophy in the largest sense. He will escape scatheless from German Philosophy, whatever it may be, who has traversed and digested it on the principles and with the convictions of Schiller.

Lastly, the Englishman, the adorer of Shakspeare, has read *Don Carlos* and *Wallenstein*, and is satisfied. From the publication of *Wallenstein*, Sir Edward Bulwer says truly, "Schiller became the national poet of all Germany." Shortly, he will be even more; for as certainly as the German language spreads over this island, so certainly will Schiller enthrone himself in the hearts of its people.

It is now more than time for us to thank Sir Edward Bulwer for turning our attention, as he has done, to this subject. From his admirable introductory "Life of Schiller," and from the beautiful, profound, and correct observations dispersed over the two

volumes of his translations, we have derived the greatest gratification, and felt old fires rekindle which have been slumbering, though never extinct, within us. He has written as we might have anticipated he would write; yet it seems to us as if his eloquence warms into unwonted fervor, and sparkles with extraordinary brilliancy in discoursing of a noble theme, with which his nature bids him generously sympathize, and which his talents so thoroughly fit him to appreciate. Nothing can be more true, happy, or impressive, than the following remarks:—

"The poems included in the second period of Schiller's literary career are few, but remarkable for their beauty, and deeply interesting from the struggling and anxious state of mind which some of them depict. It was, both to his taste and to his thought, a period of visible transition. He had survived the wild and irregular power which stamps, with fierce and somewhat sensual characters, the productions of his youth; but he had not attained that serene repose of strength—that calm, bespeaking depth and fulness, which is found in the best writings of his maturer years. In point of style, the poems in this division have more facility and sweetness than those of his youth, and perhaps more evident vigor, more popular *verve* and *gusto* than many composed in his riper manhood: in point of thought, they mark that era through which few men of inquisitive and adventurous genius—of sanguine and impassioned temperament—and of education chiefly self-formed, undisciplined, and imperfect, have failed to pass—the era of doubt and gloom, of self-conflict, and of self-torture. In the '*Robbers*,' and much of the poetry written in the same period of Schiller's life, there is a bold and wild imagination, which attacks rather than questions—innovates rather than examines—seizes upon subjects of vast social import, that float on the surface of opinion, and assails them with a blind and half-savage rudeness, according as they offend the enthusiasm of unreasoning youth. But now this eager and ardent mind had paused to contemplate; its studies were turned to philosophy and history—a more practical knowledge of life (though in this last, Schiller, like most German authors, was ever more or less deficient in variety and range) had begun to soften the stern and fiery spirit which had hitherto sported with the dangerous elements of social revolution. And while this change was working, before its feverish agitation subsided into that Kantism which is the antipodes of skepticism, it was natural that, to the energy which had asserted, denounced, and dogmatized, should succeed the reaction of despondency and distrust. Vehement indignation at 'the solemn plausibilities' of the world pervades the '*Robbers*.' In '*Don Carlos*,' the

passion is no longer vehement indignation, but mournful sorrow—not indignation that hypocrisy reigns, but sorrow that honesty cannot triumph—not indignation that formal vice usurps the high places of the world, but sorrow that, in the world, warm and generous virtue glows, and feels, and suffers—without reward. So, in the poems of this period, are two that made a considerable sensation at their first appearance—'*The Conflict*,' published originally under the title of '*The Freethinking of Passion*,' and '*Resignation*.' They presented a melancholy view of the moral struggles in the heart of a noble and virtuous man. From the first of these poems, Schiller, happily and wisely, at a later period of his life, struck out the passages most calculated to offend. What hand would dare to restore them? The few stanzas that remain still suggest the outline of dark and painful thoughts, which is filled up in the more elaborate, and in many respects, most exquisite poem of '*Resignation*.' Virtue exacting all sacrifices, and giving no reward—Belief which denies enjoyment, and has no bliss save its own faith; such is the sombre lesson of the melancholy poet—the more impressive because so far it is truth—deep and everlasting truth—but only, to a Christian, a part of truth. Resignation, so sad if not looking beyond the earth, becomes joy when assured and confident of heaven. Another poem in this intermediate collection was no less subjected to severe animadversion. We mean '*The Gods of Greece*.' As the poem however now stands, though one or two expressions are not free from objection, it can only be regarded as a poet's lament for the mythology which was the fount of poetry, and certainly not as a Reasoner's defence of Paganism in disparagement of Christianity. But the fact is, that Schiller's mind was so essentially religious, that we feel more angry, when he whom we would gladly hail as our light and guide, only darkens us or misleads, than we should with the absolute infidelity of a less grave and reverend genius. Yet a period—a transition state—of doubt and despondency is perhaps common to men in proportion to their natural dispositions to faith and veneration. With them, it comes from keen sympathy with undeserved sufferings—from grief at wickedness triumphant—from too intense a brooding over the mysteries involved in the government of the world. Skepticism of this nature can but little injure the frivolous, and will be charitably regarded by the wise. Schiller's mind soon outgrew the state which, to the mind of a poet, above all men, is most ungenial, but the sadness which the struggle bequeathed seems to have wrought a complete revolution in all his preconceived opinions. The wild creator of the '*Robbers*,' drunk with liberty, and audacious against all restraint, becomes the champion of '*Holy Order*,'—the denouncer of the French Republic—the extoller of an Ideal Life, which should entirely separate Genius the Restless from Society the Settled.

And as his impetuous and stormy vigor matured into the lucent and tranquil art of '*Der Spaziergang*,' '*Wallenstein*,' and '*Die Braut von Messina*,' so his philosophy threw itself into calm respect for all that custom sanctioned, and convention hallowed.

"But even during the painful transition, of which, in his minor poems, glimpses alone are visible, Skepticism, with Schiller, never insults the devoted, or mocks the earnest mind. It may have sadness—but never scorn. It is the question of a traveller who has lost his way in the great wilderness, but who mourns with his fellow-seekers, and has no bitter laughter for their wandering from the goal. This division begins, indeed, with a hymn which atones for whatever pains us in the two poems whose strain and spirit so gloomily contrast it, viz., the matchless and immortal '*Hymn to Joy*,'—a poem steeped in the very essence of all-loving and all-aiding Christianity—breathing the enthusiasm of devout yet gladsome adoration, and ranking amongst the most glorious bursts of worship which grateful genius ever rendered to the benign Creator.

"And it is peculiarly noticeable, that, whatever Schiller's state of mind upon theological subjects at the time that this hymn was composed, and though all doctrinal stamp and mark be carefully absent from it, it is yet a poem that never could have been written but in a Christian age, in a Christian land—but by a man whose whole soul and heart had been at one time (nay was at the very moment of composition) inspired and suffused with that firm belief in God's goodness and his justice—that full assurance of rewards beyond the grave—that exulting and seraphic cheerfulness which associates joy with the Creator—and that animated affection for the brotherhood of mankind, which Christianity, and Christianity alone, in its pure, orthodox, gospel form, needing no aid from schoolman or philosopher—taught and teaches."

ØHELENSCHLÄGER'S GODS OF THE NORTH.

From the *Athenæum*.

The Gods of the North; an Epic Poem.
By Adam Øhlenschläger. Translated
from the Original Danish into English
Verse. By W. E. Frye. Pickering.

THE name of Øhlenschläger has by some writers been termed European. This is just as absurd as the declaration of the three tailors of Tooley-street, "We, the people of England." In the south of Europe, this Danish poet is not known even by name. In France he has just been heard

of. In England, not one in fifty has any other knowledge of him than is furnished by our periodicals. In short, he is read only in the three Scandinavian States, and in Germany. The latter country, from the affinity of its language with Denmark, from the derivation of its children from the same common stock, and from the identity of the religion once professed by both, must ever take a warm interest in such works as the present. We, too, it may be thought, ought to be far from insensible to such subjects. The majority of us spring from the same great race; we had once a dialect no less cognate than the German with the language of this poem; and the numerous deities of Scandinavia were as devoutly worshipped on the banks of the Thames and the Ouse as on those of the Danube and the Elbe. But we have no longer the same advantage as the Germans, in possessing a dialect closely allied with the Danish or Swedish: it may indeed be doubted whether the English of the nineteenth century has any more affinity with the English of the ninth, than the French has with the Latin; for though the roots may be kindred, the construction and genius of the two are almost as divergent as if they belonged to distinct families of language. This, at least, is certain,—that a modern Englishman would more easily learn French or Spanish than the tongue of his remote forefathers. Again, the Germans are little engrossed by commerce, which in this country is so fatal to literary research, and still less by those silly conventionalities which absorb so much of an Englishman's time, and cause him to pass his life in busily doing nothing.

The book before us enjoys the singular distinction of being regarded as a body of mythology no less than a poem. For the elucidation of ancient religious dogmas, and of the Scandinavian objects of worship, it is quoted with nearly as much gravity as the Edda itself. In each of these points of view we shall for a few moments regard it.

As a mythologist, Øhlenschläger closely follows the modern school of Northern critics, headed by the celebrated Finn Magnussen. In this school the most ancient deities of Scandinavia are personifications of the powers of nature. "Thus," says the translator, "the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, rivers, woods, mountains, &c., all have their peculiar divinities; and as these were considered the cause of light or of darkness, of warmth or

of cold, of fertility or of barrenness, of the eternal vicissitudes of the year, month or day, as well as of the destructive effects of storms, tempests, floods, volcanoes, earthquakes, &c., to the idea of their existence became conjoined the belief of their superhuman power. They were, therefore, recognized as the arbitrary rulers of nature, who had their separate principalities, circles, and districts in her empire; and, as we ascribe to them our own passions, caprices, and necessities, we naturally endeavor to captivate their good-will, or avert their anger, by prayers, sacrifices, presents, or penances." The case, we are informed, is precisely the same in the Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Celtic, and all other forms of mythology that have ever prevailed among men. But yet, with all respect for the authors and supporters of this theory, it has often staggered us, and no doubt many of our readers. Is it not too refined for an early, and therefore a barbarous state of society? Can we reasonably admit the possibility of a body of priests at such a period sitting down to devise a system of philosophical mythology, so complicated and so profound, as frequently to elude the penetration of the most learned and most ingenious moderns? Above all, can such a possibility be admitted in reference to the sacerdotal order in Scandinavia, or in Asiatic Scythia? If such a science did exist, it must have been confined to the priests—for all history proves that it was unknown to the people at large. But the truth is, Scandinavia had no priesthood properly so called. Any warrior, any man, could sacrifice at the altar; and though, as we might expect in a patriarchal state of society, the more solemn sacrifices were performed by the head of the family or clan, there is nothing to show that they had a spiritual character,—that they differed in this respect from the younger branches of the same family, further than in their superiority of rank as the more direct representatives of some ancestral hero. Where, indeed, could priests be found in a country where there were so few temples in which they could serve? In those few there were doubtless ministers to light the fires, to keep the sacrificial vessels clean, to take care of the statues, and to afford their help on festive occasions. But from all that we can infer, they had no peculiar privileges of any kind: their sacrifices were not a whit more efficacious than those of the rudest and grimmest warriors that ravaged the

maritime coasts of Northern Europe. When the patriarchal chief, or the seaking, wished to propitiate the favor of any deity, the next rock was altar enough.

If, then, there was no distinct, united, powerful sacerdotal body to devise a philosophical religion, the origin of that religion must be sought under circumstances widely different from those so recently assigned. It may indeed be affirmed that no religion had such an origin. In all countries, and among all nations, that origin has been one of extreme simplicity. The heavenly bodies have uniformly been the first objects of adoration. Deified mortals have probably been the second. The personification of physical laws apparent in the operations of nature, have belonged to an advanced stage of society,—when the sacerdotal body had obtained much influence over the popular mind, and to preserve that influence endeavored to surround their craft with mystery. When countries have long enjoyed comparative peace;—when the orders of society have long been established, and there has been leisure for contemplation;—then indeed the more inquiring portion of the priesthood, struck with the absurdities of the popular belief, have attempted to reconcile the fundamental tenets of their faith with nature and reason. In the Homeric times (which bear great resemblance to those of pagan Scandinavia) we observed no such refined notions. There is no priestcraft there, but priest and people alike join in admitting the grossest tenets of idolatry. But in the time of Aristotle and Plato the human mind had made too long a progress to be satisfied with the absurdities of its infancy. It insisted on calling in the aid of allegory to reconcile the popular mythology with more advanced conceptions. The system was still further refined by subsequent commentators on those great writers, the more zealously after Christianity arose to expose the foulness of the pagan creed. Such, too, was the natural progress of things in Egypt, such in Persia, in India, and wherever else circumstances favorable to the intellectual development rose into existence. But in Scandinavia, or in the country whence Scandinavia derived the bulk of her population, such circumstances never existed. Both Northern Europe and Northern Asia have in all ages been strangers to philosophical reflection. Idolatry in its grossest forms, whether applicable to the starry heavens and the other visible objects of nature, or to the souls of

deified mortals, has satisfied them. They have been contented to hold the popular creed as they received it, without inquiry, without reasoning at all; or if they have made additions to it, those additions have been of the same nature as the original stock—just as gross in the eye of common sense.

The partiality with which the northern antiquaries (including those of Germany) have dwelt on the philosophic origin of their ancient religion is natural enough. It vindicates their ancestors from the more brutal features of idolatry, and assigns them a place in the intellectual history of man, not less distinguished than that occupied by the most renowned sages of the world. But it will not bear the test of scrutiny. It is contrary to known facts of history, and to known principles of the human mind. If it has been adopted in other countries, especially in our own (and all our recent critics have eagerly adopted it), it furnishes another illustration of the mania which leads men to follow without examination the path indicated by some adventurous predecessor. The poor sheep have been unjustly treated: they do not follow the beaten track with more undeviating perseverance than animals of another species.

In these remarks, we are far from denying that there are indisputable traces of a mythologic meaning in the ancient religion of Scandinavia. What we contend for is, that they are not coeval with that religion,—that they have been incorporated in succeeding times. We dispute too the very notion of a mythical system. In fact, a close observer will be struck by the heterogeneous materials on which that system is said to be founded. They appear to be the fragments of more than one popular faith. Probably there is great justice in the inference that when the Goths under the historic Odin invaded Scandinavia, they engrafted their own dogmas on the creed of the original inhabitants. The Thor of the latter was evidently the Supreme God of the North before the Asiatic invasion; afterwards we find him occupying the second rank, being removed to make way for the deified Odin. In like manner the realm of giants—Jotunheim—appears to have held a more prominent place in the creed of the old inhabitants than in that of the Asiatic invaders. The two religions appear to have amalgamated at an early period, long before the dawn of authentic history.

It is on this hypothesis only that we can account for the widely divergent genius, often the directly contradictory principles, of the Scandinavian mythology. The basis was demon, the superstructure hero, worship; the former characteristic of a very different race from that of Odin's followers,—a race if not identical, certainly kindred with the Celtic. Where the empire of the strangers was imperfectly established, as in the hills of Norway, and in the scarcely-accessible forests of Sweden, Thor preserved most of his honors—a fact evident from the elder or poetic Edda. In other parts, especially in Denmark, Jutland, and Germany, he was merely the son of Odin, a deity more kindred with the genius of Gothic warriors.

If we turn to *Cehlenschläger* as a poet, we shall find little reason to term his present effort an epic. It wants unity, the very first requisite of such a species of composition. It does not relate to one subject, but to a great variety of subjects; nor has it a design apparent throughout. In fact, it contains the exploits of gods or giants (demons) independent of each other, without any thing like unity of action, and consequently, without the necessary degree of interest to place the poem in such a class of composition. But a poem it cannot with justice be called; it is a succession of poems, each with a distinct subject and action. The reader who has gone through Mallet's '*Northern Antiquities*' (whether in the introduction of the '*Histoire du Danemarck*,' or in Percy's translation,) is already acquainted with the substance of the volume before us. The imagery, the language, the sentiments, sometimes the very form, are the poet's; and from the elder Edda some mythologic principles are derived, of which Mallet made no use. The poem too (if such we must call it) is pervaded by a critical spirit of which that historian had scarcely a conception. But these are adjuncts, not essentials; so that in the department of invention there is little to arrest our notice.

In these observations, however, we are far from disputing the merit of *Cehlenschläger* as a poet. That he has considerable powers of description, great sweetness of language, and even great range of fancy, is evident even from the present work, in which he was straitened by the positive tenor of his authorities. His merits too, so far as they respect language and versification, must be better appreciated by his own countrymen than by foreigners, who cannot be expected to have a very critical insight into such

matters. By the former he is hailed with one shout of admiration; and, though national partiality may swell the note, there can be no doubt that this admiration is just.

As to the translation of Mr. Frye, it is evidently one of more than ordinary merit. While faithful, it is generally elegant and spirited. We have particularly admired the variety of the measure in the different cantos,—noe asy attempt, yet necessary to display the versatile powers of the Danish poet. Hence, the translation must be read with pleasure, even by readers familiar with Mallet. Still in this country, for the reasons already given, neither the poem nor its subject is likely to become popular.

We are somewhat puzzled where to select an extract from 'The Gods of the North,'—the fables being much too long for our limits, and considerable explanation being required to render both the characters and the incidents intelligible to readers little versed in the Northern mythology. We will venture, however, on the characteristic opening of—

The Journey of Skirnir.

Now Skirnir, eager his zeal to prove,
Down Bifrost urges his course amain,
And, speeding through Hertha's gloomy grove,
Soon reaches the Giant's drear domain.
'Twas like the wind blowing o'er the road,
Which gate nor barrier hath power to stop:
'Twas like the blast raging o'er the flood,
Which lashes to foam the billow's top.

Now Skirnir thought: "Pitch dark is the night,
Brakes, briars, and brambles impede my course:
And the wind and the rain with all their might
'Gainst the bosom beat of my jaded horse.
But if no Giant in th' hour of need
To give me refuge as guest will deign,
Then Skirnir must on his panting steed
Return in haste to Valhalla again."

To Elivagor he chose the road,
He came to a fiord, and fain would cross:
And there at the brink a ferryman stood
With wrinkled brow, and with aspect cross.
"Who art thou, fellow, that standst so grave
Upright in thy bark?" thus Skirnir cried:
"If thou wilt ferry me o'er the wave,
I'll give thee outcakes and herrings beside.

"Upon my shoulder my wallet see!
Therein of provisions a store I've put."
Then answered the ferryman scornfully:
"Fine horseman thou with thy shoeless foot!
A woollen kirtle is all thy treasure,
Yet thou talkst like a lord of wealth and power.
Ha! thinkst thou slaves to thy will and pleasure
Us Giants to find at the midnight hour?"

SKIRNIR.

Steer hither thy bark! thou grumbling wight!
Thy name and thy lineage quick declare!

Why stand there idle the livelong night,
And lose every chance to earn a fare?

HARBARD.

A Nidding is he who denies his name;
Yet were I base as the torrent's scum,
My birth to reveal I'd feel no shame:
'Tis not such as thou shalt make me dumb.

SKIRNIR.

I seek not to cross the fiord, I swear,
To teach thee manners and language meet:
But thou hast perchance a sister fair,
Who would more courteous a stranger greet:
Or thou art link'd to a beauteous bride,
Who would not disdain on a youth to smile:
Then ferry me quick to the other side!
I fain would commune with her awhile.

HARBARD.

Aye! aye! our females are smart and fair;
That Odin himself must needs confess:
I only wish more renown'd they were
For constancy and for gentleness.
If in search of beauty thou makest thy trip,
Thou'lt meet with dames that will please thee
well:
But beware lest a kiss from the wife's soft lip
Be repaid by a kiss from the husband's steel!

SKIRNIR.

Like dogs forsooth are your mountain brood,
Envious and snarling and quarrelsome;
Who to other creatures refuse the food,
Which they themselves can never consume.
Incapable of true love are ye,
Yet ye fain would exact return of love:
Ye seek not to hide your inconstancy,
Yet expect your matrons should constant prove.

HARBARD.

Thou hast talk'd enough: 'tis an envious theme:
Now rest thee, and quench thy thirst, and eat!
But ere I ferry thee o'er the stream,
Thou must proof exhibit of talent meet.
No fare from travellers I'm wont to take;
But if they cannot give answers good
To every question I choose to make,
Down at once they sink in the dark blue flood.

And now the goblin began to ask
Young Skirnir about the orbs of heaven:
What various names ('twas no easy task)
To the sun and moon and stars were given:
To earth and water, to fire and air,
To plants and trees, to the wind and rain:
And what the terms expressive were,
Which all their properties explain.

But Skirnir's answers never fail,
And all his ready wit display:
"The earth is called by the Asar, *vale*;
By the Alfer, *green*; by the Vaner, *way*;
The *cave of metals*, by dwarfs 'tis named:
Fruit-bearer, by all the Giant brood."
Then Harbard, raising his oar, exclaimed:
"In truth, my hero! thou answerest good."
"Heaven," Skirnir quickly then rejoind,
"Is termed by the Asar the *ceiling blue*;
The Vaner term it the *realm of wind*;
And *drypsal* 'tis call'd by the Dvergar crew:
Fairloft by the Alfs: by the Giants 'tis hight

Ophelm." All these answers, 'twas plain to see,
Were much approved by the ferrying wight,
And Skirnir's cakes he devoured with glee.

"To the moon by the Dwarfs, I know full well
Of *yellow-shiner* the name is given:
By the Asar, *dreamer in the vale*:
By Hela, 'tis term'd the *wheel of heaven*:
By the Alfs, *year-reckoner*: the Giants proud
With the name *inconstant* soil the moon:"
Then Harbard chuckled, and cried aloud:
"Much knowledge, 'tis plain thou hast, my son!"

"The sun is call'd the *darter of rays*
In Valaskialf by the Asar all:
But the Dwarfs, who cannot endure its blaze,
Sight-blinder the glorious orb miscall:
'Tis named by the Alfs the *wreath of gold*:
Night-vanquisher by the Giant breed."
These answers gave Harbard much extoll'd,
And herrings he eat with his oaten bread.

"The cloud that flits the heavens along
Is term'd by the Asar, the *car of Thor*:
Rain-dropper in every Vaner's song!
And *runaway* base in the Giant's lore!
By the Alfs *shade-giver*; the Dwarfs, who thrive
In their grots, and dislike the glare of day,
To the cloud the term *umbrella* give,
Since it shields them well from the solar ray.

"The wind doth many a title claim
From the denizens of air and earth:
The *wide-embracer* is its name,
The *blust'rer*, *ruiner*, and so forth.
The *metal-melter*, the *smoky-veil'd*,
Are appellations given to fire.
And *hair of the earth* the trees are call'd,
When their branches wave in their green attire."

Fresh questions the boatman grave proposed,
But the answers of Skirnir never fail.
Of day and of night the name he posed,
And those bestow'd on corn and ale.
Then Harbard said: "Ne'er met my eyes
A man with wisdom so profound:
Yet Gestur's riddles, I surmise,
Will far beyond thy reach be found."

Grim Harbard now unmoor'd his bark,
And briskly Skirnir stepp'd on board;
For naught he valued the Giants dark,
And felt secure with his trusty sword.
And though the frightful boatman stared
As stiff as a corpse with his evil eye,
Yet not a whit was the hero scared,
For his witchcraft all he could well defy.

Whoever opens the volume will probably be in no haste to lay it aside until he has reached the end. It is a pleasing addition to our literature; and from the translator's notes, it is equally a useful one,—to the few, we mean (pity they are so few!) who take an interest in the subject.

ANCIENT GREECE—ITS CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

From the British Quarterly Review.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece, historically considered. From the German of CHARLES FREDERIC HERMANN. Oxford. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 423.

It has been a frequent, as it is an obvious remark, how broad is the difference between the histories of European States and those of Asia and Africa. The reigns of despotic monarchs in India or Babylonia, Constantinople or Cairo, have a wearying and uninteresting sameness. In the military history alone do we look for variety; and except when it derives a peculiar interest from the nations with whom they are in collision, their wars are often as unworthy of detailed record as the brawls of savages.

An exception to the general remark is found whenever we find a well-organized priesthood side by side with the otherwise despotic king. The conflict of such powers uniformly supplies important materials for history; and if the records of early Egypt could be magically recovered, they would for this reason have a great interest. In fact, the reason why the lives of barbarians have so little to instruct us, is, because they act as mere individuals, guided by personal caprice, out of which no great law of humanity can develop itself. In consequence, we learn no more from their history, than we know already from observing the conduct of children and of uneducated persons. But when men begin to act as *masses*, having enough of organization to preserve some sort of *identity* through long time; a large part of the capriciousness of individual character is neutralized. Hence the history of a corporation, however insignificant or however corrupt,—whether it be the petty community of Niebuhr's native Ditmarsh, or the great Roman Catholic priesthood—if continued through several generations, becomes a worthy subject for philosophical reflection.

It would be rash to imagine that Asia never developed fixed political institutions other than that of priesthood. So great a chasm intervenes, both of time and of space, between ourselves and the ancient Bactrians and Indians, that very much may have existed which we do not suspect. In fact, the report has reached us of flourishing re-

publics on the western side of India, in very early ages; but no fragment of their history has been preserved. The earliest nation in which a high culture of the arts of life went on side by side with an advancing constitution, is the far-famed Phœnician confederacy; and not long after, her yet more powerful daughter Carthage. The latter state, like Tyre, was, in fact, only the principal member of a great federation: every member having a certain internal freedom guaranteed to it, with its own peculiar usages; yet all, for certain purposes, acting together, especially for common defence, under recognised leadership. It is by a peculiar and surprising disaster that we have entirely lost the internal history of these most intelligent and active communities. We are mortified by knowing that ample native histories were not only composed, but were actually within the reach of Greeks and Romans, who might have had them translated, and transmitted them to us. No Herodotus arose among the Romans, whose lively gossip might insure the preservation of his versatile work: and the ponderous erudition of Varro has perished so entirely, that we are left to mere surmise on the question whether his voluminous collections would lessen the loss which we now lament. The only extra-European literature of antiquity which has been preserved to us, is that of the Hebrew nation. It has for us a value of its own which cannot be equalled. But the very fact that the Hebrews were a peculiar people, set aside for Jehovah, 'dwelling alone, and not numbered among the nations,' so cut them off from their natural kinsfolk, the Phœnicians and Syrians, that their institutions and fortunes are in no respect blended with theirs.

Thus we are forced to regard the *Greeks* as the earliest people who have, for us, a history. From them we fitly derive the words Politics, Policy, Monarchy, Tyranny, Aristocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy; since among them first can we recognize all these ideas or institutions in full activity. We must look to the physical geography of Greece as the immediate cause of this, though not forgetting the instincts and intelligence of the Hellenic races. It has been often observed that in different parts of Greece itself, even in later times, there was a tendency to oligarchy in wide and fertile plains, where cavalry could be reared and could act advantageously; to democracy on the sea coast; and to a more mixed

constitution on undulating and less fertile tracts. But besides this, (which indeed must be received with caution,) the form of Greece as a whole put great impediments, in the way of a universal monarchy. Its lofty mountains and narrow winding valleys its unnavigable rivers and isolated plains, gave every advantage for the growth of many independent communities: and according to the social state in each, one or another class attained the preponderating political power. Those who fell under the displeasure of the ruling body, found a refuge in some neighboring state; and this, in early times, was perhaps the chief cause which tempered the despotic tendencies of royalty. Priesthoods existed in Greece, as in Rome; but the priests did not form a caste, nor an organized order; and had seldom much power either to resist the king or enslave other classes of the community. It would seem that the absence of a priestly order is, in fact, the great phenomenon which has from the beginning distinguished the European, as opposed to Asiatic civilization; for we claim the Phœnician and Punic systems as European, although not on the soil of Europe; and in this respect they agreed with ancient Greece and Italy. Colonization in all these countries, whether by land or sea, went on unchecked by the mother state, simply because its executive arm was not strong enough to stop, or long enough to reach the fugitive. In consequence no artificial system of rule, such as that of a technical and official priesthood, could follow the tribes in their migrations; but *those* commanded reverence and obedience, who by superior knowledge, energy and hereditary reputation, seemed to deserve it.

The Homeric Greeks were already in possession of all the chief arts of social life, and by commerce with Asia were able to obtain any farther improvement which they needed: but they had broken the fetters of caste and priesthood, under which those arts were first brought to high excellence. How the priestly power first fell, no history informs us; but it may be suspected that it was a gradual revolution, of vast geographical extent; if indeed that power was ever spread over some considerable Indo-European tribes. To India, Bactria, and northeastern Persia (i. e., *Ariana*), we look, as great nuclei of priestly influence: and these nations, like Egypt, attained the earliest social eminence. The glimpses which we get of Asia Minor would make

us suppose that special temples, and priest-hoods attached to them, had been venerated and wealthy from extreme antiquity, but that the mountainous character of that region had so facilitated the rise of local influence, that the priesthood, becoming hereditary, degenerated into royalty. This would form an intermediate link between the state of Greece and of Bactria. An hereditary priest-king, whose kingly power rose out of the veneration for his temple, would aim to keep up the old religious notions and ceremonies, but without the intellectual influence of a priestly caste. Perhaps then this institution underwent a gradual modification, during the migration of the Grecian tribes from the East.

The old saying, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," is well applied to societies of men. Not until the waves of Grecian migration had been hushed, could society take any fixed form, or any thing deserving the name of "institutions" arise. Without denying that something is due to the peculiarity of Greek genius, (an argument which we think the learned Germans are apt to overstrain,) we are persuaded that even the lowest of the tribes of the human family will, in course of time, crystallize into political form, if only it be forced into local coherence. Strongly marked as are the African peculiarities in the Egyptian and the Ethiopian, we yet find in both those nations a very early culture not to be despised; depending, no doubt, on the well-defined outline of the region which they inhabited. It may be remarked, that those Grecian states advanced most rapidly, which by their position had access to the sea, with but narrow landed possessions. Such was "the wealthy Corinth," and those islands which were large enough to defend themselves single-handed: nay, and even the little Ægina. Such also were the colonies to Sicily, Italy and Asia, who were debarred from spreading inland by the hostility of the old inhabitants. The wide extended system of piracy was to the more advanced communities a "pressure from without," formidable enough to keep down internal factions, and force them into amicable compromise; and when the increase of national navies and the progress of legitimate traffic had put down piracy by sea, and the last great territorial exchange of population by land—the Dorian occupation of Peloponnesus—had given to the diverse clans their final abode; Greece presented the aspect of a cluster of inde-

pendent states, speaking a common language, and holding in the main a common religion, contained in the great national poems,—states, which, though united by public games held periodically, as well as by continual commercial intercourse, yet, in every political sense, were strictly separate, without any organization even for defensive confederacy.

One island of Greece is in size so considerable as to have formed in itself a separate nebula of allied or hostile states—the "hundred-cited Crete," which has for us, in most respects, as enigmatic a history as Etruria or Bactria. All that we know about it points to the conclusion that in it the Greek (or Achæan) people attained to great wealth and strength at a far earlier period than any where else. Even Greek religion may seem to have been derived from it, since it is called the birthplace of Jupiter. Upon its soil reigned the earliest Greek potentate who can be regarded as a historical reality,—Minos; whose powerful fleet is believed by Thucydides to have first suppressed the pirates on the Greek seas. Tradition ascribed to him even the maintenance of a cruel dominion over Attica, and while the extreme uncertainty of all such tales must be allowed, the tales would never have been invented, but for a firm traditional belief of the wide-spread power, which in the anti-Trojan times Crete enjoyed. But this early civilization seems to have destroyed itself by intestine war. The Achæan cities at a later time could not resist the Dorian invaders, whose colonies impressed a new form on all Crete; and so completely were its energies crippled during the historical era of Greece, that this largest of the islands, entirely peopled by Greeks, is scarcely heard of as politically important.

Although happily other parts are not so dark to us as Crete, yet in times during which we have only fragmentary notice, a whole age was passed; in length doubling the historical period of Grecian constitutions. For from Lycurgus to the Persian war (of Darius) was above 320 years; and from the latter event to Alexander the Great was about 160. So slight and casual is our information concerning the earlier period of the Greek states, that we are apt to exaggerate to our minds the rapidity with which they ran their course. The constitutional history of Athens, for instance, may occupy perhaps nearly nine centuries,—from Theseus to Demetrius the Phaleri-

an; but of this we are well acquainted only with the two last, having merely glimpses, more or less distinct, concerning that which preceded. Now, from Romulus to Augustus, is a period barely exceeding seven centuries; and, when we consider how great was the gap between kingly Rome and the Rome whose literature we possess, we might almost be justified in computing the actual development of the Roman constitution from the war of Porcenna at earliest, and this would reduce the interval to about four centuries and a half; yet we are apt to think that the institutions of Rome unfolded themselves more slowly than those of Greece.

In fact, concerning the constitutional history of the most flourishing Grecian colonies, as Miletus, Byzantium, Rhodes, Syracuse, we know almost nothing; they burst upon our view as brilliant phenomena, when already in their prime and in their final shape. We know that none of them were very recent states, though (as is usual with colonies) their infancy was short, since they started with the political experience of the mother city. One general fact appears to result from what we know of the Grecian colonies—viz., that in all of them, the Dorian, or even Æolian institutions, tended to uphold aristocracy, while maritime commerce exerted a contrary effect. Those states, which united the two opposing principles, had, on the whole, the happiest temperament, as Rhodes, Byzantium, and Corinth. Ionian institutions had the greatest affinity with foreign commerce and seamanship, and ran out rapidly into democracy and turbulence; though even here there seem to have been fortunate exceptions, as in Chios. It is remarkable that the nearness of the Lydian monarchy exerted so little power on these Asiatic communities, to force them into closer confederacy. Of these, at least the Ionians and Dorians had their annual solemn meeting; but there are reasons for believing that it had almost solely a religious or festive object. Certainly there was in the later times of their independence, no fixed defensive alliance, no common treasury, no public officer appointed to watch over their joint interests; and we know several cases in which they fell into border warfare. Nevertheless, this very freedom enabled all the elements of greatness to expand with greater rapidity: not, indeed, with the tranquil, harmonious, and abiding results which attend on expan-

sion under great pressure, where all exploding tendencies are kept down; but a light, airy, and brilliant civilization came forth, like the beautiful buddings of spring, too soon to wither. Here, however, we see the earliest world of Greek international politics, in which must have been raised many a shrewd and widely informed statesman, and no contemptible amount of political experience accumulated, soon to pass over, by living communication, to the mother-country, an unusual bequest from child to parent. Transitory as was this state of things, it had for the time all the conditions which are needed for the inward and outward development of a nation's life, in the relation of individuals to the state, of one order to another, and of each independent community to those exterior to it. All detailed history of their peaceful organic changes or violent revolutions has perished; but we know that the most powerful city, Miletus, endured civil contentions of atrocious intensity, and that she had already fallen under the yoke of a tyrant, when her arduous struggle with the Lydian power began.

Miletus, it is observed, promised to become an earlier Athens in Asiatic Greece. In the elegant arts, and in manufactures suitable for commerce, she was inferior to none of her contemporary states; in distant navigation, she was barely surpassed by the Phœceans, who rivalled the Sidonians. The number of colonies which acknowledged her as their (real or adopted) mother city was so great, that she seemed destined to be the centre of a great maritime confederacy. In poetical and musical accomplishments, not Miletus alone, but all Asiatic Greece, was far ahead of the mother country, insomuch that Homer himself was held to be an Ionian of those parts. The earliest school of philosophy, called the Ionian, had its origin in Miletus. Here first we read of maps and sun-dials; hence also came the earliest essays at history, and the first cultivated prose. Hecæteus of Miletus, Hellanicus of Lesbos, Xanthus the Lydian, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, were all Greeks of Asia, and the chief stimulus to mental enterprise appears to have come from Miletus. But all these promises of good were blighted by adverse political events. Out of the seditions of Miletus rose a tyranny. No sufficiently close alliance with her neighbors, to resist the Lydian power, proved practicable. Gyges, the first monarch of a new dynasty in Sardis,

had made himself master of Colophon; his descendants, Sadyattes and Halyattes, waged an eleven years' war against Miletus; and the celebrated Cræsus at last reduced to subjection all of the continental colonies. Considering the obstinate defence made by Miletus single-handed, and the tyranny under which she had fallen, it cannot be doubted that in close alliance and with an efficient central executive, these Grecian states would have been able to set at defiance the whole force of Sardis, and, probably, also the mightier Persian empire.

The idea of a federal union was quite native to Greece, and it was the only way in which their constitutions could have permanently thriven. Tradition told of an ancient Amphictiony, (so these unions were called,) formed in Argos, under Acrisius, in times of extreme antiquity. The Trojan war was supposed to have been undertaken by a compact alliance of kings, whom Tyndarus had entangled in a certain oath. The union of all Attica into a single state would seem to have been nothing but the *euthanasia* of an ancient Amphictiony, which first embraced the parishes of Attica in a common bond, and finally merged them in one. One such confederacy lived on into the historic period, but it was like what the Greeks fabled of Tithonus—shrivelled and weak with old age, a mere ghost of a corporation, useless for all honest and honorable ends. It had no moral force, because the states were disproportionately represented in it; and no physical force, because it had scarcely any executive means of its own. The love of liberty in Greece took too local and petty a form; and the jealousy natural to it was wedded to an intense love of individual power. Hence, as in the United States of America the separate communities severally limit the central power of Congress to the minimum that is enough for the most necessary affairs, so in Greece did the states that formed an Amphictiony; and the result of this must generally be, that the central body loses even the power to save the members from mutual warfare. Its efficiency being wholly derivative, the means of acting may be withheld at pleasure. Thus the Greek federations for the most part stagnated into mere religious unions; and the public festivals, as at Olympia and Delphi, never grew into political importance.

So extreme an isolation of small states, exposed them at once to foreign enemies, and to slavery from domestic usurpation.

The rise of *Tyrants* was a phenomenon spread over all Greece during a certain period; and deserves peculiar attention, not only as marking a particular era in the growth of states, but because we have nothing in European despotism which in full atrocity is parallel to that which the Greeks called Tyranny. The increase of wealth in cities was generally a previous phenomenon, and in no small measure a *cause* of the success of a usurper. Strange as this may at first seem, it is readily explained by considering the very small scale on which Grecian communities were built, which at once made usurpation easier, and the usurper's yoke more intolerable. But we must here go into the natural history (so to say) of a Grecian state, with somewhat more minuteness.

In spite of the legendary mist surrounding the early history of Athens and Sparta, we can discern enough of the outline of their constitutional history to perceive what laws were at work, and in what order they took effect; and the fragmentary notices which we have of other states, combine to assure us that (making allowances for the Dorians and Ionians,) the following account is, in the main, true. The free population was originally divided into nobles and commonalty, by a rather sharp line; and, as chief of the nobles, (*primus inter pares*,) a king took the lead, with defined prerogative. The king, generally hereditary, would appear in Athens to have been elective, though the election sought to confine itself within one family. Every where, however, the succession to the throne was so liable to be disputed, and the feuds of royal families so fierce, that the kingly authority became more and more depressed, and except at Lacedæmon, vanished entirely. At Athens we can trace, how it was at first elective, though for life; was then changed, even in name, into *archon*, or 'magistrate,' for life; then into a magistracy for ten years. The election was farther thrown open to more and more families; the office was afterwards made annual; at a still later time, was bestowed with reference to property and character, but not birth; and, finally, was bestowed by the lot.

The changes took place at times so distant, though all in the same direction, as to prove that individual will, talent, or caprice had nothing to do with the general result. When a kingdom has thus been gradually converted into an aristocracy, and the

commonalty, meanwhile, had in part become enriched, in part had fallen into great indigence by the natural increase of population on a pre-occupied soil, feuds of course arose, which, however they might in some places be hushed by introducing the richest commoners into the nobility, could have no end while a mass of the populace was in distress. Such a state of things always breeds demagogues; and if a demagogue of noble birth and considerable wealth appears, he attracts the mob around him as their natural leader. The temptation to such a man was very great, to help himself into supreme power while helping his party out of their miseries. Between him and the nobility the war was one of extermination, except in the rare cases where moderate demands were made, and yielded to early enough. By confiscating their wealth, and forgiving all the debts due to him, if in a lucky moment he could gain military possession of the city, he effected two objects at once—he swept down all his natural rivals, and he gratified the cravings of his impoverished supporters. Nor was it very difficult, under the circumstances, to occupy the city and government by a *coup de main*. No standing armies or great police establishments existed; and if by help of his private retinue, and a small band of hired soldiers, he could some night seize the citadel, in the morning a dangerous struggle awaited the owners of property. When the current of public feeling turned decidedly against the aspirant, on his taking this decided step, he might be blockaded and starved in his fortress. But if the exasperation of the populace against the nobility had gone so far as to give him at once an active co-operation from the mass, the rich men forthwith apprehended, that in the confusion their warehouses or ships would be burned, their houses destroyed and pillaged; and, even if order were restored, they would have no chance of compensation. The richer commoners, therefore, and all who could hope to be safe under the usurping power, were disposed to desire an accommodation at all events, as speedily as possible; and if this could be attained in no other way, were likely to throw themselves into his party unconditionally. In that case, the aristocracy had no choice but to escape from the city, and leave the tyrant to administer the government at his will.

The actual history of successful usurpation was, of course, variously complicated;

according to the place and circumstances. The struggle might not be decided all at once, and the scenes of tumult and violence, which the rich strove to avert by selfish concession, would sometimes return to their double misery. Moreover, as the establishment of tyrannies advanced, a man already despotic in one city, would often lend aid, for a kindred attempt, to a partisan, a host, or a son-in-law, in a neighboring city, since the proximity of freedom was dangerous to every tyrant. Thus the movement, as it advanced from city to city, gained strength; and even the banished aristocracy unwittingly contributed to it. For their swarms of dependents, whether accompanying them into exile, or remaining at home in indigence—men, perhaps, who had been trained to arms by their masters—were soon glad to sell their military services to any wealthy aspirant; and the tyrants formed for themselves strong body-guards of trained soldiers, who, while in speech and in mind Greeks, had singularly little concern for the freedom of a city politically foreign to them. A foreign body-guard was, to the Greek world, the main external criterion of tyranny, as opposed to constitutional monarchy; and it has had its parallel in the Swiss guard of the Bourbons, as in the German guard of the Roman emperors.

In the great states of modern times, it is almost impossible for a citizen in private life to aspire to the supreme power. When the French throne had been left vacant and the nobility banished, a Napoleon, who had risen to eminent military fame, succeeded in putting himself at the head of affairs; but such a combination of circumstances is rare indeed. It may, however, be admitted, that a purely military despotism, whether on a smaller or greater scale, carries on implacable war against the nobility. What the tyrants were in Greek cities, such was Tiberius Cæsar and his successors in Rome; such have been the sultans in Constantinople; and such, we fear, is the great emperor in Petersburg. Where the nobility are, in every personal sense, equal to the monarch, and where the sentiment of *loyalty* cannot exist, faithful obedience is felt to be degrading and loathsome. Men, whose birth, talents and reputation caused them to be feared, will be hated by the tyrant, who generally treated them as L. Sulla his opponents—'whom he chose, he drove out, and whom he could, he slew.' Now, such a calamity

falling on a great empire, like Rome, or Russia, is sad, no doubt, but to the nation at large, it is bearable; for the persecuted nobles are not only a mere fraction of the whole, but leave beneath them untouched a vast body of wealthy and educated men of the middle orders. The very weight and mass of a modern nation is such, that to revolutionize a weak government requires a combination of ten thousand hearts and hands; and a despotic king can afford to be less jealous and more generous, because he is safer in his seat. But the Greek tyrant knew that his power might be overthrown, as easily as it had been set up. He felt towards the city less as a king, and more as a satrap. He was anxious to extort out of it as much as he could, while he could; and contracted alliances and affinities with barbarian potentates, among whom, perhaps, he also laid up for himself distant and secret treasures. Under the civil policy which such a position suggested, the rich were inordinately taxed, and the sources of their wealth often dried up. The people at large were forbidden the use of arms, and the upper classes lost their natural sphere of public service. In short, under a tyranny, the whole animating spirit of a Grecian city departed, and its material wealth and strength were soon greatly impaired. A number of lyrical poets were no doubt encouraged to sing at feasts to the praise of wine or the exploits of the usurping house; or indeed, by more generous despots, from a cordial sympathy with elegant literature. But the songs of freedom were dumb; martial strains awakened reminiscences too dangerous; even the primer of the Greek schools—the moral verses of Hesiod, the spirit-stirring ballads of Homer,—had much in them to alarm a tyrant. No pen could be allowed to record even simple annals; and history was stifled in its birth. Public oratory there was none. The multitude, deprived of all intellectual culture and all manly exercises, grew up into effeminacy and sensuality—a degeneracy which can indeed be traced among the Lydians of Cræsus, after their conquest by Cyrus, as distinctly as among the proper Greeks of Asia.

In confirmation of the deadly effect of tyranny on Greek cities, we may quote the mildest instance of its establishment—that of the Peisistratidæ at Athens. This celebrated state was in strictness not a city, like other Grecian states, but was a province; since, by a regulation attributed to

Theseus, all Attica had been admitted to the Athenian franchise. On this, more than on any other single cause, depended the greatness of Athens; for while Sparta, Thebes, and other leading states, encountered constant alarm or public hostility from the province of which they were the capitals, all Attica was indissolubly incorporated into a single civil community. The same cause moderated perhaps the fierceness of her internal factions. Intense as her sufferings are described to have been at certain crises, her revolutions were remarkably bloodless, with the exception of the atrocious conduct of the aristocratic faction towards the end of the Peloponnesian war, and the ever-aborred Thirty Tyrants who were kept up for a year by the Spartan arms. The cabals of a town are generally worse than those of a province or of a nation; for the latter has always a far larger body of neutral men, who, when victory has been decided, may throw in their influence to enforce a moderate use of it. Be this as it may, Peisistratus and his sons were, in strict Greek usage, called *tyrants*; and, in fact, the father had seized the supreme power during no time of convulsion, nor for any pretended public necessity or public service; but from mere private ambition, when he might have lived honored and useful as a noble in a prosperous community. But tyrant as he was, he and his sons used measures so mild, and to so great an extent pursued the welfare of the commonwealth, that Thucydides ventures to say, that 'these tyrants in an eminent degree cultivated virtue.' Notwithstanding this praise, the sudden start towards intellectual greatness, political nobleness, martial bravery, commercial activity and manufacturing wealth, which the Athenians made when tyranny was removed, shows how seriously it had repressed the national energies. Their immediate increase in bravery caused a pang of alarm to Sparta, and has drawn forth a warm panegyric on democracy from the genial historian of Halicarnassus. That the Peisistratidæ had no support from any powerful class of the nation appears clearly enough in the history, nor had any such feeling as loyalty towards them been generated. Their alliances with foreign tyrants and their ready application to the Persians to restore them by foreign force, shows how far they were from identifying themselves with the true interests of their country.

The great antagonist of the tyrants was found in Sparta, whose highest calling it was to exterminate these pests of Grecian communities. Her own constitutional history had been very peculiar. Instead of destroying the kingly power at the era of its general decay, she first merely weakened by dividing it; and set up the singular phenomenon of a state with two hereditary kings—*diarchs*, not monarchs. A later step was, to appoint annual magistrates called Ephori, on whom the current administration devolved—another important curtailment of the royal prerogative. Kingly power so tempered, could stand its ground even in anti-monarchical Greece. Religion added its sanctions, as the kings were held to be of the sacred line of Hercules, which had ruled over Peloponnesus before the Dorian conquest. A state thus eminently constitutional, addicted to precedent, and fostering its old families with antique veneration, was shocked at the expulsion of the aristocratic order by tyrants, and at all the attendants of revolution. We know from Thucydides the bare fact, (and extremely important it is, though the details have not come down to us,) that the Spartans set themselves, on deliberate principle, to destroy the tyrannies in continental Greece; and on this, their extended influence must have been mainly founded. Wherever they had expelled a usurper, they of course recalled the ejected nobility, and aided them, for a time at least, in establishing the new constitution. This, naturally, would be an aristocracy, of which the leading men were likely to be more or less dependent on Spartan help, and bound to her interest both by gratitude for the past, and by prudent concern for the future.

As long as the Lacedæmonians exerted themselves in this direction among the tribes of Dorian or Æolian blood, their labors received the reward which they desired, and justly anticipated, and Sparta ascended slowly and surely towards the position which she coveted—as the freely chosen, legitimate leader of Greece. She knew nothing as yet of the versatile genius of the Ionians; and, when she undertook to deliver from tyranny Attica, the chief Ionian state of proper Greece, she had no foresight of the results. It is even alleged that she was impelled to the step by fraudulent oracles from Delphi, which were purchased by the gold of an Athenian noble, hostile to the Peisistratidæ. It is dif-

ficult to say, whether allowance is to be made for the frenzy of the Spartan King, Cleomenes, a man of great talent and unusual power, but who, after a life full of extravagances, died a maniac. This man dictated to the Athenians, as to a subject people; and when they did not submit as readily as he expected, marched thither in person, and banished 700 families at once. Upon his withdrawal, his regulations were overturned; exasperated at which he determined to make his partisan, Isagoris, tyrant of Athens. He assembled a great army of Peloponnesians without telling them the object; and the Bœotians on one side, the Chalcidians from Eubœa on the other, at his order occupied the frontier districts of Attica. The imminent danger did but call out new energies of freedom and heroism before unsuspected, in the forlorn and apparently hopeless Athenians, who prepared at once for the most unequal battle. But the allies of Sparta, now understanding her aims, could not endure so disgraceful a service: the Corinthians first boldly protested against it, and withdrew their forces; Demaratus, the other Spartan King, encouraged by this, followed the impulse of his own mind, and marched his division off the field; seeing which, the whole army presently broke up and dispersed for their separate homes. Instantly the Athenians turned to oppose their other enemies, and by gaining two splendid victories in one day, over the Bœotians and the Chalcidians, earned a new name in Greece, and established their independence.

These transactions, by the self-confidence and ambition which they inspired in Athens, signally prepared her for the high part which she was soon to play. Greek legends well known to all, and dear to the memory of Ionian states, told how in early times Athens had ever been the bulwark of all Ionians: how magnanimously she had saved the sons of Hercules, when persecuted by the Peloponnesian Eurytheus; how she had afterwards received the Achæan fugitives driven out from Peloponnesus by the flood of Dorian invasion; and how the same flood, when it tried to overpass its peninsular limit, had raved in vain against the shores of Attica. It was also remembered by all the Ionian colonies in Asia, with kindness and with a certain veneration, that Athens was their mother city—a tie at other times weak, but which, at this critical moment was of vast importance. Oppressed by the power, first of

Lydia, then of Persia, subjected also to native tyrants by the policy of the Persian court, the Ionian states heard with delight of the new prowess of their ancient mother, and many a heart beat high with pride, that the glory of the Ionian name was not everywhere departed.

Concerning the Greeks of Sicily and Italy—*Siceliots* and *Italiots* as they were called—we must say a few words. The most powerful of these colonies were of mixed foundation, though Dorian institutions prevailed. Syracuse, Selinus, Gela, Camarina, Agrigentum, and Himera were the greatest of the Siceliot cities: Sybaris and Croton, Tarentum and Posidonia, were equally eminent among the Italiots. These states are more like to Corinth, than to any other city in proper Greece. By commerce and by good institutions, they rose rapidly into wealth, and many of them were remarkable for splendor, some for a luxury amounting to effeminacy. In consequence, as we may presume, tyrants established their sway in the chief Siceliot cities—severe intestine wars followed, with a great destruction of the aristocracy, which caused the constitutions to vacillate between tyranny and democracy. The same would probably have happened at Corinth, but for the proximity of the Lacedæmonians. Of the Italiot cities we know less; but the furious animosity between Sybaris and Croton, as also the effeminacy of Tarentum, although of Dorian origin, seem adequately to explain their degeneracy and fall. At the time, however, when the Persian war against Greece was impending, the Siceliot powers were in great strength, and much seemed likely to depend on the side which they chose.

The Persian war is the great event which precipitated the fortune of Greece, elevating it suddenly to a wonderful pitch of glory, from whence it was steadily to decline, until the whole country became disintegrated by mutual distrust or enmity. If the institutions of Lycurgus could have prepared the Spartans to act the part of wise politicians, the Persian war might have produced nearly unmixed good to Greece. The conduct of Athens was magnanimous beyond all praise. Great as was her bravery in battle, and resolute her endurance of temporary expatriation in preference to accepting the tempting offers of the Persians, all this was made of tenfold value by her postponement of everything to the common welfare, and by her generous conduct

to Sparta, while that selfish and short-sighted state was utterly neglecting all interests but its own. Whenever the Spartans were willing to lead honorably, the Athenians showed that they knew how to obey submissively. Under the pressure of the enormous danger, there was hope that all southern Greece might coalesce into an organized whole, which, on the retreat of the invader, would naturally absorb into itself the less chivalrous northern districts. The Dorian states would have clustered around their acknowledged leader, the Achæan round Athens, and even in spite of the misconduct of the Spartans in the great conflict itself, so nobly did the Athenians behave, that during the after-war, it would not have been too late for a cordial permanent confederacy on terms of general advantage and fairness, leaving to the Spartans an honorary leadership, if only they had deserved it. But their narrow-minded system had formed them to be nothing but *brave fighters in phalanx*. So utterly did their education repress individual energies, that if at all put out of their usual way they had barely the common courage of soldiers; and at the battle of Plataea, they took such pains to avoid meeting the Persians, and to throw the brunt of the fight on the Athenians, as to draw on them from Mardonius the bitterest reproaches for cowardice. Even when the Persians were utterly routed, and a motley crowd had escaped into their camp, the Lacedæmonians in vain endeavored to get in; because, forsooth, it was impossible to scale walls without losing the order of the phalanx. Here, therefore, they were helpless; but no sooner had the Athenians come up, than, by dint of individual bravery they forced their way over, although previously as little versed in sieges as the Spartans. From such men to expect genius would be absurd—they had not common versatility; they were made to run in a groove, and without their groove they instantly drove at random into a slough of mischief. Thus Pausanias, then their leader, was so puffed up with his own importance, as presently after to make proposals for the hand of Xerxes' daughter, engaging to subdue Greece to the great king, on condition of being made tyrant of Sparta—an astounding result of this war of liberty! His infatuation was such, that on finding the king willing to negotiate, he assumed the manners, the state, the luxury, and (if we

can believe it) the dress of a Persian satrap, as if already a vassal of Xerxes. Disgusted at his insolence, the allies turned away from the Spartans, and entreated Athens to become their leader.

This is the culminating point of Athenian glory. The just Aristides was now their chief statesman, and to his influence we must perhaps mainly ascribe their splendid behavior in the whole war. But as long as man is man, he will be unable to endure uncontrolled power; and the disastrous withdrawal of the Spartans from the confederacy, (in fear lest other generals like Pausanias might be corrupted by exposure to temptations so new,) took away the check without which the Athenians would use their good reputation as a means of unjust aggrandizement. The glory of Athens had shot up too suddenly and splendidly to last; unless to temper her ambitious aspirations she had met quick admonition that a selfish use of power would be suicidal. In short, mounting speedily into military and naval greatness, holding alone the treasury of the confederates, carrying on an aggressive war against the great king himself, received as natural head of the Ionians, and manifestly the first power in Greece, Athens was intoxicated, and forgot that all her greatness was founded in love of liberty, in self-sacrifice, and in justice. From this moment, all hopes of permanent freedom and happiness for Greece were wrecked. That further development of her constitutions became almost impossible, which was yet absolutely needed—viz., the cohesion of her cities—or, as we should call them, her municipalities—into federated powers, so as to comprise the whole Greek nation in a band of permanent amity. The glorious city began, indeed, to exhibit that intellectual greatness for which she will ever be remembered. The wisdom of the Ionian states betook itself to Athens. The beautiful arts were transferred thither also, and soon reached a perfection hardly since surpassed. Every thing which adorns social life there showed itself. A simple and manly eloquence arose without cultivation. A profound and delicately defined system of law—an elaborate result of ages of experience, but ascribing its final perfection to the wisdom of Solon—employed and sharpened the discrimination of common citizens. The Father of History produced, in honor of his favorite Athens, the splendid epic narrative of the war against Per-

sia; and, like a second Ulysses, taught his readers the manners and abodes of the most distant nations. The mathematical sciences and elementary astronomy established themselves firmly; and, (as the beginning is proverbially the half of the whole) it might have seemed that Greece and through her the world, was about to commence a steady course in the investigation and establishment of moral and material science. But, although, by the impetus already received, the intellectual development of Athens was destined to be carried much further yet, the seeds of destruction to everything good and great were planted in her on that day in which she violated the liberty of her allies: when, in place of the great king whose fleets she had discomfited, she set herself up as the Tyrant City over Greece.

There are laws in the moral world as certain as any in the material; and among the most obvious of them is this, that misrule is destructive to the ruler. Government is an ordinance of God for good; and by doing good every governor strengthens himself; or if at any crisis the contrary seem to be true, that is caused by previous misgovernment which it is too late to remedy. Athens, not contented with ruling over her Ionian colonies, forcibly enslaved those of Corinth—the peaceful mercantile Corinth, a city beloved by all Greece, a natural centre of union for Dorians and Ionians; active and intelligent, yet unambitious: Corinth whose spirited protests against the meditated injustice of Lacedæmon had twice saved Athens from imminent peril. This great ingratitude precipitated on her the fatal Peloponnesian war. Sparta might have murmured in secret, disgusted by her rival's ascendancy; but she would never have dared to move against her, unless she had been goaded on by the Corinthians, and by a sense that the injustice of Athens had become too gross to tolerate. Having resisted to the last, the sage Archidamus, the best of all the kings of Sparta, most unwillingly began the war, which, he warned the confederates, they were likely to leave as a legacy to their children.

The Peloponnesian war, lasting in all twenty-seven years, was in almost every sense a civil contest. It was waged by Greeks against Greeks: for although Ionian blood chiefly was on one side and Dorian on the other, the difference was only like that between Scotchmen and Irishmen

—their language being mutually intelligible, their manners, institutions and religion substantially the same; however varying in form, as Protestantism and Catholicism. But this was not all. Since Athens upheld democracy, and Sparta aristocracy, a double faction was formed in a majority of the states of Greece; so that every community had the enemy in its own bosom. To make the war more lingering, Athens was as unable to oppose the combined force of her adversary by land, as Sparta by sea, and the opposite forces could not be measured together. What, however, we are chiefly concerned with is, that by reason of the obstinacy of this intestine and unnatural conflict, a shocking demoralization of all Greece took place. Half of every state (so to say) was extirpated or driven into exile by the other half. Instead of that compromise between aristocracy and democracy which justice and expediency in most cities demanded, the factions were goaded into implacable enmity, and a mixed constitution was generally made hopeless. As for Athens, the whole population of her country—i. e., of the province of Attica, was crushed into the walls of the town; and her celebrated statesman, who pressed upon her this measure as necessary, had no foresight of the calamities it would induce. A horrible plague first swept them away in thousands, the moral mischiefs of which were far worse than the loss of life. Next, the masses of idle country people needed to be fed at the public charge; which was done by paying them for attendance on public business. Under such a change of manners, morals could never have stood; and, in fact, from this time forth the Athenians were no longer the same people. The result was aided by another event. Through the immense waste of the life of citizens, it became necessary to wink at or encourage a disproportionate admission of foreigners into the franchise; so that even in blood the new nation was diverse from the old. In the course of the war, the younger part of the aristocracy, unable to endure the rise of men of lower rank into the administration, became deeply disaffected with the constitution; and the pressure on the purses of the rich which followed the losses at Syracuse, brought out an oligarchical plot, which led to violent seditions. By the free use of assassination, the oligarchs for a time carried their objects: but the atrocious want of principle pervading the whole party, was their ruin. Finally, when the Lacedæmonians triumphed, in consequence of faction

within and by help of Persian gold from without, the tyranny which they imposed swept off by proscription and violence in ten months as many lives of citizens, as had perished by battle in ten years,—says Xenophon, an aristocratic and Laconizing historian. So much we have stated in summary, to show by what violence the progress of the Athenian constitution was arrested; the population itself suffering so great a change as to place a chasm between what preceded and what followed.

Although seventy or eighty years more may be counted, before the liberties of Athens were lost; nevertheless, no further development or production took place in the state; which was now rather a dead machine, worked by the talents of a succession of able performers, than a living organism. Several stages of progress may be counted in Athens, besides those already alluded to. The suppression of the last remnants of royal authority had left the old aristocracy predominant. Under their rule (probably from a neglect to adapt the constitution to newly risen wants) the dreadful crime and anarchy which at length ensued gave rise to the bloody but useless legislation of Draco, when the laws of Athens were first committed to writing. Confusion and misery continued thirty years longer, until the great revolution known in connexion with the name of Solon. By an enormous cancelling of debts, by restoring captive debtors to liberty, by repealing the severe penalties of Draco, by forgiving and recalling exiled citizens, he did much to tranquilize the state. To prevent the recurrence of disorder, he enacted a new code of laws, and introduced important changes into the constitution. In particular, he substituted *property for birth*, as a title to civil office, and established a free trial by jury. The power of supreme legislation was also vested by him in the collected citizens, but their assembly had not the right to originate measures; an authority which rested in the senate. Still, as the senate was elected by the people, this constitution was a manifest democracy.

Unfortunately, no adequate trial of it was allowed to be made, or the results are unknown to us. For the usurpation of Peisistratus, which followed soon after, nipped it in the bud; and when the sons of Peisistratus were expelled, the factious conflict of Isagoras and Cleisthenes induced the latter to project and carry a new reform of the constitution, which, however it may in part

have been useful, brought in at least one absurd and injurious regulation—the electing the chief magistrates and the senate (not by *ballot*, but) by the *lot*. Cleisthenes also changed the old division of the people, which was in four tribes, into another of ten tribes. The necessity of this is unknown to us, but it is probable that the system of four tribes was quite antiquated, and, like our ‘old Sarum and Gaton’ enabled the shadow of the past to dictate to the present. Previous to this, a minority had been able to paralyse the action of the majority; but from this moment the greatest energy of will and action showed itself in all the proceedings of Athens. *Mere nobility* henceforth went for nothing; but where it was united to personal qualities and wealth, it commanded the esteem of the people. With the more energetic and worthy nobles the administration rested, almost without dispute, (Themistocles being the only statesman of lower rank,) from the reform of Cleisthenes, B. C. 508, to the death of Pericles, B. C. 429. It is remarkable enough that this final growth of democracy at Athens should be simultaneous with the expulsion of the kings from Rome.

Both in Rome and in Athens, the highest prosperity, at home and abroad, was enjoyed during the period in which the nobility held the *administration*, and the mass of the people the *supreme legislative power*. But in neither was the nobility, of whom we speak, an unchangeable body. It was practically hereditary, only because wealth is to a great extent hereditary; but new families were at any time capable of rising by merit. We do not know any special causes which left so few Athenians of noble birth to supply the place of Pericles, and we are almost driven to suspect that that great man had purposely kept out of the administration all men of high birth, who possessed aspiring and ardent minds. On his death, no experienced statesman of the old nobility was left, but the respectable, amiable, unambitious Nicias; and almost of necessity, a demagogue of low birth stepped into power—Cleon, a tanner.

May we suppose that the middle class of Athens, the manufacturers and merchants, had already so advanced in cultivation, as to be capable of governing the state? We certainly cannot infer this from the instance of Cleon; nor from his successor Hyperbolus, a manufacturer of lamps; nor from Cleophon, who came next; but, in truth, it is clear that with an idle, ignorant populace,

the most random, flashy, and violent speaker was likely to prevail. The older nobles had many of them hereditary political experience. Miltiades had a patrimonial kingdom in the Chersonese, and had been long in contact with Ionian usurpers and statesmen. Many of them had estates in Naxos, Lemnos, or other islands; some in Thrace, as the historian Thucydides. Their political ideas were received by actual contact with men, and had far more of the practical than of the speculative. But the young nobles who grew up with Alcibiades, had studied politics (and indeed morals) as a part of rhetoric; and while they had gained a certain specious cleverness in sophistical declamation, were so miserably deficient in soundness of moral judgment, that we almost forgive the Athenians for preferring the homely vulgarity and violence of a Cleon.

After the Peloponnesian war, the aristocracy (as such) vanish for ever from the public administration at Athens. Statesmanship becomes a strictly *professional* affair; so, indeed, does the office of general—a mark of the improvement in the arts of war. Henceforth every statesman has one or more generals in his party. The generals choose to reside abroad, out of the reach of the Athenian people, and under protection of their army; a large part of which now consists of *mercenaries, attached to the general's person*. The last point marks the incipient break-up of the executive power. The people had no adequate funds for supporting armies, nor patriotic zeal to serve in person; and what funds they had, were spent on their own wants or diversions, in preference to foreign war. In such a state of things, some of her own generals might have one day conquered Athens, if the Macedonian arms had not done it.

The institutions of Sparta were well adapted for one object, and that one only—to enable a small Dorian army to keep their superiority over a vastly larger conquered people—a mass of disfranchised freemen and oppressed slaves. Not but that *other* and milder methods would have been far better, even for this limited and unworthy end. Her nearest neighbours, Messenia and Argos—the former trampled under foot, the latter savagely crippled—hated her as Poland hates Russia. Like a church which professes to be infallible, the constitution of Lycurgus admitted no modification, and could not adapt itself to change of circumstances. When Sparta rose to power, her ruling men always proved oppressive, and

her public policy was uniformly alike selfish and self-destructive. Her constitution being a mechanism, not a living power, had nothing that admitted of growth and expansion. With the progress of social corruption, the laws of Lycurgus were neglected, not repealed; and the king who tried to enforce them was murdered. Yielding, at last, to the course of events, Sparta fell under tyrants, until she was absorbed into the empire of Rome.

The Peloponnesian states, under the immediate surveillance of Sparta, suffered little from intestine disorder, until the Spartans had disgraced themselves by a selfish peace with Athens. Discontent and intrigues, plots, revolutions, and war, were the consequence, which broke out still more generally, when the great war against Athens came to an end. We have here room to notice only the singular attempt at coalition between Argus and Corinth, which towns the democratic party in each determined to fuse into a single state. The design was excellent; but since they endeavored to carry it into effect by wholesale violence, a reaction took place, and it totally failed.

Thebes is another great city which we can trace, as, first a monarchy, then an aristocracy, and finally, (but not till after the Peloponnesian war,) a democracy. Under the last form of government, she had a short-lived greatness, owing to the gush of liberty excited in her by the perfidious attempt of Sparta to subject her to a cruel rule. But she abused, still more quickly and far more atrociously than Athens, the power which the heroic spirits, whom oppression called forth, had won for her: and when young Alexander, in imperial fury, razed Thebes to the ground, and sold her unhappy people into slavery, though all the Greeks shuddered, but few mourned.

Macedonia was the power by which all the previous Grecian policy was overthrown. Its disproportionate might deranged the balance of affairs in the states which were nominally left free, since a Macedonian party was sure to form itself within each of them. In the decline of Greece, a new confederacy rose in Achaia, as it were born after its time—the Achæan league, which showed for more than a century together what the states of Greece *might* have done at an earlier period, and what they *would* have done, but for the singular institutions of Sparta, and the contrast of Dorian and Achæan blood. But besides

this, we must name another circumstance which strangely impeded that most desirable result—the blending of all Greece into one nation; viz., the superstition against intermarriage with ‘strangers,’ as Greeks of another city were called. The greatness of Athens, as of Rome, had primitively depended on their braving the reproach of being a mongrel city. Each of them had once with much ease allowed foreigners to become naturalized; and the resident aliens of Athens, in her best days, were an important body of men, who in considerable numbers found their way into the register of citizens. Yet in the historical times, not the least step could have been taken by the wisest Greek statesmen, it would seem, (so dense was the prejudice of the people,) to admit the neighbor states to a right of intermarriage. Had this been done, with the simple regulation that children should be citizens of their *father's* city, a basis for conciliation and political union would soon have arisen, from the strong tendency of the rich, where language is the same, to form affinities with their own order in other cities rather than their own. As it is, we know of but one important league of this nature—that of Olynthus, which was chiefly between Ionian cities; and the result of permitting intermarriage was soon so striking, that the Lacedæmonians took alarm at the growing power of the league, and under pretence of religion, sent an army which succeeded in enforcing its dissolution. This fact goes strongly to confirm what we are otherwise disposed to believe, that Greek religion was the canker, at the basis of Greek civilization; not only because it kept up systematic immorality, but because it was essentially local and partial, and enforced the isolation of communities—practically regarding the Apollo Patrôus of Athens as a different god from Apollo Carnêus of Sparta, so that intermarriage between the votaries of the two was a profanation. On these deep-seated ideas ultimately depends the weal or woe of nations. Greece acted, and fell, and has left us the lesson of both; but until purged of her gross faith, higher excellence or more permanent prosperity was perhaps impossible. The inherent defect of almost all these constitutions may perhaps be traced to the smallness of the scale on which they were built. Few of them were duly *mixed*; and yet on this, more than on any other single point, the excellence of a constitution depends. As individuals, we need rights,

and equal rights, against the *executive* government, because it is as individuals that we are liable to oppression from it; but by the *legislative* power we cannot be harmed as individuals. Laws touch us only as members of classes; hence it is classes, not persons, which need to be defended from legislative oppression, and classes therefore that ought to be *represented* (to use a modern term) in the legislative assembly. In such assemblies, no order scruples to sacrifice the interests of another order to its own, if it can do this safely. Inevitably, therefore, if either a nobility or a commonalty has unchecked authority, one part of the state will be injured and become disaffected. Of all the Grecian communities, *Rhodes* bears the most honorable name for a mixed and well-balanced constitution, and for high political integrity; but we know too little of the details to judge how far the sound morality of her people and the goodness of her polity were mutually cause or effect. *Acarmania* also, a province seldom heard of in history, enjoyed for several centuries a happy tranquillity, broken only by events which set off the moderation and good faith for which she was celebrated. But here, as elsewhere, peaceful unambitiousness, full as it is of reward to those who enjoy it, yet by the obscurity cast around, it transmits no definite lesson to posterity. In the more active states of Greece, and all whose history is well known, we see that the different orders of the same state could not bear collision on so small a theatre, without intense exasperation. Each side saw its adversaries so near, and, an opportunity so within reach, as to conceive the idea of absolutely extirpating them. Wholesale banishment and confiscation was the anticipated effect of revolution; and every civil commotion was too apt to terminate in the despotic rule of *one* or *other* order. By such convulsions (that nothing might be purely evil) the *slaves* alone gained. Herein is the enormous advantage of the massive weight of European states. To abuse the rights of victory to so awful an extent as was customary in Greece, would now be, if not physically impossible, yet morally impossible, except after irritation that has lasted for ages. In the chief states of Europe, it is to be hoped that every class of the community will be more and more protected from evil legislation, perpetrated on it by other classes; and all citizens have long since been theoretically equal in presence of the

executive and judicial power. A slave population, happily, we have not, such as ever kept Sparta in tremor; and whatever may be the actual oppression of some classes, the fact is condemned and hated, the instant it becomes notorious. Even in democracies, as those of America, mere extent of territory gives a prodigious advantage. As long as the United States remain together on their present scale, they are too strong to fear their rich men, and will never ostracise them from jealousy. The great thing to be hoped and desired for all such communities is, that an organization should grow up strong enough to hold them together in time of discontent, and that whenever a real 'aristocracy' arises, it should be freely vested with the executive government.

The work at the head of this article, while bearing the modest name of a manual, is the fruit of great research; and presents, we think, a more trustworthy statement on the subject to which it relates than will be found in any other single volume. It is one of the series of works for the translation of which we are indebted to the enterprise of the late Mr. Talboys, of Oxford.

CLAIMS OF LABOR.

From the Westminster Review.

[Read this article. Its concluding reflections, especially, are well worthy the consideration of both genuine and mistaken philanthropists.] Ed.

The Claims of Labor. An Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed. Pickering. 1844.

THE author of this little volume is already favorably known to the public as a teacher of much practical and homely wisdom. His former work, "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," is one of the very few didactic writings that ever fell under our notice, really calculated to do good. It contained the well-weighed reflections of a man of some experience and much meditation, on the mode of actually *applying* the acknowledged principles of morality and prudence to the occupations and occurrences of daily life; and the effect which it was adapted to produce, and we believe

really has produced in many instances, arose, we conceive, mainly from the circumstance that it was impossible not to feel during the perusal that the moral attainments which it preached were of no romantic cast or difficult achievement, but palpably and promptly within the reach of every ordinarily-constituted mind.

The present work is of the same general character, and will sustain the author's well-earned reputation. We can give it no higher praise than to say that it is eminently suggestive of practical exertion. It is also modest and unpretending in a rare degree. It derives its chief value, as its author seems well aware, not from the novelty of its matter—for there is little in it that is not as old as the Sermon on the Mount—but from the momentous interest of the subject, and the almost solemn earnestness of the writer. Towards the conclusion, he says (p. 165):

"I do not assert that I have brought forward any specific, or even any new remedy of a partial nature, for the evils I have enumerated. Indeed, I have not feared to reiterate hacknied truths. But you may be sure, that if you do not find yourself recurring again and again to the most ordinary maxims, you do not draw your observations from real life. Oh, if we could but begin by believing and acting upon some of the veriest common-places! But it is with pain and grief that we come to understand our first copy-book sentences. As to the facts, too, on which I have grounded my reasonings, they are mostly well known, or might be so; for I have been content to follow other men's steps, too glad if, by so doing, I might assist in wearing a pathway for the public mind."

This is true of the book, as well as sound in principle. The author of the 'Claims' is an *indigenous* thinker, if we may be allowed the expression, but not an *original* one. His thoughts are not *original*, inasmuch as they have occurred to others, and been published by others,—but they are *indigenous*, inasmuch as he has not borrowed them, but has *thought them out* for himself; and reflections which are the native growth of the mind are always valuable even when not original; something of novelty must belong to them as being the productions of a new soil.

In the present social condition of England there is much that is very gloomy—very wretched—very shameful. But there is one bright feature in the perilous and melancholy spectacle; we are becoming

conscious of the mischief and misery around us. We are sitting in darkness, but the darkness has become visible. We have got as far on our course of amendment as a general acknowledgment that an immense amount of misery does exist, and ought to be removed. The great social evils which weigh down the mass of the community are no longer either ignored or acquiesced in.

There is, indeed, very much in the condition of our country that calls for regret, self-reproach, and active efforts for amelioration. Let us complete the picture. We have possessions in every quarter of the globe. We rule over 200,000,000 of people. We are beyond all rivalry the wealthiest nation in the world. The sea is covered with our ships; every nook and cranny of the earth teems with the products of our industry; our commercial enterprises are on a scale of magnitude and splendor, compared with which those of the Merchant Princes of Florence and of Venice were almost insignificant; facilities of all kinds are multiplied beyond example; letters are carried from Cornwall to Caithness for a penny; and we travel habitually at the speed of the swiftest race-horse. Then our metropolis is a very marvel of magnificence and luxury; and the perfection of the social machinery, by which all the daily wants of its millions are noiselessly and unfailingly supplied, is an inexhaustible source of wonder and admiration. All imaginable contrivances for adding to the ease and enjoyment of life are multiplied and spread among the higher and middle classes; while to crown the whole, the industrial establishments of our towns, and the domestic establishments of our noble proprietors in the country, are on a scale of unequalled grandeur.

If we turn to less material tokens of extreme civilization, the picture is almost as gorgeous as gay. Not only have we vast, venerable, and costly establishments for the fostering of literature and science, but we have science made easy, and literature made cheap. Books, almost to any extent and of any kind, are within the reach of even the poorest who can read; and through the medium of our daily press, all the sayings and doings in the great centre of our national life are known to the inhabitants of Yorkshire almost as soon as to those of Islington and Hampstead. The compulsory provision for the poor, for religion, and for public education, amounts to 15,000,000*l.* a

year, and our voluntary contributions to similar purposes, would probably reach 5,000,000*l.* more, for our charitable institutions and associations are literally numberless; and 20,000 pulpits are understood to be constantly occupied in proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of the land the duties of man to man.

Such is the external aspect of the great machine of social life; but when we turn to examine the interior clock-work, we find the living wheels of which it is composed grievously neglected and deranged. To drop metaphor—side by side with the luxury and splendor of the few is the squalor and destitution of the many; side by side with the wasteful grandeur of the great is the pinching hunger of the poor. The shining and dazzling magnificence of our metropolis covers—but can no longer conceal—*abysses* of wretchedness and sin, which appear even more appalling through the measured coldness of the official language in which they are laid bare. The beautiful mansion of the country nobleman—with its airy terraces, its spreading lawns, its antlered deer, its avenues of ancestral trees—is set in a gloomy frame-work of huts and hovels, wherein want and disease—childish hunger and maternal anguish—lie moaning through the day, and whence the poacher and the rick-burner issue stealthily at the dead of night. And in the recesses of those towns where our vastest commercial and manufacturing operations are carried on, may be discovered an amount of disease and destitution, the continuance of which casts, to say the least, a deep stain on the civilization of a great country, and a heavy responsibility on those who call themselves its statesmen.

It would be idle to adduce long extracts from official inquiries to prove the accuracy of the picture we have drawn. Thanks to these inquiries, the facts are now tolerably notorious, and more extracts would give a very imperfect representation of the case. But sure we are that no one acquainted with the lowest classes of our countrymen, or who has read the accounts recently *published by authority*, of their condition, will accuse us of having added one exaggerated expression, or one touch of undue coloring, to the delineation.

Indeed, the simultaneous philanthropic efforts—blind and blundering as they are—which are now making in so many quarters, serve to show that the existence of extensive and severe distress among the peo-

ple, is generally known and avowed; and also to manifest the general feeling that, in a country like England, such a thing as inability to procure a sufficiency of the necessities of life—such a thing as actual want (except when voluntarily and culpably incurred), ought not to be. We all feel, in a word, that where so many are in possession of superfluous wealth, the existence of vast numbers who are actually destitute of food and clothing, is an inadmissible anomaly. The writer before us says (p. 4):—

“It may be that our ancestors endured, it may be that many savage tribes still endure, far more privation than is to be found in the sufferings of our lowest class. But the mind refuses to consider the two states as analogous, and insists upon thinking that the state of physical and moral degradation often found among our working classes, with the arabesque of splendor and luxury which surrounds it, is a more shocking thing to contemplate than a pressing scarcity of provisions endured by a wandering horde of savage men sunk in equal barbarism. But when we follow men home, who have been co-operating with other civilized men in continuous labor throughout the livelong day, we should not, without experience, expect to find their homes dreary, comfortless, deformed with filth, such homes as poverty alone could not make. Still less, when we gaze upon some pleasant-looking village, fair enough in outward seeming for poet's song to celebrate, should we expect to find scarcity of fuel, scantiness of food, prevalence of fever, the healthy huddled together with the sick, decency outraged, and self-respect all gone. And yet such sights, both in town and country, if not of habitual occurrence, are at any rate sadly too numerous for us to pass them by as rare and exceptionable cases.”

Combined, however, with a prevalent and growing conviction that much amendment is called for in the condition of the masses, in the relation between rich and poor, between employers and employed, between capital and labor in short;—is a lamentable want of diligent and sober thinking, as to the source of existing evils, and the direction in which the amendment should be sought. The benevolent have trusted to the guidance of their kindly impulses; and the public mind has followed the guidance of the benevolent, instead of taking counsel of the wise. Hence the one prevailing blunder which has vitiated nearly all their schemes. *Charity*,—in various forms, in one or other of its multiplied disguises,—seems to be the only panacea which occurs to the Great; especially the well-meaning Great of our metropolis. One party advo-

cates a more liberal poor law; another, shorter hours of labor to be enforced by law. In the view of some, *allotments* are the one thing needful; while Young England suggests alms-giving in the magnificent and haughty style of the feudal ages; and Lord Ashley commits his latest solecism, in getting up a society for the protection of Distressed Needle-women. The same vulgar, shallow, aristocratic error runs through all. Every one thinks of *relieving*, no one of *removing* the mischief. The prevailing idea evidently is (as indeed it naturally will be among men so unknowing and so lofty as our great philanthropists), to *give benefits to an inferior*, not to *do justice to a fellow man*. There is something essentially pauperizing in all their conceptions. It pervades alike the factory and mining legislation of Lord Ashley; the "cricketing" condescension of Lord John Manners, and the insulting rewards and prizes offered by ostentatious landlords to the hampered farmers and the starving peasantry. We are weary of this cuckoo-cry—*always charity, never justice;—always the open purse, never the equal measure.*

It is high time that some inquiry should be made as to the principles on which our efforts to correct acknowledged social anomalies ought to proceed, in order that so much real and active benevolence as distinguishes our country may not be thrown away, or worse, through misdirection. In this the author of the "Claims" does not afford us much assistance. He has looked at his subject rather as a moral preacher, than as a scientific thinker. He has done much to excite, but not much to direct or sympathize effort. He shows clearly enough what each man should do to ameliorate the condition of those immediately around him and in contact with him—but he throws little light on what the nation or the government should do to rectify those more grievous and radical disorders in the body politic, which lie far beyond the reach of isolated individual exertion. We notice especially two defects in his work. He does not distinguish between the *Poor* and the *Destitute*. And he confounds the claims which man has on his fellow-man, and neighbor upon neighbor, with those which belong especially to the relation between the employed and his employer.

The first distinction it is most essential to bear constantly in mind, in order to a right understanding of this subject. The

Poor and the Destitute, the employed and the unemployed, as we may more correctly define them, come under quite different categories, and require to be dealt with in a very different manner. Except in the case of a large portion of the agricultural laborers, who may almost be classed among the destitute, the *employed*—that is, the *regularly* employed—the artisans—have their condition very much in their own power; they can generally take care of themselves, and a large proportion of the evils they complain of arises from their attempts to take too good care—too *selfish* care, of themselves. Their requirements are mental and moral improvement—more good sense, prudence, and self-control.* But with the unemployed—the *casually* unemployed, those whose disproportionate numbers enable their employers to restrict them to wages insufficient to support life; with whole parishes of our peasantry, and with those thousands of undenominated wretches, who form the really miserable, reproachful, dangerous classes of our town population—the case is far otherwise. These have claims, large and undeniable; their claims, however, are not against their employers, but against those who knowingly or unknowingly, stand between them and full and constant employment; against those who have suffered them to remain for generations unrescued and unrelieved; against the Government for neg-

* Much has been felt and said on the subject of the small and crowded dwellings of the peasantry, and of the insufficient accommodation for the separation of the sexes, and the evils which result therefrom. (See 'Official Report on the Condition of Women and Children employed in Agriculture,' and also the 'Letters of Mr. Sidney Godolphin Osborne.') No doubt can arise in the mind of any one that the smallness and poverty of their houses is a matter to be regretted and amended. But it is not here that the real mischief lies. Any one who has been in the wilder districts of the Auvergne, or who has read Mrs. Clavers' clever account of "forest life," will find in the backwoods of Canada or Michigan many settlers' log houses as crowded and as close, and many where both sexes are obliged to occupy the same bedroom; and the above-mentioned lady gives an account of more than one night which she herself passed in such circumstances. Yet here no ill consequences arise, and the inconvenience of such things seems scarcely to be felt. The real evil among too many of our poor is less the want of better divided or more spacious houses, than the want of that good sense, that right feeling, and those invaluable habits of thriftiness and management, which can keep the poorest dwellings clean and airy, and the narrowest accommodation decent.

lect; against the Church for enforced or permitted ignorance; against the laws, the institutions and the ruling classes, of their country, for selfish or thoughtless oppression. The true claim of the half-starved laborer is not against the struggling and impoverished farmer, on the ground of partial employment or inadequate remuneration; the true claim of the weeping, blinded, and emaciated sempstress is not against Moses and his fellow slopsellers, for the pittance of twopence-halfpenny a shirt; but in both cases, and in all similar cases, the claim must be urged against those causes, or those classes, whatever they may be, that are responsible for a state of things, which leaves to the wretched peasant or needlewoman, no less deplorable alternative. These are evils far too wide and deep for the hand of charity to reach, and were it not so, still charity would not be the fitting remedy. Charity at best can only repair and palliate effects; justice only can reach and eradicate the cause.*

* We beg to call attention to the following admirable remarks on the "Society for the Protection of Distressed Needlewomen," which appeared in the 'Economist' on the occasion of their annual meeting last December.

"The Society has been worked now nearly for a year, and is at present put forth with much pretension as a panacea for a known and felt great evil, and exhibiting on its front the names of exalted persons as patrons and patronesses of it. Let us see what it has done and can do. We cannot afford space to narrate all the rules and regulations of the Society, but the principal seem these:—

"1. To find work for as many of the unemployed as possible, and to ensure to them a fair remuneration for their labor.

"2. During the dull seasons of the year, at what is called 'the slack time,' to keep the work-people employed, materials will be made up expressly for distribution to the deserving poor, consisting of women's and children's clothes; and all subscribers can receive goods to the amount of their subscriptions, for their own distribution.

"3. The amount of each person's earnings not to exceed nine shillings per week; that no middlewomen be employed—thus serving two parties at the same time, viz., the needlewomen so employed, and the destitute poor, who from the hands of the humane, receive comforts of clothing so desirable.

"4. That the donations be added to the funds, for the purpose of affording prompt assistance in cases of sickness and distress to any of the females employed by this society; and that the secretary be empowered, acting on his own discretion, to afford immediate relief to such individuals when the circumstances require it, subject to his laying before the committee, on each Friday, an account of all such cases. That two ladies of the committee be appointed to visit the parties in distress, and still further assist them out of the funds of the Institution to such an extent as they may deem expedient."

"In this way 975 females of good character have been recommended by the institution since it was established, independently of those to whom work has been furnished. This number, however, is only about one-third of the applications that have been made to the institution by

We have said that we think the author of the work we are reviewing frequently confounds the duties which every man owes to all with whom he comes in contact, with those which arise out of the relation between the employer and the employed; and assigns to the former many which be-

respectable and unemployed females.' We are not told how the other two-thirds, dismissed, are faring; we suppose Alderman Farebrother and his friends do not know: we shall tell them—the operations of their society have made the condition of these two-thirds more distressed and more degraded than ever. That such must have been and is the fact, is a thing as capable of proof as that two and two make four. For the 975 whom they have served, by their own showing they have sent 1,950 away to struggle against competitors no longer on a footing of equality with them—sent them away still doomed 'to make shirts at 2 1-2d. to (seldom exceeding) 1s.,' and that still subject to the much-begrudged commission of 'the middlewoman,'—nay, doomed to make them for less, for if that was the market price of the labor when this society began its operations, every additional shirt that they have thrown into the market, without extending the field of labor, or the natural demand for the article, has lessened its marketable value, and of course the price that can or will be paid, in the world at large, for making it. Now, among all the patrons and patronesses of this society, whose names we see paraded in the papers, we do not notice that of one who has ever proposed, in any tangible shape or way whatever, to extend the field of labor, and by consequence to increase its price in the only way that it can be increased, without harming one party in benefiting another. These patrons and patronesses are high in rank—some of them very high, and we dare say they have read many books; if they have not, at all events they ought; and yet we notice there are hinds' wives in Wiltshire who could teach them some grave and weighty truths which they do not know. With a limited sphere of labor, to whatever extent the price of the labor of some (favored individuals) is paid for above its market value, to that extent must the labor of all the rest (not favored) be depreciated in value in the same market; and if this society of Lord Ashley's and Mr. Alderman Farebrother's, with all its machinery of patrons and patronesses, numerous subscribers, honorary secretaries, and visiting ladies, can only so favor 975, and so wrong 1,950 needlewomen, they will have more difficulty in proving that they are doing any good than a camel would have in passing through the eye of one of their needles. They are doing harm, and though they do not see so in their own case, it is astonishing how readily they see the same thing in cases precisely similar. Lord Ashley thinks he may have 'an establishment of his own for doing needlework, and paying for it partly by charitable subscriptions;' but he will not allow workhouses and charity schools the same privilege. 'Work,' said his lordship, on Monday,

'Work was taken in at those places to a very great extent, to be performed by parties who were maintained at the public expense. These persons often made shirts at 1d., and even sometimes at one halfpenny apiece, and thus the

long to him no doubt, but which belong to him in common with every neighbor and every Christian, and which belong to him more especially in his capacity of member of the richer and the ruling classes. We shall endeavor to discriminate a little between these two sets of duties, for it appears to us of the very last importance, that, in the new relations between capital and labor, which have arisen from the advance of manufacturing industry, the collection of the artisan population into great *foci* and the system of working in large organized bodies under one head; the reciprocal claims of the two parties, and the principles which ought to regulate their mutual intercourse, should be fully understood. Every one will feel that at present this relation is not established on a sound basis, and does not work in a satisfactory manner.

It is impossible it should do so. We are now encountering the difficulties of a tran-

public fund raised to relieve the poor was brought into competition with those wretched sempstresses, who were struggling to support themselves and their children.

"And thus funds raised by Lord Ashley to relieve 275 'are brought into competition with these wretched sempstresses'—1,950 of them, at least, turned away from the doors of this society, whence they had gone, deluded into a hope of being bettered, but finding the fruits to be to them only a deepening of their misery and degradation. Do not let it be held out that, with increase of funds, the 1,950 will be served too. This Ashleyism, to be rightly carried out to its end, would convert the whole community into one huge charity society;—and is this charity—this Ashleyan charity—so blessed a thing that people can thus desire its extension?"

"It cannot be too often, repeated, or too much inculcated, that, by the laws of these realms—laws patronized by Lord Ashley and his friends, with all the earnestness, at least, that they patronized the needlewomen—there is among us a *limited demand for labor and a circumscribed quantity of bread*. While these arrangements last labor may be transferred from hand to hand, but charity societies cannot make work profitable that the world does not need, nor give out bread from stones. Yet Lord Ashley, who comes up from Dorsetshire, where laborers with large families are living on seven shillings a week, and abuses London shopkeepers for not being able to give more than that to single women for their work, and goes down to Lancashire to take away two hours' worth of labor from hands in manufactories whether they will or no, goes away to Parliament where, and where only (along with 657 other gentlemen), he wields a real power, and does what in him lies to make long hours of work and slender payment for it an absolute necessity for seven-eighths of the community, if they do not choose to starve and die at once, by limiting the demand for all their labor, and stinting the supply of all their bread.

sition state, in which former rules and ties are loosened, and the new ones fitted to our changed condition are as yet unformed, or imperfectly recognized. Now there are three several positions in which capital and labor may relatively stand; the position of slavery, of feudal vassalage, and of free and simple bargain; the servile, the feudal, and the equal: and it is from not bearing in mind the distinction between them that our notions as to rights and duties are so misty and fluctuating. In the *first* of these relative positions, which is both the earliest and the simplest, perfect subjection is repaid by complete protection and subsistence; the master exacts from his slave all the duties of implicit obedience, and in return incurs towards him all the obligations consequent upon absolute power. In the *second*,—the position of vassalage—imperfect submission and occasional services are recompensed by partial protection, and aids in the procuring of a sustenance. In return for living on the land of his feudal superior, and under the shadow of his power, the vassal performs certain stipulated services without reward, and renders the willing homage of gratitude and reverence. In the *third* relation, that of bargain or mutual arrangement, simple service is balanced against simple payment. The capitalist *contracts* to pay a certain sum in return for a certain work which the laborer *contracts* to perform.

Now it is clear that in this country we are passing from the second to the third of these relations. The second is almost abandoned, but the third is not yet fully established and recognized. Among the great manufacturing employers of labor, there is some clinging to the feudal notions of by-gone times, and among the great agricultural proprietors still more. The same may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of the laborers in their respective districts. In the case of both capitalists and laborers (and for clearness we shall now confine our attention to the case of manufacturing industry) *they do not see clearly, or feel invariably in which of the two previously mentioned relative positions they intend to stand. Each party borrows some of the claims of the preceding but forgets the correlative obligations.* The artisan conceives that he is entitled to claim from his master the forbearance, the kindness, the assistance in difficulty and distress, which belong to the feudal relation; but he forgets to pay the corresponding duties of consideration, con-

fidence, and respect. On the other hand, the master is too apt to forget that in the eye of the law his servants are now his equal fellow-citizens, and to exact from them, not only the work he pays them for, but that deference, respect, and implicit obedience, to which only beneficence, justice, and consideration on his part, can fairly entitle him. We are convinced that it is the neglect of these simple reflections that has given rise to so much of the uneasy and unkindly feeling which unhappily prevails too extensively between the capitalist and the artisan; which gives rise to the charges of ingratitude and unreasonableness on the one side, and of unfeeling selfishness on the other. The simple fact is, that the relative position of the two classes is now more that of simple bargain than any other. We do not say it is desirable that it should be so, but it is fast becoming so, and every thing tends to complete and consolidate this position; and it only requires to be fully understood that if one of the parties borrows any thing from either of the previous conditions, the other must be held entitled to do the same. We cannot make society step back into feudalism, however modified; and, whatever Young England may think, it would be as undesirable as it is impossible. The only matter for regret is that, owing to the want of statesmanlike foresight, and adequate preparation, *the third relation between capital and labor has come upon us before either capitalists or laborers are quite fitted to meet it.*

"I do not wish," says our author, "to assert a principle larger than the occasion demands; and I am therefore unwilling to declare that we cannot justly enter into a relation so meager with our fellow creatures, as that of employing all their labor, and giving them nothing but money in return. There might, perhaps, be a state of society in which such a relation would not be culpable, a state in which the great mass of the employed were cultivated and considerate men; and where the common interests of master and man were well understood. But we have not to deal with any such imaginary case."—p 36.

This is true. But to this "meager relation" we are fast coming, greatly, though not wholly, owing to the conduct of the working classes themselves; and our efforts should therefore be directed to render them so "cultivated and considerate," as to encounter that relation with as little mischief as may be. It is the opinion of M. de Tocqueville (and his remarks are

VOL. V.—No. IV. 32

fully borne out by the observation of others), that in America this result has been already obtained. The whole of the fifth and sixth chapters of his fourth volume are well worth studying, in reference to this subject. We can only quote a few sentences.

"In democracies, at any moment a servant may become a master, and he aspires to rise to that condition; the servant therefore is not a different man from the master. Why then has the former a right to command, and what compels the latter to obey? the free and temporary consent of both their wills. Neither of them is by nature inferior to the other; they only become so for a time by covenant. Within the terms of this covenant, the one is a servant, the other a master; beyond it they are two citizens of the commonwealth—two men. I beg the reader particularly to observe, that this is not only the notion which servants themselves entertain of their own condition; it is looked upon by masters in the same light; and the *precise limits of authority and obedience are as clearly settled in the mind of the one as in that of the other.* The master holds the contract of service to be the only source of his power, and the servant regards it as the only cause of his obedience. They do not quarrel about their reciprocal situations, but each knows his own and keeps it. The servants appear to me to carry into service some of those manly habits which independence and equality engender. Having once selected a hard way of life, they do not seek to escape from it by indirect means; and they have sufficient respect for themselves not to refuse to their masters that obedience which they have promised. On their part, masters require nothing of their servants but the faithful and rigorous performance of the covenant; they do not ask for marks of respect, they do not claim their love or devoted attachment; it is enough that, as servants, they are exact and honest. . . . But, whilst the transition from one social condition to another is going on, there is almost always a time when men's minds *fluctuate between the aristocratic notion of subjection, and the democratic notion of obedience.* Obedience then loses its moral importance in the eyes of him who obeys; he no longer considers it as a species of divine obligation, and he does not yet view it under its purely human aspect: it has to him no character of sanctity or of justice, and he submits to it as a degrading but profitable condition."—*Democracy in America*, iv., c. 5.

Let us now—putting aside for a moment the reciprocal claims of man upon man, of Christian upon Christian—and regarding the capitalist and the laborer simply in their mutual relation of two contracting parties—inquire briefly, what are the claims of Labor?

Labor has a right to claim justice, not charity—that is, it has a right to claim that, *in the great bargain to be struck between capital and labor, no advantage shall be given to capital, directly or indirectly, by legislative enactments.* It can claim nothing more; but this implies much.

It implies, in the *first* place, that legislature shall do nothing, or shall undo or equipoise what has been done, either to facilitate the education of capitalists, or to impede the education of laborers, since there can be no fair or equal bargaining between ignorance and knowledge. Now it is notorious that not only has every facility and encouragement been given for centuries back by wealthy and privileged endowments, to the instruction of the upper classes, but that endowments originally designed for the instruction of the poor have been diverted from their purpose, or suffered to fall into disuse, by the neglect of those rulers whose duty it was to have watched over and enforced a sacred trust. It is notorious, also, that till the last few years legislature has done absolutely nothing to promote the education of the working classes; that its provision for that purpose even now is upon the most pitiful and niggard scale; and that it has suffered the narrow intolerance of sectaries and the domineering spirit of the hierarchy to thwart its first faint efforts to repair the injustice and neglect of centuries. If labor has one claim more sacred than another, it is that it shall be educated into a knowledge of its interests, its duties, and its rights.

The one great claim we have laid down implies, in the *second* place, that legislature shall have done nothing either to increase the numbers of the laborers or to restrict the field of their employment; since either proceeding will lessen the value of their labor, and of course the price they can obtain for it. In this matter, also, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother." The very ignorance in which we have allowed the people to remain, the mischievous and senseless principles on which our Poor Law was so long administered, the anxiety of our great landed proprietors to increase the number of their political dependents, have all tended to stimulate the multiplication of the poor, while the whole tendency of our commercial policy for more than half a century has been to limit the field of employment, and thus defraud labor of its due demand; and it is only during the last

lustrum that the efforts of manufacturing capitalists have awakened the legislature to a sense of its errors and injustice, and induced it slowly to retrace its steps.

Thirdly, the admitted claim implies that legislature shall have done nothing, or shall undo what has been done, to enhance the price of the articles which the laborer has to buy, or of those which the capitalist has to sell; since this would be equivalent to a reduction of the earnings of the former, and to an augmentation of the profits of the latter. Unhappily this claim has been insolently and systematically set at naught. Legislature has done all in its power, has exhausted its ingenuity, to enhance the price of the principal article, which the laborer buys and the legislator sells; and this enormous injustice is still unremedied.

Fourthly, it implies that in all matters of combination, either to keep up or keep down wages, the law should give equal liberty or equal restriction to each party. In this point the law is impartial; and in fact, the administration of the law is favorable rather to the artisan than to the capitalist.

These are the claims of labor—clear and unquestionable. If labor demands more than this, *it must give an equivalent.* The laborer gives labor to his employer in return for wages; if he expects his employer to give him more than wages, he must give him more than labor. If the employer is to give to the laborer protection, education, kindness and assistance in hard times (which undoubtedly it is most desirable he should), the laborer, on his part, must render respect, obedience and confidence to his employer. Without these it is *impossible* even for the best-intentioned employer effectually to serve him.

Now we are far from saying that we consider the most "meager relation" between the parties as the best. On the contrary, we should wish that every large employer of labor should be a revered and valued friend in the midst of a circle of confiding and attached workmen. But the two positions are correlative; the one cannot exist without the other; and those are no true friends to the laborer or the artisan who would persuade him that the neglected duties are all on the part of his employer, and the denied or forgotten rights all on his own.

Before we conclude, let us add one word on a subject now rarely touched upon, but one to which attention occasionally requires

to be recalled—the counter claims of capital on labor. Passing over the simplest—a diligent and faithful performance of the work which the laborer has contracted to perform, the rest resolve themselves into one. Capital has a right to require from labor that it shall not in a mistaken pursuit of its own exclusive interests, act fatally to the interests of both. Capital has a right to require not that labor shall neglect, but that it shall *understand* its own interests. When it has not understood them, as in the case of the sawyers and shipbuilders of Ireland, it has banished capital and ruined itself. In the manufacturing districts of our own country we see among the operatives too much of the same misconception and want of thorough comprehension of the matter. Their own views are, naturally enough, limited and inaccurate; and unhappily they have too little confidence in their employers, even where that confidence has been deserved by a long course of unswerving justice and consideration, to listen to their exposition of the truth. In consequence, they allow themselves to be made the tools and the victims of men, whose livelihood is derived from the misunderstandings they create and foster; and the amount of capital annually destroyed, and of wages annually foregone, owing to this cause alone, would astonish any one, if fairly calculated out.

We have been led to speak of this by observing the numerous strikes for advance of wages, or redress of complaints, which, with returning prosperity, have been so rife during the last six months in the manufacturing districts, especially among the colliers, millwrights, and factory hands. We do not wish to express any opinion as to which party has justice on their side in these unfortunate disputes. We wish merely to call attention to the amount of capital which has thus been thrown idle, and therefore diminished or destroyed, and to the heavy loss which has been thus incurred by the operatives themselves. One case will suffice to put our meaning in a clear point of view. A large number of operatives employed in an establishment where extensive fixed capital was employed, left their work and demanded an advance of five per cent.; but owing to some circumstances connected with the strike, and their conduct in the course of it, the demand was resisted, and they remained out six weeks. At the expiration of this

time, they returned to their work, having obtained nearly the whole advance they asked; but on coming to calculate the consequences, it appeared that the proprietor had lost by the stoppage a sum equal to five per cent. on the capital employed, and that it *would take 120 weeks, or nearly two years and a half at the advanced rate of wages, before the workmen would have replaced the earnings they had foregone during the strike.* Nor is this all. In all probability, before the two years and a half have elapsed, trade may again have become unprosperous, and the advance now so dearly purchased will have to be relinquished. It is owing to injudicious struggles between capital and labor, such as the above, that the actual *earnings* of the operatives are sometimes actually *less* in prosperous, than in dull and languid periods of trade. In other cases, as among the colliers, when the strike has lasted for months, no advance and no lapse of time can repay the losses which they have incurred.

The feudal age is gone; and neither its benefits nor its evils can now be brought back. We can no longer really serve the people, or ameliorate their condition by *protecting* them as vassals, or *supporting* them as slaves, or by *almsgiving*, as to paupers and beggars. The only plan which appears to us at once sound in its principle, and promising as to its prospects, is to spread instruction among the masses by every means in our power, and then leave them to “work out their own salvation;” to throw them on their own resources, but, at the same time, to give those resources full and free scope; to give them the means of rising, to show them the way of rising, and then leave them (with our best wishes and encouragements), to raise themselves. Any other elevation than one so achieved will be ill-founded, precarious, and temporary.

The second portion of the ‘Claims of Labor,’ which has just issued from the press, is chiefly devoted to the consideration of that class of remedies for the physical evils of our town population, which is suggested by the ‘Health of Towns Report,’ such as ventilation, sewerage, building, supply of water, &c. The author has supplied nothing new, but has brought out in vivid relief, and placed before the public in an available form, the appalling facts brought to light by recent inquiries. We shall not quote any of his pictures, for we cannot abridge what is in itself a brief

epitome, and we have no wish to supersede the necessity of referring to his pages. But we request attention to the following remarks, as peculiarly important at the present conjuncture.

"If there is any thing that requires thought and experience, it is the exercise of charity in such a complicated system as modern life. I do not know a more alarming sight than a number of people rushing to be benevolent without thought. In any general impulse, there are at least as many thoughtless as wise persons excited by it; the latter may be saved from doing very foolish things by an instinct of sagacity; but for the great mass of mankind, the facts require to be clearly stated and the inferences carefully drawn for them, if they are to be prevented from waiving their benevolent impulses upon foolish or mischievous undertakings."—p. 219.

The author makes some most judicious and much-called-for observations upon a besetting sin of the philanthropic.

"To alleviate the distress of the poor may be no gain, if in the process we aggravate the envies and jealousies which may be their especial temptation. The spirit to be wished for is sympathy; and that will not be produced by needless reproaches. Besides, it is such foolish injustice to lay the blame of the present state of things upon any class. If we must select any class, do not let us turn to the wealthy, whom, perhaps, we think of first. They have, in no time that I am aware of, been the pre-eminent rulers of the world. The thinkers and writers, they are the governing class."

Several of our most popular writers of the present day have been guilty—one in particular—of this encouragement of enmity.

"They should recollect that literature may fawn upon the masses as well as on the aristocracy; and in these days the temptation is in the former direction. But what is most grievous in this kind of writing is the mischief it may do to the working people themselves. If you have their true welfare at heart, you will not only care for their being fed and clothed, but you will be anxious not to encourage unreasonable expectations in them, not to make them ungrateful or greedy-minded. Above all, you will be solicitous to preserve some self-reliance in them. You will be careful not to let them think that their condition can be wholly changed without exertion of their own. . . . Depend upon it, honest and bold things require to be said to the lower as well as to the higher classes; and the former are, in these times, much less likely to have such things addressed to them."—p. 253.

W. R. G.

HUNT'S IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Imagination and Fancy. By Leigh Hunt.
Small 8vo. London: 1845.

We have, in the book before us, full and sufficing proof that it is the work of a man whose abundant and acknowledged abilities for the pleasant labor he has undertaken, have been ceaselessly spreading themselves over the varied interests of human life. To the vivid and continual experience of active life, we find joined the gifts of a "shaping intellect" and that ardent poetic temperament which allies itself to all that is greatest in the works of others in genial and willing sympathy. He sees himself, and would have others see with him, that all which we most justly deem human, is poetic too—Hope, Love, Reverence—aggrandized and purified indeed, and seen through a glorious medium; yet not the less human, and therefore good and fitting to be known and loved by all men. Himself a poet, and the associate of poets, Mr. Hunt seeks to gather around him such readers as will gladly listen to some strains of "the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns."

He would aid them, too, by the results of some of his theoretical inquiries, which he offers in answer to the chief but comprehensive question, "What is Poetry?" Poetry is for him "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conception by Imagination and Fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains: and its ends, pleasure and exaltation." Beauty is "nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure." To these deep impressions of love and truth, Imagination must subserve and minister in rendering them more intense by the images with which it illustrates them; while Fancy sports with the objects of its affection, and "laughs with what it loves." Even the external form of verse becomes a sharer in the triumph, by making "difficulty itself a part of the poet's facility and joy." This affectionate insight into the mysteries of poetry could, in its growth and expansion, leave no room for meaner passions; and thus, indeed, it has been, for we learn from his own generous confession, how deeply he mourns the estrangements and misunderstandings which severed him from a

great poet, Coleridge—"Oh, it is too late now; and habit and self-love blinded me at the time, and I did not know (much as I admired him) how great a poet lived in that grove at Highgate; or I would have cultivated its walks more, as I might have done, and endeavored to return him, with my gratitude, a small portion of the delight his verses have given me." Mr. Hunt has stated the objects of his work so pleasantly in his preface, that we may quote his own account, and leave it to speak for itself:—

"This book is intended for all lovers of poetry and the sister arts, but more especially for those of the most poetical sort, and most especially for the youngest and the oldest: for, as the former may incline to it for information's sake, the latter will, perhaps, not refuse it their good will for the sake of old favorites. The editor has often wished for such a book himself; and, as nobody will make it for him, he has made it for others. It was suggested by the approbation which the readers of a periodical work bestowed on some extracts from the poets, *commented and marked with italics, on a principle of co-perusal*, as though the editor were reading the passages in their company. He does not expect, of course, that every reader will agree with the preferences of particular lines or passages, intimated by the italics. Some will think them too numerous; some, perhaps, too few: but these will have the goodness to recollect what has just been stated, that the plan was suggested by others who desired them. The editor, at any rate, begs to be considered as having marked the passages in no spirit of dictation to any one, much less of disparagement to all the admirable passages not marked. If he assumed any thing at all (beyond what is implied in the fact of imparting experience), it was the probable mutual pleasure of the reader, his companion; just as in reading out loud one instinctively increases one's emphasis here and there, and implies a certain accordance of enjoyment on the part of the hearers. In short, all poetic readers are expected to have a more than ordinary portion of sympathy, especially with those who take pains to please them; and the editor desires no larger amount of it than he gratefully gives to any friend who is good enough to read out similar passages to himself. The object of the book is threefold:—To present the public with some of the finest passages in English poetry, *so marked and commented*; to furnish such an account, in an essay, of the nature and requirements of poetry, as may enable readers in general to give an answer on those points to themselves and others; and to show, throughout the greater part of the volume, what sort of poetry is to be considered as *poetry of the most poetical kind*, or such as exhibits the Imagination and Fancy in a state of predominance, undisputed

by interests of another sort. Poetry therefore, is not here in its compound state, but in its element, like an essence distilled."

Our readers may have heard of the story of a famous French mathematician, who, being taken to see one of Racine's plays, asked, when the performance was ended, "What it proved?" The manner in which we sometimes hear the merits and aims of poetry discussed, would seem to indicate a dullness of poetic eyesight, not very far advanced beyond the total blindness of this learned man in all that pertained to the world of emotion. We do, indeed, admit the existence of such a world as a matter of speculative reasoning, and adhering to the crude suppositions of a partial experience, venture to theorize on its origin and laws. We think, perhaps, that we have satisfactorily explained the wondrous "orbs of song" which gild its firmament; but then comes some one who, endued with a keener vision, or guiding, perhaps, some newly-discovered "telescope of truth," speedily dissipates these comfortable creeds, and compels us to explore anew the "starry world of song." Such a task has been imposed on our generation, and if the number of laborers were alone a guarantee for its performance, we should long ere this have arrived at our goal. But, however justly we may flatter ourselves with the idea of the superiority of our poets to those whom our predecessors of the eighteenth century delighted to honor, and may hope, by an intelligent communing with the mighty works of the glorious spirits of earlier days, to re-open those fountains of inspiration which the dust and ruins of decaying institutions and a rotten humanity had choked; yet noble effort, rather than success perfectly achieved, forms our truest vindication from the charge of having rested in an ignoble inactivity, when we should have remembered that

"The little done doth vanish to the view—
That forward sees how much remains to do."

To all who have at heart the welfare of British art, the anarchy of the poetical principles, aims, and efforts, which still prevail alike in its highest and lowest forms, must, we think, be apparent; and, making all fair allowance for "poetical license," this wayward intellect cannot, after all, be productive of lasting fame to the individual author, or abiding good to society. To sustain the elevated position rightful-

ly assigned to the poet is, in our day, a joy and privilege granted to those only who have joined to those gifts which, Alfred Tennyson has told us, form the poet's dower—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,"

the not less necessary, and, therefore, hardly less noble acquirements of a cultivation, providently directing them into their proper and peculiar channels, and subjecting them to the eternal laws of nature, and of art, the child of nature. Science and history are rapidly entering those regions which we have till now held the consecrated and exclusive ground of art. The emotions roused by the contemplation of stupendous revolutions of systems; by the marvellous discoveries and inventions of science now far outstripping the wildest dreams of poetical romance; by the union of epic dignity, and dramatic excitement with the charms of narrative, in our great living historians; may prove at once sources of fear and of hope to the poet; of fear, should he wilfully sin against the requisitions of his own art—of hope, as stirring the general mind to a participation in the noble impulses and divine affections, which, shining throughout all his works, manifest the law and impulse of his spirit. The public, too, must share in his enlightenment on art, as we believe it formerly did in the "high and palmy" days of our drama. We do not at all wish to be understood as advocating that exclusive habit of analyzing emotions, which most artists very wisely condemn. Such processes of marring "the beauteous forms of things" are characteristic of the meddling intellect which "murders to dissect." The metaphysical critics of the eighteenth century were occupied with little else. To such rude questioning the spirit of poetry will not unveil its secrets—coming as from a different sphere—uttering "things which no gross ear can hear"—passing coldly by such as are unable, or care not to listen reverently—

"We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence."

In such a spirit much of enduring memory has been effected by Hazlitt, Wilson, Knight, whose labors, prompted by the love, and justified by the knowledge of art, have been gratefully welcomed by those

whom they have delighted and enlightened. But the subject is exhaustless, and while we may look forward to the fuller development of Mr. Hunt's views in the promised volumes of further selections, we hasten to acknowledge the instruction which we have derived from the present interesting essay. His observations have, to a great extent, been suggested by the peculiar relations of our modern society to the poetic art. Prudently avoiding all those abstract, and, generally speaking, purely verbal controversies, which have long agitated critics on the merits of the so-called Real and Ideal schools of poetry, he yet conveys definite ideas on the specific questions involved in the discussions. We have been particularly struck by the manner in which he vindicates to the supernatural elements of our nature their poetical rights. The time has now passed away when, the supernatural being degraded to the level of the superstitious, it was deemed a worthy employment for the poets of the eighteenth century to expend their keen wit in efforts to make it wholly ridiculous.

We begin to feel that it is the great and peculiar privilege of the Imagination, to sympathize with forms of beauty, which, unreal as they may be for the understanding, are eternal truths for all who can feel the "lovely and immortal power of genius, that can stretch its hand to us out of the wastes of time, thousands of years back."

The Imagination demands not the reality of these beings, but simply that they should be such as to win upon our sympathy.

"Their possibility, if the poet will it, is to be conceded; the problem is the creature being given how to square its actions with the probability, according to the nature assumed of it. The skill and beauty of these fictions, lies in bringing them within the regions of truth and likelihood. Hence the serpent Python of Chaucer—

'Sleeping against the sun upon a day,'

when Apollo slew him! Hence the chariot-drawing dolphins of Spenser, softly swimming along the shore lest they should hurt themselves against the stones and gravel! Hence Shakspeare's Ariel, living under blossoms, and riding at evening on the bat! In the 'Orlando Furioso' (Canto xv. Stanza 65) is a wild story of a cannibal necromancer who laughs at being cut to pieces, coming together again like quicksilver, and picking up his head when it is cut off, sometimes by the hair, sometimes by the nose! This, which would be purely childish and ridiculous in the

hands of an inferior poet, becomes interesting, nay grand, in Ariosto's, from the beauties of his style, and its conditional truth to nature. The monster has a false hair on his head—a single hair—which must be taken from it before he can be killed! Decapitation itself is of no consequence without that proviso. The Paladin, Astolfo, who has fought this phenomenon on horseback, and succeeded in getting the head, and galloping off with it, is, therefore, still at a loss what to be at. How is he to discover such a needle in such a bottle of hay? The trunk is spurring after him to recover it, and he seeks for some evidence of the hair in vain. At length he bethinks him of scalping the head. He does so; and the moment the operation arrives at the place of the hair, the face of the head becomes pale, the eyes turn in their sockets, and the lifeless pursuer tumbles from his horse,

“ Li fece il viso allov pallido e brutto,
Travolse gli occhi, e dimostrò a l' occaso
Per manifesti segni casceo erodutto
E'l busto che segnìa troncato al collo,
Di sella cadde, e diè l' ultinio crollo.

“ Then grew the visage pale and deadly wet;
The eyes turned in their sockets drearily;
And all things showed the villain's sun was set.
His trunk that was in chase fell from its horse,
And giving the last shudder, was a corse.”

“ It is thus, and thus only, by making nature his companion wherever he goes, even in the most supernatural region, that the poet, in the words of a very instructive phrase, takes the world along with him. It is true, *he must not* (as the Platonists would say) *humanize weakly or mistakenly in that region*; otherwise he runs the chance of forgetting to be true to the supernatural itself, and so betraying a want of imagination from that quarter. His nymphs will have no taste of their woods and waters; his gods and goddesses be only so many fair or frowning ladies and gentlemen, such as we see in ordinary paintings; he will be in no danger of having his angels likened to a sort of wildfowl, as Rembrandt had made them in his ‘Jacob's Dream.’ His Bacchuses will never remind us, like Titian's, of the force and fury, as well as the graces of wine. His Jupiter will reduce no females to ashes; his fairies be nothing fantastical; his gnomes not of the earth earthy. *And this again will be wanting to nature; for it will be wanting to the supernatural as nature would have made it working in a supernatural direction.*”

The final clause of the last sentence which we have marked in italics exhibits, with singular power, the manner in which the critic may, by a delicate adjustment of language, reconcile the common and partial meaning of a word with one truer and more extensive, and thus correct the false or inadequate impressions which might be conveyed by the imperfection of language.

as in this case by the usual opposition of the natural to the supernatural. If such suggestive comments on the meaning of words as they affect the truth of things were often used, one fertile source of idle theorizing would be removed. Shakspeare, as great a critic when it suited his purpose, as he was a poet, has a passage (Winter's Tale, Act IV., Scene 3,) which, considered independently of its dramatic propriety and beauty, contains a philosophy of art which, with exquisite felicity illustrates, or rather identifies the artistic with the natural. It occurs where Perdita as a shepherdess receives “the guests” in the cottage of her supposed father, and presenting to each such flowers as “fits his age,” says:—

“ Sir the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
seasons,

Are our carnations and streaked gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be.
*Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see sweet maid we
marry*

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. *This is an art
Which does mend nature; change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.*”

Mr. Hunt's account and illustrations of the Imagination, are, we must think, superior to those of Fancy—interesting as many of these last are. After having seen him characterize the Ariel of Pope's admirable mock heroic the “Rape of the Lock,” as the “Imagination of the Drawing-room,” we were somewhat surprised at his condemning the “delicate Ariel,” of Shakspeare, to breathe the drawing-room atmosphere of genteel society which was the natural birth-place and home of the other. He assigns the “Midsummer's Night Dream,” and in part the “Tempest,” as offspring of the same power which produced the “Rape of the Lock”—that designated by him as Fancy. Is it not unjust to both, that we should be excited to compare beings so alien in their nature, and differing as widely from each other, as the poets whose

inspiration gave them being. The weary years of imprisonment in the "cloven pine," would prove less fatal to Ariel—(as Mr. Hunt beautifully describes him,) "the delicate, yet powerful spirit, jealous of restraint, yet able to serve; living in the elements and the flowers; treading the edge of the salt deep, and running on the sharp wind of the north; feeling for creatures unlike himself; flaming amazement on them too, and singing exquisitest songs," than the polished proprieties and drawing-room graces of the genteel and modish guardian, of Pope's coquettish heroine, who thus harangues his compeers, the sylphs and gnomes:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,

Fays, fairies, genii, elves and demons hear,
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair—
Not a less pleasing though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers,
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show-
ers.

A brighter wash to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

The very increased delight with which we re-peruse this unparalleled burlesque, strengthens us in the conviction that it is in no way akin to the song of the Ariel.

"Where the bee sucks there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily!
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough."

The mannerism which pervaded the whole tenor of men's lives, penetrating their actions and judgments on all, even the highest subjects, and forcing them to cross the narrow boundary which separates the sublime and heroic from the ridiculous, suggested to Pope the idea of a burlesque style as the appropriate frame of the picture with which it harmonized so admirably. Even the repulsive formality and wearying smoothness of his style, which flowed from, and pointed to those more radical deficiencies which incapacitated him from sympathizing with the true heroic contributed to his success here. He

used conventional forms as best suited to conventional subjects, and was himself artificial even while ridiculing artificiality. Perhaps we may seem to some inconsistent in praising the force and artistic skill of its intentional burlesque, while we own a preference for a different style of art on the grounds of its ranging over wider subjects and treating them in a more natural manner. We shall endeavor to explain our meaning by illustrations, which will, we hope, vindicate also the importance we attach to perfection of form in poetic art. We select the "Rape of the Lock," and a scene from Shakspeare as our examples. The ludicrous effect resulting from the incongruous mingling of a taste for a perverted heroism with the conventional manners of existing French society, spread over Europe by the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, is not inaptly represented even in affairs of costume, by that of a statue of this king, which represented him in Roman armor, and surmounted by, not a helmet, but—a wig. Pope, endued with a keen perception of the ridiculous, proceeded to satirize this mock-heroism, as it appeared in poetical productions, by boldly parodizing the style, machinery, sometimes even the thoughts of the Epic. The artificial and arbitrary nature of his materials forbade any attempt to ally the characters and actions with beings of a different sphere from that of the life which surrounded him. He must laugh directly at these identical objects. He attempts no disguise deeper than a change of name. Belinda and Sir Plume have little interest for an age which has lost, chiefly, perhaps, owing to these satirists, these particular affectations. The attendant sylphs and gnomes are as artificial and as little in earnest as their mistress. They embody nothing of general interest, and were meant to be viewed merely as caricatures of the spirits of the popular creed. The result is an admirable burlesque.

"Men's minds are parcel of their fortunes;"

and Pope did all that could be done. But it is no disparagement to him to say, that Shakspeare was thrown on happier days, and gifted with proportionably greater powers. He, too, had to combat with grievous and wide-spread errors in matters poetical; still they were not the offspring of frivolity, but were rather the crude endeavors of earnest minds struggling to the light.—Often they sprang from the opposition mis-

takenly supposed between the functions of the Imagination and the authoritative commands of our moral nature. Poetical fiction was arraigned in the austere moral code of the Puritans, before a Court of Conscience as a falsehood. Gosson wrote a book, in Shakspeare's youth, against poetry and the drama, and founded his arguments on the supposition that a poetical fiction was incapable of being distinguished from a reality. Shakspeare intended, we think, to ridicule this notion in the play performed by the "hempen homespuns" of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Let us observe the transformations which it underwent through the marvellous alchemy—converting lead into gold—of his genius. We must first give the passage at length:—

"ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Wood*.

"Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, &c.

"Bot.—Are we all met?

"Quin.—Pat, pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal; this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

"Bot.—Peter Quince.

"Quin.—What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

"Bot.—There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

"Snout.—By'r larkin, a parlous fear.

"Snug.—I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done.

"Bot.—Not a whit. I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say that we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that *I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver; this will put them out of fear*.

"Quin.—Well, we will have such a prologue.

"Snout.—Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

"Snug.—I fear it, I promise you.

"Bot.—Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves to bring in God shield us! A lion among ladies; for there is not a more peaceful wild fowl than a lion living, and we ought to look to it.

"Snout.—Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

"Bot.—Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would re-

quest you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of very life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and then indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug the joiner*."

This entire episodical play is indeed a continued satire on the old and cotemporary performances of the stage. But these taken singly were merely absurd, and had they been thus represented by Shakspeare, we might have had a burlesque superior perhaps in degree to the "genteel comedies" of our stage, and even more amusing and facetious than Sheridan's "*Critic*;" but the rich vein of humor and covert irony which was all the poet's own giving, would have been wanting. He transplanted all these barren crudities into a soil where they obtain, in our eyes, what Mr. Hunt justly calls "a conditional truth to nature." Absurd merely when considered as the deliberate opinions of reflecting men, they partake of the humorous in being delineated as natural to the character and circumstances of these "rude mechanicals." While laughing with increased enjoyment at the things ridiculed, we entertain, on the whole, a liking for the subjects of our merriment; and nourish a feeling which wholly rejects the idea of laughing derisively at them, and recognizing some essential community of character lying below the particular follies, does not so much tolerate, as in a manner sympathize with the individual actors; a wonderful result of the many-sidedness of the "myriad-minded" intellect which, able to work for the necessities of the day in building for a never-ending future, could thus vindicate to genius its rightful alliance with humanity, and give to each its highest fulfilment, by association with the other. How much is there, in the stirring interest of our own day, partaking of this character of universality, and ready to start into an enduring poetic or dramatic life, at the summons of the Artist, possessed of the talisman. The French people have hailed the coming of such an one in the person of their great poet, Beranger. Meanwhile, we cannot do better than decipher, as we best can, the meaning of the written records of poetry bequeathed to us by the past; seeking for it in history, in criticism, in all the "various language" of nature and art. Verse is often supposed to be only the outward garb of the poetic spirit; but Mr. Hunt has, we think, taken

a truer view of this important but unobtrusive element as manifesting the inmost spirit of poetry. He well observes:—

"Variety in versification consists in whatsoever can be done for the prevention of monotony, by diversity of stops and cadences, distribution of emphasis, and retardation and acceleration of time; for the whole secret of versification is a musical secret, and is not attainable to any vital effect, save by the ear of genius. All the mere knowledge of feet and numbers, of accent and quantity, will no more impart it, than a knowledge of the 'Guide to Music' will make a Beethoven or a Paisello. It is matter of sensibility and imagination; of the beautiful in poetical passion, accompanied by the musical—of the imperative necessity for a pause here, and a cadence there, and a quicker or a slower utterance in this or that place, created by analogies of sound with sense, by the fluctuations of feeling—by the demands of the gods and graces that visit the poet's harp, as the winds visit that of Eolus. The same time and quantity which are occasioned by the spiritual part of this secret, thus become its formal ones—not feet and syllables—long and short iambics, or trochees, which are the reduction of it to less than dry bones."

And, in illustration of this theory, he offers many pleasing and excellent comments, as on that prime requisite of verse—sweetness:—

"Sweetness, though not identical with smoothness, any more than feeling is with sound, always includes it; and smoothness is a thing so little to be regarded, for its own sake, and, indeed, so worthless in poetry, but for some taste of sweetness, that I have not thought necessary to mention it by itself. Though such an all-in-all versification, was it regarded not a hundred years back, that Thomas Wharton himself, an idolater of Spenser, ventured to wish the following line in the 'Fairy Queen':—

'And was admired much of fools, women, and boys,'

altered to—

'And was admired much of women, fools, and boys,'

thus destroying the fine scornful emphasis on the first syllable of 'women' (an ungallant intimation, by the way, against the fair sex, very startling in this no less woman-loving, than great poet). Any poetaster can be smooth. Smoothness abounds in all small poets, as sweetness does in the greater. Sweetness is the smoothness of grace and delicacy—of the sympathy with the pleasing and lovely. Spenser is full of it; Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Coleridge. Of Spenser's and

Coleridge's versification, it is the prevailing characteristic. Its main secrets are, a smooth progression between variety and sameness, and a voluptuous sense of the continuous—'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Observe the first and last lines of the stanza in the 'Fairy Queen,' describing a shepherd brushing away the gnats. The open and the close *e's* in the one:—

'As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,'

and the repetition of the word *oft*, and the fall from the vowel *a* into the two *u's* in the other—

'She brusheth *oft*, and *oft* doth mar their murmurings.'

"So in this description of two substances, in the handling both equally smooth:—

'Each smoother seems than each, and each than each seems smoother.'

"An abundance of examples from his poetry will be found in the volume before us. His beauty revolves on itself with conscious loveliness, and Coleridge is worthy to be named with him, as the reader will see also. Let him take a sample, meanwhile, from the poem called 'The Day Dream.' Observe both the variety and sameness of the vowels, and the repetition of the soft consonants:—

'My eyes make pictures when they're shut;
I see a fountain large and fair—
A willow, and a ruined hut,
And thee and me and Mary there.
*O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow.'*"

What Mr. Hunt has said of the poet, in his relation to nature, we may surely apply to the critic—that "It is a great and rare thing, and it is a lovely imagination, when the critic can write a commentary, as it were, of his own, on such sufficing passages of poetry, and be thanked for the addition." It is a privilege enjoyed only by the genial expounders of the excellencies of others, to be thus associated with them in the grateful memory of poetical readers. And we answer, as regards ourselves, for the truth of this, in many passages of this volume, in those even which had been most familiar to us.—Spenser is deservedly a great favorite with Mr. Hunt; and unless we are much mistaken, he will speedily become so with the readers of these selections:—

"Spenser's great characteristic is poetic luxury. If you go to him for a story you will be disappointed; if for style, classical or concise, the point against him is conceded; if for pathos, you must weep for personages half

real and too beautiful; if for mirth, you must laugh out of good breeding, and, because it pleaseth the great sequestered man to be facetious. But if you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his 'allegory' deter you from his acquaintance, for great will be your loss. His allegory, itself, is but one part allegory and nine parts beauty and enjoyment; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. His forced rhymes and his sentences, written to fill up, which in a less poet would be intolerable, are accompanied with such endless grace and dreaming pleasure fit to

[' Make heaven drowsy with the harmony,

that although it is to be no more expected of any to read him through at once, than to wander days and nights in a forest, thinking of nothing else, yet any true lover of poetry, when he comes to know him, would as soon quarrel with repose on the summer grass. You may get up and go away, but will return next day at noon to listen to his waterfalls, and to see, 'with half shut eye,' his visions of knights and nymphs, his gods and goddesses, whom he brought down again to earth in immortal beauty."

We have next a long "Gallery of Pictures from Spenser," where he is considered as the "Poet of the Painters:"—

"I think," says Mr. Hunt, "that if he had not been a great poet, he would have been a great painter, and in that case there is ground for believing that England would have possessed, and in the person of one man, her Claude, her Annibal Carracci, her Correggio, her Titian, her Rembrandt, perhaps even her Raphael. I suspect that if Spenser's history were better known, we should find that he was a passionate student of pictures, a haunter of the collections of his friends, Essex and Leicester. In speaking of a Leda, he says, bursting into an admiration of the imaginary painter—

*'The wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man
That her in daffodillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.'*

"And then he proceeds with a description, full of life and beauty, but more proper to be read with the context, than brought forward separately. The coloring implied in these lines is in the very core of the secret of that branch of the art; and the unpainted part of the tapestry is described with hardly less beauty—

*'For round about, the walls 'y clothed were,
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye,
Yet here, and there, and every where, un-
aware,
It showed itself, and shone unwittingly,*

*Like to a discolored snake whose hidden snares,
Through the green grass his long bright burnished
back declares.'*

"In corroboration of the delight which Spenser took in this more visible kind of poetry, it is observable that he is never more free from his superfluities than when painting a picture. When he gets into a moral, or intellectual, or narrative view, we might often spare him a good deal of the flow of it; but on occasions of sheer poetry and painting, he is too happy to wander so much from his point. If he is tempted to expatiate, every word is to the purpose. Poetry and painting, indeed, would in Spenser be identical, if they could be so; and they are more so, too, than it has latterly been the fashion to allow; for painting does not deal in the purely visible—it deals also in the suggestive and the allusive, therefore, in thoughts beyond the visible proof of the canvass; in imitations of sound, in references to past and future. Still the medium is a visible one, and is at the mercy of the spectator's amount of comprehension."

"The great privilege of the poet is that, using the medium of speech, he can make his readers poets; can make them aware and possessed of what he intends, enlarging their comprehension by his details, or enlightening it by a word. A painter might have the same feeling as Shakspeare respecting the moonlight "sleeping" on a bank; but how is he to evince it? He may go through a train of the profoundest thoughts in his own mind; but into what voluminous fairy circle is he to compress them? Poetry can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister art requires the help of canvass to render a few of her powers visible. This, however, is what every body knows. Not so that Spenser emulated the Raphaels and Titians in a profusion of pictures, many of which are here taken from their walls. They give the Poets' Poet a claim to a new title—that of Poet of the Painters. I have attached to each of the pictures in this Spenser Gallery the name of the painter of whose genius it reminded me; and I think the connoisseur will allow that the assignment was easy, and that the painter poet's range of art is equally wide and wonderful."

We must content ourselves with a single example, before we take leave of "Imagination and Fancy."

"An Angel with a Pilgrim and a Fainting Knight. Character—Active Superhuman Beauty, with the finest coloring and contrast. Painter—Titian."

*'During the while that Guzon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer whom whilere
That wanton maid of passage had denied
By further search had passage found elsewhere;*

And being on his way approached near,
While Guzon lay in trance: when suddenly
He heard a voice that called loud and clear,
"Come hither, hither!—O come hastily,"
That all the fields resounded with the rueful cry.

"The palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
To meet who called so importunedly;—
Again he heard a more enforced voice,
That bade him come in haste. He by-and-bye
His feeble feet directed to the cry,
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon erst did sun his treasury;
There the good Guzon he found slumbering fast,
In senseless dream, which sight at first him
sore aghast.

"Beside his head there sat a fair young man
Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest years,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers
His snowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like Phœbus' face adorned with sunny rays,
Divinely shone; and two sharp winged spears
Docked with diverse plumes like painted jays,
Were fixed at his back, to cut his airy ways.

"Beside his head," &c.—"The superhuman beauty of this angel should be Raphael's; yet the picture as a whole, demands Titian; and the painter of Bacchus was not incapable of the most imaginative exaltation of countenance. As to the angel's body, no one could have painted it like him—nor the beautiful jay's wings; not to mention the contrast between the pilgrim's weeds and the knight's armor. See a picture of Venus blinding Cupid, beautifully engraved, by Sir Robert Strange, in which the Cupid has variegated wings."

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The *Journal des Debats* has the following:—"Vesuvius which, last year, kept our spring and summer nights bright with its harmless fires, presents, at this moment, a singularity which attracts the curious in great numbers. The corrosive action of its fire and the fury of its explosions had, our readers know, hollowed out the crater, so as to give it, to a spectator placed on its extreme edge, the appearance of a reversed cone, out of whose centre rose the burning eminence. Incessant eruptions, however, depositing their residuum around this column, have so far filled up the vast basin with accumulated lava, that there will soon be no trace of the ancient void. It will be still more curious, should this cone continue to rise and extend, to see Vesuvius, some fine morning, wearing that hat of her former days, which in the course of the last century, was flung into the air, to the great terror of our fathers."—*Athenæum*.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Exploration du Territoire de l'Orégon, des Californies, et de la Mer Vermeille, exécutée pendant les Années 1840, 1841, et 1842.* Par M. DUFLLOT DE MOFRAS, Attaché à Légation de France à Mexico, &c. 2 Tom. Paris: 1844.
2. *The History of Oregon and California.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, Librarian to the Department of State of the United States. London: 1844.
3. *The Oregon Question, &c.* By THOMAS FALCONER, Esq. London: 1845.
4. *History of the Oregon Territory, and British North American Fur Trade.* By John Dunn, late of the Hudson's Bay Company. London: 1844.

RUNNING almost due north and south, at an average distance of about 500 miles from the waters of the Pacific, a ridge of lofty mountains may be traced on the map of the New World. To the north, this savage ridge fades off into the inhospitable plains that skirt the Mackenzie River, to the margin of the Arctic Sea; to the south, it is continued into another climate, to cast its shadows over more luxuriant scenes, by that chain which is known amongst geographers as the Mexican Alps; the whole line constituting, according to Humboldt, under various denominations, the course of the mighty Andes, which, from one extremity of the continent to another, from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle, extends over a distance of 10,000 miles.

This ridge is called the Rock Mountains. Its desolate peaks vary considerably in height from 10,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its arid steeps and dismal gorges present no variety of surface, except where accumulated snow lies frost-locked in its sightless depths, or where a gigantic forest climbs the face of the precipice, or some rare nook in the recesses of the stony hills, instead of being a quarry, as it ought to be, is pranked out by the capricious hand of nature with wild and scanty pasturage. This grim barrier limits the British Canadian possessions on the west down to nearly the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and then forms the north-western, as it is the natural frontier in that direction of the United States. A desert plain stretches from its base to the south-east, and beyond that plain lies the great world

of American settlement—explorers, hunters, squatters, trappers, trappers, Lynchers, and bowie-knife men. With that side of the mountains we have nothing to do. Our present business lies on the other side.

The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—or rather that portion of it which is bounded south and north by California and Russian America—is called the Oregon Territory. A glance at the map will enable the reader to fix its limits at once, for they are so intelligibly indicated by unerring landmarks, as not to be mistaken. With the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Ocean on the west, a chain of lakes, rivers, and rocks on the north, and the grisly Klamet hills, and the sandy plains and salt springs of California on the south, there is no difficulty in ascertaining the natural outline of the Oregon Territory. Differences of opinion exist as to the political boundaries; the American government is for extending them, the British for contracting them. But these differences are apart from the great question at issue, as to the right of either over any, and what portion of this disputed country, whose political geography is so dubious.

The character of a region, thus hemmed in and scarred in every direction by great mountains, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted all over by lakes and swamps, cannot be supposed to be especially favorable to vegetation. Within a hundred miles of the sea, and parallel with the Rocky Mountains, rises another enormous chain of mountains, bearing evident marks of volcanic action at a remote period. The Americans have appropriated the cap of nearly every peak of this stupendous range to their own glorification, and christened them after the names of their presidents—so that Tyler has his cap, and Harrison has his cap, and even Van Buren has his cap, without waiting for the settlement of the right by which alone any of these worthies will be suffered to wear their caps in the presence of posterity. No doubt Mr. Polk will come in for a peak of his own in the course of time, and nobody has so good a claim, seeing, that of all the American presidents, he is the only one who has ventured to assert that the region belongs to America, in the teeth of a treaty which, at least, leaves that question open by the common consent of both countries. The name assigned by Humboldt to this range, is that

of the Californian Maritime Alps. The space westward to the sea is the most fertile on the whole surface, with the exception of a broad and tolerably rich plain to the south of the Columbia river. All the rest is rank or barren—vast forlorn steppes, hopeless jungle, marsh, lake, sterile rocks, and aboriginal woods. Here and there may be found patches of practicable soil, but nothing grows in them except by dint of incredible labor; and when wheat and potatoes require to be forced with the care and outlay of the daintiest hot-house fruit, it is not difficult to anticipate the issue of agricultural experiments in such districts. The Hudson's Bay Company have a few small farms on the banks of the rivers, which serve the local purpose for which they were undertaken, sustaining the few settlers who, from one cause or another, have clustered round the fur stations; but agricultural speculations on a large scale can never be undertaken in that major section of the territory which is shut up between the Rocky Mountains and the Maritime Alps.

Indeed, the only places in the interior which present any temptations to the agricultural experimentalist, are those which lie on the banks of the rivers, especially the great Columbia river, the principal stream in Oregon. The Columbia rises in the Rocky Mountains, pursues a vagrant and sinuous course to the sea, is occasionally expanded into a line of lakes, by the accession of numerous tributary waters, and frequently broken in its downward race by rapids, falls, and eddies. In the intervals of these obstructions, it is available only to boats and canoes; but vessels of twelve feet draft may sail up 120 miles from the embouchure, where they are stopped by rapids. Beyond the rapids there is a still water navigation of about forty miles; above that point, the river is accessible only to the boats or canoes of the country.

But, although the Oregon Territory is not very seductive to the agriculturist, it has some natural advantages of a commercial kind. It abounds in valuable timber—ash, cedar, arbor-vitæ; its rivers and bays swarm with fish—salmon, sturgeon, cod, herring; whales and sea otters sport along its coasts; and the interior is inconveniently populated with antelopes, elks, wolves, rats, and buffaloes. Out of all this live stock a brisk trade could be got up in a variety of articles, which in course of time might furnish materials for the establish-

ment of a respectable tariff between Oregon and most parts of the Pacific. But as yet few people seem to consider the speculation a safe one. Not a single independent British settler has struck his spade in the earth, warned off partly, perhaps, by those prudential considerations which always hover round disputed titles, and partly by the exclusive privileges guaranteed by act of Parliament to the Hudson's Bay Company, who possess complete jurisdiction over the whole of the territory claimed by the British government. The only stray individuals who have ventured into Oregon, with a view to colonize on their own account, are Americans. We hear of caravans of these adventurous people—whose lives seem to be of as little value as their bonds—setting out for the Rocky Mountains, and making their way by the help of canoes, hatchets and horses, into the savage defiles. But even the American historians who record these exploits, confess that they have never heard what became of their heroic countrymen. Upwards of a thousand emigrants went off in this way from the United States in the years 1842 and 1843, and more have gone since, and more, we believe, are still going, in defiance of all perils by land, water, and treaty; and all that is known about them is, that a few families are squatted somewhere on farms so small and miserable, that the only wonder is that they should still survive as a warning and example to the rest of their compatriots. The American passion for going a-head, and keeping in perpetual motion, so curiously exemplified on quarter-day in the large towns, by wagon-loads of flitting furniture, is exhibited in its last agony by this desperate emigration beyond the Rocky Mountains. The journey itself—which we shall presently take an opportunity of touching upon—is replete with hardships and dangers; its successful accomplishment is extremely improbable; and its results, when accomplished, are for the most part such as, instead of drawing men from their homesteads, would deter any other human beings except the restless and reckless race that rove about the United States. They have not even the excuse for expatriation which is furnished by over-populated soils; for the population of the United States, replenished as it is every day by draughts from all other parts of the habitable globe, is insufficient for the daily necessities of the country. Nor have they the plausible pretence of bettering their condi-

tion; for it requires, in Oregon, the labor of three men to effect the same quantity of profit that is produced in the United States by the labor of one. Nor have they the higher plea of desiring to render available to the commonwealth this immense tract of territory, by carrying into it their arts and their patriotism; for Oregon, to whomsoever it may be ceded in the long run, certainly does not belong to the United States yet, and never may belong to them. So that this daring movement is unsustained by a single prudential consideration, is opposed, on the contrary, to every argument of policy or expediency, and must be referred to that inexplicable love of change and contempt for consequences by which Brother Jonathan is pre-eminently distinguished in all the affairs, great and small, in which he is engaged.

As we have alluded to the difficulties of the journey over the continent, and across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory, it may be as well to show what they are. The expedition of Lewis and Clarke, undertaken at the instance of the American government, in 1804, may be selected as the most favorable illustration, because it was carried out under the sanction of advantages which no private party of emigrants could, under any possible circumstances, be supposed to possess.

The party consisted of forty-four men, who embarked in three boats on the Missouri, in the month of May, well supplied with all resources necessary for the journey. They worked slowly and laboriously against the mighty current until the month of October, when finding themselves no farther advanced than the country of the Mandan Indians, they disembarked to winter on the shore, further progress at that season of the year being impracticable. Here they were compelled to remain until the following April, when they resumed the ascent of the river with thirty men, having sent the others back, for reasons which it is unnecessary to investigate. At the end of three weeks they reached the junction of the Yellow Stone, and towards the middle of June were arrested by the falls of the Missouri, a series of stupendous cataracts which extend over a distance of ten miles. At this point their boats became useless to them, and making for the water above the falls, they embarked in canoes hollowed from the trunks of the cotton-wood trees that grow on the banks of the river. On the 19th of July they reached the gates of the Rocky

Mountains, where the Missouri narrows itself into a dark and rapid channel between perpendicular rocks, rising 1200 feet above its surface. They had now been out fourteen months, and had only gained the entrance to the mountains, where the most formidable difficulties of the journey really began.

The passage of the Rocky Mountains occupied them three weeks. Their sufferings and privations were of a kind to appal the stoutest nerves. The anguish of a fatiguing and apparently hopeless expedition through the dreary gorges, and over the fearful heights, crossing streams which they dared not venture to navigate, and pursuing tracks which they were constantly obliged to abandon, was enhanced by the extreme severity of the cold and the want of provisions. Before they had entered upon this passage they had buried their goods and canoes in pits, and they must have perished in these frightful solitudes but for some horses and guides which they were lucky enough to procure from a party of Shoshonee Indians. From July to October they were unable to find a stream upon which it was considered safe to intrust themselves, subsisting the whole way upon a scanty and precarious supply of berries, dried fish, and the carcasses of dogs and horses. At last, in the beginning of October, they embarked upon the Kootenai river, for which they constructed five canoes, and at last reached the Columbia. The passage down the Columbia was sufficiently dangerous, but having, by an infinite variety of stratagems, and at a cost of toil and endurance which cannot be very easily estimated at a distance, succeeded in evading the perils of the falls and rapids, they finally made the mouth of the river on the 15th of November, 1805. The whole journey consequently occupied eighteen months.

From this bare outline, dropping out all those startling incidents and shuddering details which constitute the actual terrors of such an undertaking, some slight notion may be formed of the risks which the Americans have to encounter, and of the contingencies which render it unlikely in the last degree that they shall ever be able to conduct the stream of emigration in that direction with the remotest chance of success. Several routes have been subsequently attempted, but with no better results. They differ from each other only in the privations to which the adventurers

were exposed; and the difficulties are, in fact, so overwhelming as to justify this conclusion—that no highway can ever be established between the United States and Oregon for the overland conveyance of emigrants. 'None but the wild and free trappers,' says Mr. Dunn, 'who know the country well, can clamber over these precipices, and tread these deserts with security; and even these are quitting them as haunts, and now using them only as unavoidable tracks.' For hundreds of miles the tracks are barren under foot, with scorching heat or piercing cold over head. The country west of the Rocky Mountains is described by the same competent authority as being broken up with towering cliffs, deep ravines, and sunken streams, from which the traveller cannot draw a drop of water to allay his raging thirst; and the soil is either so sandy, that he sinks into it at every step, or formed of such sharp and rugged stones, that it lacerates his feet. Fruit there is none—except berries, which are scarce, penurious, and not always safe. Farnham tells us that his party were at last obliged to kill their favorite dog, and economize his flesh; and that during eight days' journey he did not meet a solitary acre of land capable of producing vegetation of any kind. Townsend, an American traveller, gives even a still more dreadful picture of the miseries of the journey. Intense thirst is one of the inflictions, produced by the naked heat of the sun upon the exposed surface, and the consequent desiccation to which every thing is subject. 'The air,' he says, 'feels like the breath of a sirocco; the tongue becomes parched and horny; and the eyes, mouth, and nose, are incessantly assailed by the fine pulverized lava, which rises from the ground with the least breath of air. Bullets, pebbles of chalcedony, and pieces of smooth obsidian, were in great requisition; almost every man was mumbly some of these substances to assuage his burning thirst.' They have recourse to leaden bullets and other substances for the purpose of producing saliva, which they swallow to prevent inflammation and death.

Such are the terrors of the passage from the United States into the Oregon Territory; terrors so repulsive that they seem as if nature had for ever prohibited the two regions from holding free intercourse with each other. On the other hand, if any political or international value can be reasonably at-

tached to proximity of position, and comparative facility of access, the short and easy transit which we can command from the remotest point of our Canadian possessions to the shores of the Pacific, invests us with geographical advantages, which it would be impolitic, not to say hopeless, to contest. Whatever becomes of Oregon, the English, who hold so vast a stretch of country due east of the mountains, and who have long wielded direct sway over the disputed territory itself, through the numerous locations of the Hudson's Bay Company, must always exercise an inevitable influence over its destinies. If Oregon were ceded to the United States tomorrow, British influence must still predominate from the source of the Columbia to the sea; a state of things which so far from producing any practical benefits to the Union, would be attended by disastrous consequences, sooner or later. Confident as the citizens of the 'model republic' may be of the solidity of their institutions, there is nothing more certain than this, that the moment they embark in any project of aggrandizement likely to create jealousy amongst other powers, or to precipitate serious divisions of opinion at home, they strike a vital blow at their independence. And of all conceivable designs that of embroiling themselves with Canada would be the most unfortunate; for, whatever foolish calculations they may raise upon the discontent of the *habitans*, now rapidly vanishing before the wise measures of a paternal administration, they may be assured that there is no part of the globe where their intrusion or interference would be met with a more determined resistance. There are certain gloomy memories haunting the borders of Maine which it would be a deplorable mistake to revive; nor can that people who invaded Florida with bloodhounds, and banished the aborigines from their hunting-grounds across the Mississippi, expect a much better reception from the Indians of British America. All parties in Canada, however they may differ on other subjects, are unanimous about Uncle Sam.

Lewis and Clarke, as we have seen, were eighteen months on their journey. The passage from Montreal to Fort George can be made on ordinary occasions in less than one fourth of that time; and, where expedition is necessary, in less than a sixth. The fact is sufficiently notorious to every body acquainted with the country: but we prefer stating it explicitly on the authority

of M. Mofras, because that gentleman displays such miserable animosity against England in his useless volumes on Oregon and California, that his evidence must be allowed on all hands to be quite unexceptionable when it can be cited in favor of the accidental superiority of our activity or our position.

"The entire distance," says M. Mofras, "from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean, at the embouchure of the Columbia, is exactly 1800 leagues, and the journey occupies four months and a half. During this period they are obliged to travel on horseback seventy-five leagues, or about thirteen days; the remainder is done by boats. We have not calculated the days necessarily devoted to repose, or business, at the different stations; and the delays are sometimes so long that a party which leaves Montreal in the beginning of May, probably may not reach Fort Vancouver till the following October; they return towards the end of March, and arrive at Montreal about the close of September. But it ought to be remarked that on such occasions the caravan is generally composed of sixty or eighty persons, and ten or twelve canoes, frequently carrying baggage or merchandize. If they travel unencumbered, like Governor Simpson, or the couriers that are despatched from time to time by the company, they can make the distance from the Columbia to the St. Lawrence in less than three months."

There can be no doubt on which side lies the greater facility of access to the mountain-bound territory of Oregon.

The consequence is, that nearly the whole civilized population consists of the servants and settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. M. Mofras says, that there are about 200 Americans grouped upon the river Ouallamet; he estimates the servants in the immediate employment of the company at 100 more (calculated by Mr. Greenhow at 400), and the French Canadians at 3000. This division of the population is clearly incorrect, if it be intended to imply that these French Canadians are independent settlers; but the actual numbers, on the whole, are probably accurate enough. The remaining population is composed of native Indians, scattered over the face of the country. It is nearly impossible to ascertain their numbers. They were formerly very numerous, but successive visitations of small pox, fever, and ague, have swept them away so rapidly that they are now reduced to a mere remnant. Mr. Greenhow says, that the whole of the native tribes, and all other persons inhabiting Oregon, together, do not exceed

20,000. We are inclined to regard this statement as in excess; but we have no means of approximating more closely to the fact. There is no doubt, however, that some of the Indian tribes are extinct, and the rest not likely, under the influence of white civilization, to bring up their physical statistics to their ancient average.

Two rather important inferences may be drawn from these statements. First, that geographical proximity gives to British America a complete command over the Oregon Territory. Second, that the Oregon Territory is now, and has been for upwards of a century and a half, since the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose power has gone on gradually increasing, and consolidating, and acquiring a more systematized form up to the present hour, under the direct influence of the British. These facts, if they do not enter into the abstract question of right, at issue between England and the United States, form, at least, material elements in the discussion, and add considerable force to the claim on the part of Great Britain.

Let us now examine the question of right set up between the two countries, strictly confining ourselves to the historical points upon which alone it can be adjudicated. But we cannot avoid observing at the outset that the claim to the entire sovereignty over Oregon by the American government is of recent birth. Up to 1814, they were satisfied with asserting a claim to joint occupancy; up to 1827, they never asserted a right of any kind beyond the forty-ninth degree; in 1843, the president announced, to the astonishment of the world, that the whole territory belonged to America; and in 1844, a bill was actually brought into congress, 'to organize a territorial government in the Oregon Territory, and for other purposes!' This bill, which pledges the government to do that which the government cannot do without violating an existing treaty with England, comes before the senate in December next. We believe it will be thrown out, because, in the interval, all reasonable people will have time to comprehend the extent of its perfidious impracticability; but whether it be thrown out or not, it must remain for ever in evidence against the United States, as an instance of that indecent contempt of all honorable obligations, for which they have been of late years so unhappily conspicuous.

The origin of the American claim to the
Vol. V.—No IV.

Oregon Territory cannot be more precisely stated than in the words of Mr. Greenhow, the ablest of the American writers on this subject. We choose his statement, because it relieves us from all suspicion of misrepresentation, and enables us to avoid the possibility of unconsciously coloring the facts by any inadvertent expression of our own feelings and convictions. After having informed his readers that the 'discovery' of the Columbia river by Gray, an American, was not made known until 1798, by the publication of Vancouver's narrative, and that no one then, or for many years afterwards, thought the river, or any thing connected with it, could ever become interesting to the United States, he proceeds to lay down the actual limits of the States at that period.

"The territories of the United States were at that time (1798), all included between the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Mississippi river on the west. In the north were the British provinces; in the south lay Florida, belonging to Spain; and beyond the Mississippi the Spaniards claimed the vast region called Louisiana, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico, northward and north-westward to an indefinite extent. Thus all communication between the states of the Federal Union and the Pacific was completely cut off, by the interposition of countries possessed by foreign and unfriendly nations."

It is obvious, then, that up to 1798 the Oregon Territory never entered into the wildest dreams of the United States, and that whatever real or imaginary claims they may have upon it must have arisen since.

But at this point it will clear the inquiry of any possible perplexity on the score of prior discovery, to observe that, in 1778, before the Federal Union was called into existence, the whole coast of the Pacific was explored by Cooke up to the forty-eighth degree; that, in 1787, Berkeley and Dixon, both English navigators, explored the Strait of Fuca and Queen Charlotte's Island; that, in 1788, Lieutenant Mears surveyed the Strait of Fuca and Nootka Sound, where he established a factory, and took possession of the circumjacent country in the name of his Britannic Majesty; that in 1792, 1793, and 1794, Vancouver, who was sent out expressly by the English government, surveyed and sounded every mile of that intricate coast; that, in 1792, Broughton, Vancouver's lieutenant, explored the Columbia river, as far as 100 miles upwards, and took possession of it in the

name of his sovereign; and that, in 1793, when most of the north-west continent was unknown, M'Kenzie, an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, conceived the stupendous project of traversing the whole continent from coast to coast, and executed it with a courage and sagacity unparalleled in the history of discovery. The honor of having originally discovered the Columbia belongs to the Spaniards. Heceta, in 1775, was the first person who gazed upon its waters. All this time the whole region was a *terra incognita* to the people of the United States. They knew nothing about it all the time our navigators were exploring and surveying the coasts, and taking possession of the country. The only other nation that ever possessed a scintilla of a right to possession in those latitudes, or that ever pretended to such a right, was Spain; and the rights of Spain and England were finally declared and settled in 1790, by a treaty, called the Convention of the Escorial. The American 'discoverer' Gray, who in 1792 got into an inlet, which he presumed to be the Columbia river, was captain of a ship trading along the north-west coast. He neither discovered the river, nor explored it, nor took possession of it. It is more than certain that he never even saw it. He entered the inlet, ascended twelve miles to a bay where he was weatherbound for ten days—at a distance of sixteen miles from the entrance to the river*—and then departed upon his trading concerns, to dodge about for furs, utterly innocent of all claim to the glory of being handed down to posterity in the pages of history. Indeed, his name would never have been heard of had it not been for the generous allusion made to him by Vancouver, in his narrative published six years afterwards. Disentangling the question, therefore, of all doubts as to discovery, settlement, and possession—seeing that we had taken possession of this territory, and entered into a convention with Spain, the original discoverer, for the recognition and security of our rights, before the United States knew any thing about the Oregon Territory, or could have reached it if they had, we reduce the American claim to the simplest possible basis, which we are willing to accept in the very terms put forward by the Americans themselves.

Having shown that in 1798, and for several years afterwards, the United States not

only possessed no interest whatever in the Oregon Territory, but had no suspicion that they ever should possess any, Mr. Greenhow goes on to state when it was, and under what circumstances, they acquired the right which they have only lately asserted for the first time in full.

"The position of the United States, and of their government and people," says Mr. Greenhow, "with regard to the north-western portion of the continent, was, however, entirely changed after the 30th of April, 1803, when Louisiana, which had been ceded by Spain to France in 1800, came into their possession by purchase from the latter power. From that moment the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans; and nothing could be anticipated capable of arresting their progress in the occupation of the whole territory included between these seas."

In this passage there are two very distinct assertions: I. That, in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France; II. That the consequence of this purchase was to throw open to them the whole route to the Pacific. The first is a matter of fact, upon which we are all agreed; for there is no doubt that the United States purchased Louisiana from France. The second is a deduction from the first, and like all deductions, must depend for its validity on the soundness of the premises. If the purchase of Louisiana threw open to the Americans the territory west of the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, then Louisiana must have extended over the whole of that region. The question is—Did Louisiana occupy that extent—a space on the west of the map nearly equal to the whole of the United States on the east? Upon the answer to this question—upon the actual boundaries of the country known by the name of Louisiana in 1803—the American claim to the Oregon Territory mainly, if not altogether, depends.

If France sold to the United States any territory west of the Rocky Mountains, France must have been in possession of such territory. Now France derived her right solely from a cession previously made to her by Spain. But we have already seen that Spain possessed no such right herself, and, therefore, could not cede it to France: consequently, France could not sell any such territory to the United States. She could not sell that which she did not possess.

In order, however to ascertain clearly

* Vancouver, ii.

and circumstantially what were the original Spanish rights from whence this cession descended, it will be necessary to revert to the discovery of the Oregon Territory, and to trace the foot-prints of adventure and settlement from that time to the moment when the United States first set up this imaginary claim. Having exhausted this branch of the inquiry, we will recall the reader to the point from which we start on this unavoidable excursion in the argument.

It is necessary to observe, for the better understanding of the mere question of discovery, that the whole of the Oregon coast lies between the forty-second and fifty-fourth degrees of latitude.

In 1578, Drake discovered this coast to the forty-eighth degree—about two degrees above the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. Greenhow endeavors to discredit this fact; but his motive is too transparent, and his evasive treatment of the subject too obvious, to demand any exposure at our hands. The fact itself, however, although we hold it to be indisputable, is of no importance whatever. We can afford to make the United States a present of all the advantages we could possibly derive from it. If our right to the Oregon Territory rested upon priority, it could be established beyond all cavil. But mere discovery gives no title to possession; and as we made no settlement in Oregon for upwards of two centuries afterwards, the long interval would have been equivalent to an abandonment of the country, if during that period any other government had thought proper to appropriate the soil. But no government did so appropriate the soil; and even waiving our claim on the ground of discovery, we are prepared to assert it on the ground of settlement. We were the first settlers in Oregon—the first to assume the rights of sovereignty over the country;—more than that, we were the *only* settlers there, as we shall show presently, when the federal government purchased Louisiana from France.

Of the Spanish navigators in these waters, the first who is admitted on all hands to a place in the discussion is Juan Perez. He sailed from Mexico in 1774, and the first land he saw was in the 54th parallel of latitude. But he could not land, and sailing to the southward was driven out to sea. He again made land in latitude 47° 47', and coasted home, having literally made no observations whatever. This expedition was considered to be so disgraceful a fail-

ure, that the Spanish government suppressed the account of it; and even Mr. Greenhow, in his hesitating way, allows that the discovery of Nootka Sound 'is now, by general consent, assigned to Captain Cook.'

In 1766, another expedition of two vessels was fitted up under the command of Bruno Heceta, and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, who succeeded to the command of the second vessel after they had put out to sea. It is unnecessary to detail the vicissitudes of a voyage in which the commander, says Mr. Greenhow, 'certainly acquired no laurels.' The highest point made was the fifty-eighth degree of latitude; and having examined the coast now belonging to Russia, they returned to the south, discovering the mouth of the Columbia river on their way—the single incident that gives historical interest to the expedition.

In 1778, Cooke, as we have stated, explored the whole coast of the Pacific, up to the forty-eighth degree, followed at intervals by Berkeley and Dixon, by Mears, Vancouver, and Broughton;—Mears and Broughton, the former at Nootka Sound in the north, the latter on the Columbia river in the south, taking formal possession of the territory in the name of the sovereign of England.

All this time the Spaniards never made any settlement higher than Cape Mendocino, lat. 49° 29' N. Their exploring expeditions, even had they been attended by any important discoveries, were not followed up by any attempts at settlement, or any declaration of sovereignty. They abandoned the country after the voyages of Perez and Heceta, just as we abandoned it after the voyage of Drake. They neither occupied the country, nor annexed it to their territories, nor took formal possession of it. They left it open to the settlements of other governments—a waste which it was competent for any foreign power to enter and occupy. 'It is a clear and admitted fact,' says Mr. Falconer, in his close and conclusive argument on this point, 'that the government of Spain never made any settlement north of Cape Mendocino. The whole coast for upwards of twenty-five degrees north of this cape was waste, unsettled, and unoccupied. Throughout the whole distance there was no person authorized to execute authority on the part of Spain, or any other power, at any single point.' In the meanwhile, we had taken possession of the country in a formal and

legal manner—and we were the only power that did take formal and legal possession of Oregon.

So far as any American title is pretended to be founded upon Gray's 'discovery' of the Columbia river, in 1792, it may be well to say a few words. In the first place, Gray did not discover the Columbia. It was discovered by Heceta nearly thirty years before. In the second place, Gray was not invested with any official authority whatever, and could not take possession in the name of his government. In the third place, he did not take, or pretend to take, possession. In the fourth place, no title can be founded upon Gray's discovery or possession, without repudiating at once all right on the part of Spain; for if Spain had such right, Gray could not have interfered with it without committing an act of invasion; and it is upon the integrity of the Spanish right that the validity of the French title, purchased by the United States, exclusively reposes. Gray, therefore, in whatever point of view he may be regarded, must be put out of court altogether. The Americans cannot claim through Gray and through Spain at the same time.

The fact of having taken formal and official possession of a country unoccupied and unclaimed by other powers, has always been recognized as a legal title to its sovereignty. Mere discovery gives no such title, unless discovery be followed up by settlement; nor does settlement itself give such title, unless it be carried out under the sanction of government. Private individuals cannot form colonies and set up laws for themselves; they must have the consent and authority of their natural sovereign. 'By the laws of England,' observes Mr. Falconer, 'the crown possesses absolute authority to extend its sovereignty; it can send its diplomatist to treat for, its soldier to conquer, its sailor to settle new countries. This it can do independently of parliament; and no act of the ordinary legislature is needed to establish English law and authority in such countries.' The same absolute power is vested in all other sovereignties. But in the United States the president has no such authority; there must be a distinct act of legislation to legalize such a proceeding. Such an act is now before congress; but, up to this hour, no act of that nature has ever been legalized by the legislature of the United States in reference to the Oregon Territory. On the other

hand, England, upwards of half a century since, complied with all the legal and solemn conditions by which new territories are annexed to the dominions of the crown. An authorized representative of the sovereign entered the Oregon Territory—then unoccupied and free to the whole world—and with the usual ceremonial formality took possession of it in the name of Great Britain. From that moment Oregon was as completely a dependency of the crown as any spot within the girth of our colonial possessions.

The sum of these details may be thus stated, as far as they respect the title of Spain to any rights of sovereignty over Oregon (and it must be borne in mind that Spain and England were the only countries pretending to such a title):—That Spain never made any settlement in the country; never in any way occupied the country above Cape Mendocino; never took legal possession of the country; and never, in short, performed any act by which it could acquire any right to cede to France a single acre of ground within the territory. Let us now see how this state of things was affected by the Convention of the Escorial.

The immediate circumstances which led to the convention were these:—The government of Spain learning that both the Russians and the English were very busy forming settlements and carrying on traffic on the north-west coast, despatched some vessels on a sort of commission of inquiry to ascertain the facts.* In the course of

* Spain, it seems, founded her title to exclusive sovereignty over these regions, and, consequently, her right to send out this expedition of inquiry upon these grounds; the specification of which, being all equally invalid, would only needlessly interrupt the historical statement of facts. These grounds were: 1. A papal concession in 1492; 2. The discovery of the coast; 3. The contiguity of the Oregon Territory to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico. 1. The liberality of the pope, in giving away a great number of kingdoms that were not his own (including, as a scoffing writer has it, even the kingdom of heaven), was one of the foolish frauds which even they who hoped to reap benefit from them were never hardy enough to maintain in the face of other nations. This ground was obviously so absurd, that Spain had too much good sense to put it forward. 2. Granting to Spain her full claim to the merits of discovery, it has been already shown that discovery alone constitutes no title to sovereignty. 3. Contiguity of territory offers about as reasonable a pretext for exercising sovereign rights over a country as the accident of living next door to an empty house would justify a man in taking possession of the premises. We hear that contiguity of territory is one of the arguments employed by

the events that followed, certain vessels belonging to Mears, who had previously established himself at Nootka Sound, were entrapped and seized by the Spaniards, whose conduct throughout these transactions (without touching the question of right one way or the other) is universally admitted to have been base and treacherous. We need not detain the reader by entering upon the details, but will reduce the case at once to the simple point into which this outrage was finally narrowed, in the subsequent negotiations between the two countries.

Mears having brought the affair under the consideration of the British government, restitution and satisfaction were instantly demanded of the Court of Spain, to which demand an answer was given, that the Viceroy of Mexico had already restored the captured vessels and liberated the crews, on the supposition, however, that their owners were ignorant of the exclusive rights of Spain. This answer, accompanied by a direct claim to the sovereignty of the country, was held to be so unwarrantable, that it was at once met by a message to parliament, asking for supplies to enable his majesty to vindicate the rights of his subjects to 'a free and uninterrupted navigation, commerce, and fishery, and to the possession of such establishments as they should form' on the coast. The supplies were granted with enthusiasm; and preparations for war were immediately set on foot; so clearly did the British government comprehend their rights, and so determined were they to enforce them. On the same day a note was addressed to the Spanish ambassador in London, in which his majesty declared that 'he would take the most effectual pacific measures to prevent his subjects from trespassing on the just and acknowledged rights of Spain; but that he could not accede to the *pretensions* of absolute sovereignty, commerce, and navigation, which appeared to be the principal object of the last note from the Spanish ambassador.' Nothing could be more explicit on both sides. The Spanish government claimed the right of exclusive sovereignty over the country; the English government denied that they possessed any such right, showing at the same time that they regarded their own title to be so clear, that they actually expended 3,000,000*l.* sterling in active preparations to maintain and establish its validity. The English the United States in favor of their claims—an argument which, were it worth any thing, is altogether on our side, as we have shown.

government would certainly never have incurred so enormous an expenditure, if they had not fully recognized the proceedings of Mears in taking possession of the country.

Spain, however, did not see fit to push her claim to extremities. She argued the case with a downward sophistry, abandoning her high position step by step, and gradually begging the question by observing, that 'although Spain may *not* have establishments or colonies planted on the coasts or in the ports in dispute, it does not follow that such coast or port does not belong to her.' To which the British government contented itself by simply re-asserting the 'indisputable right' of British subjects to free navigation, commerce and fishery, and to the possession of any establishments they might form with the consent of the natives of the country, not previously occupied by any European nation. Spain herself admitted in these negotiations that she had never *occupied* the country, so that, according to every received principle of law and justice, her claim fell to the ground.

The attitude taken by England was not to be misunderstood; and the demands of Spain at last shrunk into a treaty. This was the Convention of the Escorial, which in America goes rather significantly by the name of the Nootka Treaty, seeing that it restored and recognized in full the rights of the English in that quarter. By this convention it was stipulated that all the buildings and tracts of land on the north-west coast, of which British subjects were dispossessed, should be restored; that just reparations should be made for all acts of hostility; that both parties should have free right to navigate in the Pacific Ocean or the South Seas, or to carry on commerce or establish settlements in places not already occupied, and that the subjects of both powers should have access to any settlements subsequently formed by either. This arrangement distinctly reinstated the British settlers in the places they had previously occupied, and threw open to both powers the right of settling in all places then unoccupied. After this convention, Spain had undoubtedly as good a right to form settlements in Oregon as we had. The effect of the convention was distinctly and unequivocally to annul or forego all previous claims to sovereignty over the country on both sides, and to treat the territory as an open waste, upon which either party was at liberty to form any settlements it might think

proper, provided they did not interfere with any settlements already formed, there being at the time but two in existence, those of the English at Nootka Sound, and at Port Cox, about sixteen leagues to the southward, which this very treaty expressly recognized.

What followed upon this convention? The English government immediately proceeded to carry out their intentions in conformity with that official interpretation of the treaty which was accepted by both governments, and sent out Vancouver, in 1792, to take possession of the restored settlements, and to ascertain what parts of the coast were unoccupied. At Nootka he was formally put in possession of the buildings and lands belonging to the English, and having surveyed the coast from 39° 20' south latitude to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and finding it all unoccupied, he took possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, under the right accorded and guaranteed by the express stipulations of the convention. By this legal and official act, the country was annexed to the British crown for ever. The act was notified to the whole world; it was published under the sanction of government in Vancouver's narrative; every body knew it; nobody disputed it. If Spain regarded this act or declaration of sovereignty as an infringement of her rights, she would have remonstrated or protested. But she did neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, from that hour she abandoned the shores of the north-western region; and has never appeared upon them since. It seems rather unreasonable, then, that if Spain never afterwards asserted any right of territory in Oregon, America should claim such right as emanating from Spain, by virtue of a subsequent transaction.

Under the Nootka treaty, Spain, had she been in time, and had she thought proper to do so, might have taken possession of all the unoccupied land; and if she had, we must have allowed the legality of her title. But she not only did not avail herself of the opportunity, but does not appear to have contemplated such a measure. In fact, she never at any period formed a settlement in Oregon, as was frankly admitted in the diplomatic notes which passed between the courts of Madrid and London on the occasion of these negotiations. She had enough to do in New Mexico.

From this review of the actual events which determined in the British crown all rights of sovereignty in the Oregon Terri-

tory, it will be seen that the claims of Spain, whatever they might have been before, were now finally set aside. This recalls us to the point which, for the first time, introduces the United States into the discussion—the sale of Louisiana by the French as it was ceded by the Spaniards. As Spain had no possessions in Oregon, she clearly could not have included in her cession to France any portion of that region. The question then is, what district of country did she cede to France under the name of Louisiana?

It is much more easy to answer this question in the negative than in the affirmative. We can much more readily decide what was *not* Louisiana, than determine what was understood to be included under that designation. The Americans themselves never had any clear notion of that district; they very candidly avow that its boundaries were indefinite from the earliest period; and the Spaniards, who protested against the sale to the United States, as being a violation of subsisting engagements on the part of France, and who were well disposed to dispute the entrance of the Americans, declared that France had no right to a foot of territory west of the Mississippi. In this dilemma we are thrown upon a complicated tissue of treaties, to trace amongst them, as well as we can, what were the real or supposititious limits of Louisiana. One thing alone is certain, that they could not, by any political or geographical stratagem, be strained across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory.

The confusion respecting these boundaries is perfectly bewildering. Louisiana was originally a French colony. It was settled by a charter of Louis XIV., which charter left its eastern and western frontiers to the imagination of the settlers. The Sieur Crozat, to whom this ambiguous charter was granted in 1712, was glad to give it up in 1717. Probably, he was afraid of committing involuntary trespasses on the property of others. The Illinois country was then annexed to it, the Illinois country itself being in a similar condition of doubt. This, of course, only increased the perplexity. Louisiana, thus rendered more difficult of definition than ever, was made over by royal decree, to Law's Mississippi Company, who escaped from their vague responsibility in 1732. The onus of this boundless province then reverted to the crown of France, and the

said crown, in 1762, got rid of it by cession to the crown of Spain. But Spain seems to have been as uneasy under the obligation as France, and ceded it back again in 1800. The sly terms of these cessions and retrocessions are distinguished by a spirit of evasive finesse worthy of the palmiest days of the French and Spanish comedy. It would puzzle a conjuror to discover from these documents what country it was that was thus ceded and retroceded. France gave to Spain 'all that country known under the name of Louisiana,' and Spain gave back to France this same Louisiana, taking care to guard against accidents by adding 'with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it.' The conscientious caution of the Spaniard cannot be too highly commended. In this condition France sold the unmaped Louisiana, to the United States for 15,000,000 dollars; and the United States are now trying to make the most of their bargain. Finding that the limits of the country were never laid down they are endeavoring to persuade the world that it had no limits but the ocean.

The way in which Mr. Greenhow speaks of Louisiana forms a suggestive commentary on this curious dilemma. He says, that from the time when Louisiana was ceded to Spain, until it 'came into the possession of the United States, its extent and limits were not defined.' This is tolerably decisive of the difficulty America has yet to encounter in the attempt to prove that it extended to the Pacific, seeing, on the confession of the Americans themselves, that its extent was not defined. But this is nothing in comparison with the admissions made in the following remarkable passage, which, if there be any meaning at all to be wrung from the English language, when it is employed by American historians, sets the question at rest for ever.

"How far Louisiana extended westward, when it was ceded by France to Spain, history offers no means of determining. The charter granted to Crozat, in 1712, included only the territories drained by the Mississippi south of the Illinois country; and, though the Illinois was annexed to Louisiana in 1717, nothing can be found showing what territories were comprehended under that general appellation. In the old French maps, New France is represented as extending across the Continent to the Pacific; in British maps, of the same period, a large portion of the territory thus assigned to New France, appears as New Eng-

land, or as Virginia; while the Spanish geographers claimed the same portion for their sovereign, under the names of New Mexico and California. *While Louisiana remained in the possession of Spain, it was certainly never considered as embracing New Mexico or California; though whether it was so considered or not, is immaterial to the question as to its western limits in 1803, which were, by the treaty, to be the same as in 1762. In the absence of all light on the subject from history, we are forced to regard the boundaries indicated by nature—namely, the highlands separating the waters of the Mississippi from those flowing into the Pacific or the Californian Gulf—as the true western boundaries of the Louisiana ceded to the United States by France in 1803.*"

The completeness of this admission—that the western boundary of Louisiana was the chain of the Rocky Mountains, and that, consequently, America acquired no rights by her purchase beyond that boundary—is final. But we must not, therefore, pass over in silence the spirit of subterfuge that runs through this very disingenuous passage. Notwithstanding that Mr. Greenhow is thoroughly convinced that Louisiana never could, in the nature of things, have extended beyond the mountains, and, indeed, does not hesitate, at last, to say so, he tries to insinuate, that in 1762 it *might* have extended to the Pacific. Mr. Greenhow knows perfectly well that New Mexico, or California, never belonged to France, and, therefore, could not have formed a part of the territory called Louisiana, which was ceded by France to Spain, in 1762. The question turns upon what was Louisiana in 1762, for we have seen that Spain returned it back again, precisely as she got it. Now, whatever it was, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that New Mexico could have been no portion of it; for this very reason, that in 1762, when the original cession was made, New Mexico belonged to Spain herself. The whole of the territory in that direction, west of the Rocky Mountains, was Spanish ground, adjoining this vague Louisiana, a fact which Mr. Greenhow, only two or three pages before, frankly, but perhaps unconsciously, states in very exact terms. 'That any settlement,' he observes, 'of the western boundaries of Louisiana, should have been made on the conclusion of the treaty of 1762, is not probable. It would have been superfluous, as Louisiana would certainly have joined the other territories of Spain in that direction!'

It is impossible, upon the whole of this

evidence, to make a loophole for the slightest doubt on this point—that in purchasing Louisiana from France, the United States acquired no rights beyond the base of the Rocky Mountains. President Jefferson explicitly affirms the limits in a letter written at the time of the purchase. 'The boundary,' says Jefferson, 'which I deem not admitting question, are the highlands on the western side of the Mississippi, enclosing all its waters—the Missouri of course—and terminating in the line drawn from the north-western point, from the Lake of the Woods to the nearest source of the Mississippi, as lately settled between Great Britain and the United States.' And in some negotiations which took place four years afterwards, he desired the omission of a clause which referred to the north-west territory, because it 'could have no other effect, than as an offensive intimation to Spain that the claims of the United States extend to the Pacific Ocean.' We, therefore, dismiss this branch of the subject, by restating the only conclusion consonant with the facts of history, at which any human being can arrive, after a sifting investigation of the whole question—namely, that the claim set up by the United States to a right of territory in Oregon, arising from the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, is utterly fallacious, and totally unfounded.

Recalling the reader, then, to the point from which we started, we ask what is to be thought of the integrity of the writer who, with all these facts and disproofs before him, could be capable of making the sweeping assertion already quoted, that from the moment of the purchase, 'the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans?' We have been accused of dealing severely with the poets of America (an accusation which in good time we shall notice as it deserves); but we confess we are in some doubt whether they should not be called upon to evacuate the regions of fiction and give place to the historians.

The settlement between the United States and Great Britain alluded to by President Jefferson, took place in 1783. It recognised the independence of the states and fixed their boundaries; but does not in any way affect the Oregon question, which at that time had not come into dispute.

Pursuing the subject in the order of time, we shall now proceed to state the steps that were taken by America in conse-

quence of her presumed claim, and the arrangements of every kind that have been entered into since 1803 in reference to that claim; conducting the inquiry chronologically to the present moment, so that the English reader may be put in possession of the exact state of the case as it now stands in litigation between the two countries.

In 1805, Lewis and Clarke were commissioned by President Jefferson to explore the country west of the Rocky Mountains. We have already stated that, according to the constitution of the United States, the president cannot exercise any act of sovereignty,—he cannot annex new territories to the Union. This commission, therefore, was not invested with an official character, and could not take possession of the country in the name of the American government. No title, consequently, can be raised upon this exploring expedition; nor is any such title asserted. 'Politically,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'the expedition was an announcement to the world of the intention of the American government to occupy and settle the countries explored.' 'But,' rejoins Mr. Falconer, 'such intention had already been announced to the world by the English government in a public, authentic, and legal manner, and its sovereignty over the country declared.'

In 1810, an attempt was made by a Captain Smith to found a post for trade with the Indians on the south bank of the Columbia. He built a house and laid out a garden, but the speculation was a failure, and he abandoned it before the close of the year. Mr. Falconer very properly observes, that this was the act of a private individual, and does not carry any political inference whatever.

In the same year the fur station called Astoria, rendered famous by Washington Irving's romance, was founded by a German merchant of New-York, Jacob Astor, near the mouth of the Columbia. This was simply a private trading speculation, and although it has been dragged into the Oregon question with a view to help out the American claim, we need scarcely observe that it has no political character at all. The government of the United States might as well set up pretensions to sovereign authority in England because some stray ship-broker from New-York establishes a packet-office in Liverpool, as pretend to any right over Oregon arising out of Mr. Astor's attempt to establish a fur com-

pany there. The brief history of the affair is as follows :—

Mr. Astor, whose experience in the commerce of the Pacific pointed out to him some probabilities of success in such an experiment, devised a scheme for the establishment of a Pacific Fur Company. The rivalry he principally apprehended was from the North-West Company of Montreal (which has been since amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company); and he was so impressed with the policy of conciliating the English interest that he offered one-third of the project to that company. But they prudently declined the offer.

The company, however, was formed, and although it originated with an American merchant, such was the unavoidable ascendancy of British capital and British influence, that even Mr. Greenhow admits that, 'the majority not only of the inferior servants, but also of the *partners*, were British subjects.' This majority was so decisive that a reasonable doubt arises whether Astoria was not actually an English settlement; and when, in October, 1813, it was found necessary to dissolve the partnership, the whole of the establishment and stock being then sold to the North-West Company, the immediate cause of the dissolution is directly traced by Mr. Greenhow to the fact, that the company was governed by English and not by American directors. He puts this statement into *italics* by way of marking its importance; we adopt his *italics* for the same reason. 'The Pacific Company, nevertheless,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'might, and probably would, have withstood all these difficulties [alluding to the war with England], *if the directing parties on the Columbia had been Americans, instead of being, as the greater part of them were, men unconnected with the United States by birth, citizenship, or previous residence, or family ties.*' This statement is conclusive as to the character of the settlement, and shows unequivocally, that whatever American ingredients may have been mixed up in its formation, it was to all intents and purposes amenable to British influence. It could not have been otherwise, for the Americans had never subjected Oregon to their authority. They had no official servants in the country of any class, judicial, military, or naval. Suppose any civil question had arisen during the brief existence of Astoria, to what authority could it have

been referred? If America had any rights in Oregon she must surely have had some machinery of government by which her rights could have been enforced and protected. But she never did establish any such machinery, and if the handful of Americans who were embarked in the Astoria speculation had been at any moment compelled into a civil procedure, they must of necessity have appealed to the English law, under which alone they could derive legal protection.

The failure of Astoria led, as we have stated, to the sale of the whole concern to the North-West Company in 1813, when the name of the establishment was immediately changed to that of Fort George. It was now English by purchase, and it has remained in the hands of the English ever since.

At the termination of the war, in 1814, America claimed the restoration of the post sold by the Pacific Company, as belonging to the United States, and as having been taken during the war. The answer was obvious, that it had been bought, not captured, that the territory had been taken possession of long before in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and that it had all along been considered as a part of his majesty's dominions. The discussions on this point were drawn to a close by leaving the question of title to be discussed in a future negotiation. While the main question was thus left in abeyance, the fort was restored; and the best proof that can be afforded of the slender faith placed by the Americans in their right of repossession is to be found in the significant fact, that they have never occupied the fort up to the present hour. It is now in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. It ought to be observed, also, that while we thus consented to restore the fort, we have consistently and invariably protested against the American claim to any territorial rights. Early in 1818, Lord Castlereagh, writing to the British minister at Washington, says, 'In signifying to Mr. Adams the full acquiescence of your government in the re-occupation of the *limited* position which the United States held in the Columbia at the breaking out of the war, you will, at the same time, assert the claim of Great Britain to that territory, *upon which the American settlement must be considered as an encroachment.*' The same language was subsequently employed by Lord Bathurst, and has been persevered in throughout all the

negotiations that since have taken place on the subject.

If any claim could possibly arise out of such a settlement as that of Astoria, unauthorized by any act of congress, then we are clearly entitled to set it aside on the score of priority; for, in addition to the former settlement at Nootka Sound and Port Cox, an English party, commissioned by the North-West Company, formed an establishment, in 1806, on Frazer's Lake, in the fifty-fourth degree of latitude.* These were all authentic arrangements under the sanction of the British jurisdiction, already formally proclaimed in the Columbia and up the coast many years before. America has no title, in short, on the ground of occupancy; for she has never yet occupied a yard of the country—none on the ground of discovery; for Drake, and Cooke, and Heceta, were there before her—none on the ground of exploration; for Broughton was up the Columbia first—and none on the ground of any declaration of annexation, or any act of possession; for up to this hour she has not taken one single legal step towards the assertion of a legal right of any nature whatsoever.

The next point in the progress of the debate, which was now insensibly assuming every day a more tangible shape between the two countries, was a convention ratified between Great Britain and America in 1818, by which the rights of both were submitted to a temporary suspension. A boundary line was agreed upon which should run along the forty-ninth degree of latitude, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains; and the whole of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was pronounced free to both for the term of ten years, without prejudice to the claims of either. The question of title was, consequently, still left open.

And now we arrive at the most material transaction in the history of this prolonged dispute:—a transaction upon the interpretation of which the American claim finally rests, at some cost of consistency in the variegated arguments by which it had

been hitherto maintained. The obscurity in which the transfer of Louisiana in 1803 had left the actual boundary lines of that large extent of country, rendered it necessary that some understanding should be entered into on the subject, and a declaratory treaty, known as the Florida Treaty, was accordingly concluded with Spain in 1819. By this treaty the boundaries were fixed, running on the west of the United States in an irregular line from the Sabine river to the forty-second degree of latitude, and then along that parallel west to the Pacific. A clause was inserted in the treaty by which the United States renounced all pretension to the territories west and south of this boundary, and Spain ceded to the United States all rights, claims, and pretensions to the territories on its north and east. Upon this clause, America mainly relies for the proof of her Oregon claim.

We need not re-argue the incompetency of Spain to cede to America territories over which she possessed no rights herself. This clause, to be of any value at all, must depend upon the power of the donor to bestow, not on the willingness of the receiver to accept. America is willing enough to accept Oregon at the hands of Spain; but the real question at issue is, has Spain the power of bestowing Oregon on America? We answer, No. Spain never was in possession of Oregon; and, whatever debatable title she might have previously had, she distinctly and irrevocably resigned it by the stringent conditions of the Nootka Convention in 1790. From that moment Spain relinquished her claims for ever; Great Britain immediately afterwards took possession of the country, and the Spanish flag has never, from that day to this, appeared off the Oregon coast. It is impossible to imagine a clearer case. The Spanish title is not merely defective but non-existent. Spain had no title after 1790.

Even M. Moiras, in his work on Oregon and California, which betrays all throughout a spirit of malignant hostility against England, is reluctantly compelled to admit that the Florida Treaty gave the United States no rights whatever in Oregon. He says that it could not be construed to invalidate the Convention of 1790, that it constitutes a simple renunciation, and that the Americans ought to respect the rights which were previously recognized by Spain as existing in the English. 'If we had now,' he adds, 'to give an opinion upon this important question, we should, in spite of our

* Mr. Greenhow's book contains so many errors that we are compelled to abandon the intention with which we set out of exposing them in detail. But we cannot suffer his assertion, that 'this was the first settlement or post of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains,' to pass uncorrected. His own book contains the refutation of this strange historical mistake.

sympathies for the United States, and our aversion against the aggressive system of the English, be compelled to acknowledge that reason and right are this time on their side. We are even astonished that, foregoing their habitual tenacity, they should have made, in the course of their negotiations, such large sacrifices to the Americans.' Every impartial and honorable mind must feel the reluctant justice of these observations, and acknowledge, as frankly as M. Moiras, that no title can be sustained through the Treaty of Florida.

Conscious, no doubt, of this insuperable difficulty, America endeavors to make out her claim upon other grounds, as well as upon the Florida treaty—grounds which are so signally contradictory of each other, as to annihilate her claim altogether. For, if her claim be rightful on any one of these grounds, it is untenable on the others, and *vice versa*; and, as it is needless to insist upon an adherence to some clear principle in the conduct of such negotiations, we are content to submit these grounds, without a syllable of commentary, to the common sense of the world.

She claims, first, through Gray's discovery of the Columbia. If that claim be good, it vitiates at once all claim through the purchase of Louisiana from France, and through treaty with Spain; for neither France nor Spain could confer upon America that which already belonged to America.

She claims, next, through the purchase of Louisiana from France, which purchase rested upon a cession from Spain to France. If that claim be good, Spain must have ceded the Oregon territory to France, which she not only declared she had not done, but which she could not have done if America had previously acquired that territory through Gray's discovery.

She next claims by virtue of occupancy in 1814, although that occupancy was chiefly carried out by an English company, and was relinquished by a regular deed of sale.

And she finally claims under the Florida treaty of 1819, by cession from Spain. This is the title that stultifies all the rest. For if the Treaty of 1819 be alleged as conferring any title, then the pretensions to a title arising from occupancy in 1814 must have been wholly without foundation. If, on the other hand, America relies upon her title of 1814, she cannot go to Spain for a title in 1819. She is in this dilemma—either that her pretensions in 1814 were

false, and that, consequently, the 'occupation' of the Columbia by Great Britain was rightful, as against her; or that, claiming under the Treaty of 1819, her title is limited to the territory lying south of the British settlements on the Columbia, over which Spain could have had no shadow of a right.

We leave America to extricate herself from this dilemma as creditably as she can. But it is sufficiently apparent that she must relinquish her claim altogether, or rest it upon some intelligible basis. She has hitherto resisted every approach to a candid and equitable adjustment with England. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn westward along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, from the Rocky Mountains to the north-easternmost branch of the Columbia river, and thence down the centre of the stream to the sea. This proposition was rejected. All negotiation, with a view to a moderate and amicable adjudication of the respective claims of England and the United States having failed, the Convention of 1818 was renewed in 1827, and the provisions, instead of being limited to ten years, were extended to an indefinite period, either party having the right, upon a year's notice, to withdraw from the agreement. In this condition the question remains.

The violent and unstatesmanlike declaration of Mr. Polk, in his inaugural address, has not been serviceable to America in the public opinion of Europe. He thought proper to launch upon the furious tide of the democratic passions which carried him into office a wilful mis-statement, couched in the most offensive language. The bad taste and worse policy of that very foolish proceeding, must recoil upon himself. But we earnestly hope, for the sake of the paramount interests of peace and civilization, that the calmer judgment of the ministers by whom he is surrounded may avert the consequences from his country. He will have time to reflect in the interval before the next meeting of congress, and it is gratifying to observe that nearly the whole press of America in the meanwhile protests against his conduct. The bill for the occupation of Oregon comes before congress in December. We venture to predict that it will be thrown out; simply because it cannot be carried without involving the United States in a war with England; and there are three sound reasons why America cannot go to war—she has neither men, money,

nor credit. No—America will not go to war.

The true policy of America is peace. Washington declared that the moment she committed herself to schemes of aggression and aggrandisement, her power was at an end. She cannot extend her territory without risk of weakening it. She has not enough of population as it is to defend the shores of the Atlantic in the event of hostilities: by what process of conjuration then can she undertake to occupy and defend territories remote from her own states and difficult of access? If she got possession of Oregon to-morrow, she could not maintain it. Her sovereignty in that distant region could be preserved only by the presence of an imposing force, and by a chain of strong military outposts from the Missouri across the continent to the sea. How is she to organize this force? How is she to supply this enormous machinery of defence? Even if she could succeed in laying down such a plan of warlike preparations, she must still fail in securing a permanent occupation of the north-western coast, which, it is notorious, can only be reached and commanded from the ocean. She must, therefore, cover her land force by a powerful naval armament. Where is she to get the means? Overwhelmed with debts, and dragging her reputation as she is at a discount through the exchanges of the world, is she prepared to incur still greater odium and an impossible outlay? We believe there is not a sensible man in America who does not denounce the Quixotic project which points at the hopeless occupation of Oregon.

The British minister has solemnly announced that he is not only resolved but prepared to assert the rights of the British Crown in the Oregon Territory. This is not an idle threat; and it has been echoed back by the universal conviction of a country too well instructed in its own power, too confident in the integrity of its cause, and too well assured of the advantages of peace, to embark hastily in an expensive war. We have the means of vindicating our rights, and we will employ them should it become necessary. The mere addition to our naval estimates this year amounts to 1,000,000*l.* sterling—a sum nearly equal to the total naval estimates of the United States—and our squadron in the Pacific, under Admiral Seymour, is a sufficient pledge of the sincerity of our intentions in that quarter.

But we do not believe that America will

submit the Oregon question to solution in the field of battle. She is not in a condition for such dangerous experiments, and, if she were, a dispassionate investigation of the case must finally satisfy her that the claim she sets up could be settled much more speedily, to her own honor and ultimate advantage, by peaceful arbitration. It is the interest of both countries to settle their claims amicably; but it is chiefly the interest of America, for the experience of all history concurs in this warning—that when a subject in litigation between two powers is removed from the cabinet to the camp, it must be at the cost of the weaker party.

LADY TRAVELLERS.

From the London Quarterly Review.

1. *Notes and Sketches of New South Wales.* By Mrs. Meredith. (Colonial Library.) London. 1844.
2. *The Englishwoman in Egypt.* By Mrs. Poole. (Knight's Weekly Volume.) 1845.
3. *Letters from Madras.* By a Lady. 1843.
4. *Life in Mexico.* By Madame Calderon de la Barca. 8vo. London. 1843.
5. *The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir.* By Mrs. Romer. 2 vols. London. 1843.
6. *Journal of a Tour in the Holy Land.* By Lady F. Egerton. London. 8vo.
7. *Narrative of a Yacht Voyage.* By the Countess Grosvenor. 2 vols. London. 1842.
8. *Journal of a Yacht Voyage to the Texas.* By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. London. 1844.
9. *Diary of a Tour in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land.* By the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer. 2 vols. London. 1841.
10. *Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, &c.* By the Marchioness of Londonderry. London. 1844.
11. *Orientalische Briefe.* Von Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.
12. *Therese's Briefe aus dem Süden.*

THAT there are peculiar powers inherent in ladies' eyes, this number of the Quarterly Review was not required to establish; but one in particular, of which we reap all the benefit without paying the penalty, we

must in common gratitude be allowed to point out. We mean that power of observation which, so long as it remains at home counting canvass stitches by the fireside, we are apt to consider no shrewder than our own, but which once removed from the familiar scene, and returned to us in the shape of letters or books, seldom fails to prove its superiority. Who, for instance, has not turned from the slap-dash scrawl of your male correspondent—with excuses at the beginning and haste at the end, and too often nothing between but sweeping generalities—to the well-filled sheet of your female friend, with plenty of time bestowed and no paper wasted, and overflowing with those close and lively details which show not only that observing eyes have been at work, but one pair of bright eyes in particular? Or who does not know the difference between their books—especially their books of travels—the gentleman's either dull and matter-of-fact, or off-hand and superficial, with a heavy disquisition where we look for a light touch, or a foolish pun where we expect a reverential sentiment, either requiring too much trouble of the reader, or showing too much carelessness in the writer—and the lady's—all ease, animation, vivacity, with the tact to dwell upon what you most want to know, and the sense to pass over what she does not know herself; neither suggesting authorly effort, nor requiring any conscious attention, yet leaving many a clear picture traced on the memory, and many a solid truth impressed on the mind? It is true the case is occasionally reversed. Ladies have been known to write the dullest and emptiest books—a fact for which there is no accounting—and gentlemen the most delightful; but here probably, if the truth were told, their wives or daughters helped them.

But, in truth, every country with any pretensions to civilization has a twofold aspect, addressed to two different modes of perception, and seldom visible simultaneously to both. Every country has a home life as well as a public life, and the first quite necessary to interpret the last. Every country therefore, to be fairly understood, requires reporters from both sexes. Not that it is precisely recommended that all travellers should hunt the world in couples, and give forth their impressions in the double columns of holy wedlock; but that that kind of partnership should be tacitly formed between books of travel which, properly understood, we should have imagined to have

been the chief aim of matrimony—namely, to supply each other's deficiencies, and correct each other's errors, purely for the good of the public.

It may be objected that the inferiority of a woman's education is, or ought to be, a formidable barrier: but without stopping to question whether the education of a really well-educated English woman be on the whole inferior to her brother's, we decidedly think that in the instance of travelling the difference between them is greatly in her favor. If the gentleman knows more of ancient history and ancient languages, the lady knows more of human nature and modern languages; while one of her greatest charms, as a describer of foreign scenes and manners, more even than the closeness or liveliness of her mode of observation, is that very *purposelessness* resulting from the more desultory nature of her education. A man either starts on his travels with a particular object in view, or, failing that, drives a hobby of his own the whole way before him; whereas a woman, accustomed by habit, if not created by nature, to diffuse her mind more equally on all that is presented, and less troubled with preconceived ideas as to what is most important to observe, goes picking up materials much more indiscriminately, and where, as in travelling, little things are of great significance, frequently much more to the purpose. The tourist may be sure that in nine cases out of ten it is not that on which he has bestowed most care and pains which proves most interesting to the reader.

Again, there is an advantage in the very nature of a book of travels peculiarly favorable to a woman's feelings—the almost total absence of responsibility. It is merely the editorship of her own journal, undertaken for the amusement of her children, or the improvement of a younger sister, or the building of a school; for it is a remarkable fact that ladies never publish their tours to please themselves. In short, she can hardly be said to stand committed as an authoress. If she send forth a lively and graceful work, the world will soon tell her it is a pity she is not one; otherwise, the blame falls on her materials.

But though the lady tourist has her modesty thus far screened and sheltered, it is equally certain that there is no department of writing through which her own individual character is more visible. We form a clearer idea of the writer of the most unpretending book of travels than we do of

her who gives us the most striking work of imagination. The under current of personality, however little obtruded to sight, is sure to be genuine. The opinions she expresses on the simplest occasions are those which guide her on the greatest; the habits she displays, however interrupted by her irregular movements, are those contracted in her regular life: hence the most interesting result, in our mind, to be gathered from an examination of this class of literature. We see our countrywoman, in these books, unconsciously in the main, but fully portrayed. We see her with her national courage and her national reserve, with her sound head and her tender heart, with the independent freedom of her actions and the decorous restraint of her manners, with her high intellectual acquirements and her simplicity of tastes, with the early attained maturity of her good sense and the long-continued freshness of her youth. We see her nice, scrupulous, delicate, beyond all others of her sex, yet simple, practical, useful, as none but herself understands to be; versed in the humblest in-door duty, excelling in the hardest out-door exercise; equally fitted for ease or exertion: enthusiastic for nature; keen for adventure; devoted to her children, her flowers, her poor; petting a great Newfoundland dog, loving a horse, and delighting in the sea. In short, we see her the finest production of the finest country upon earth—man's best companion, whether in the travels over this world or the voyage through this life; but only to be understood or deserved by the Englishman, and rather too good even for him.

It is true, and perhaps as well for our pride, that many a reverse to this picture occurs; but even in the worst cases it is rather an affectation, exaggeration, or caricature of the national female character, than any direct departure from it. There are some lady tourists who are over delicate or over adventurous—over enthusiastic or over humdrum—over simple or over wise; but where is she, whatever may be the difference of talent or taste, who ventures to bring forward an infidel opinion or a questionable moral?

There is one set of female writers who, having under the general name of tourists given the public an immense deal of extraneous information, might be expected to occupy a prominent place in this article: the very nature of their services, however, compels us to pass them over in silence; for when one lady travels to Vaucluse to

give us her views of Mesmerism, another visits the German baths to describe the advantages of Society in Russia; when one goes north to expatiate on the infant schools in England, another south to send home chapters of advice to the Queen; and a fifth wanders generally at large, in order to bewail the waste lands within a few miles of London, and to reprobate the iniquity of a government who can suffer such resources to remain unapplied, 'with a starving population under their very eyes, all ready to pay them five pounds an acre;* when, in short, ladies take all the trouble of travelling abroad merely to express those private opinions upon affairs in general which they could as well have given utterance to at home, we feel truly that it would be a grateful and very amusing task to bring their services before the public, but that it is not ours on this occasion to comprise them among so unpretending a class as that of the lady tourists.

The same reason must also deter us from including that more systematic set of travellers who regularly make a tour in order to make a book, and have thus pretty well divided the tourable world between them—Mrs. Trollope having taken Germany and Italy, Miss Costello France, Miss Pardoe Hungary, and so forth. These able and accomplished ladies *do* travel with an object, and it is apparent in every line they write. Instead of seeing the woman, we only discover the authoress; and, admirable as she may be, it is not her that we are in quest of upon this occasion.

To revert, therefore, to the object of our search—while regarding these unstudied and unpretending works as some of the truest channels for the study of the Englishwoman, they cannot be strictly taken as a test of comparison between her and the lady of other countries. Whether as traveller, or writer of travels, the foreign lady can in no way be measured against her. The only just point of comparison is why the one does travel, and the other does not. And, upon the first view of the matter, the impediments would seem to be all on the side of our own countrywoman. Her home is proverbially the most domestic—her manners the most reserved—her comforts the most indispensable. Nevertheless, it is precisely because home, manners, and comforts are what they are, that the English-

* *Vide* 'My Last Tour and First Work,' by Lady Vavasour.

woman excels all others in the art of travelling. It is those very habits of order and regularity which make her domestic,—it is that very exclusiveness of family life which makes her reserved,—it is the very nature of the comforts, to her so indispensable,—it is all that best fits her to live in her own country, that also best fits her to visit others. Where is the foreign lady who combines the four cardinal virtues of travelling—activity, punctuality, courage, and independence—like the Englishwoman?—where is she whose habits fit her for that most exclusive of all companionships, the travelling *tête-à-tête* with a husband for months together? Where is she whose comforts are nine tenths of them comprised under the head of fresh air and plenty of water, like the Englishwoman's? A foreigner will tell us that the chief argument lies in the English purse;—but the Russians are rich enough—and the Russian lady moves abundantly about from place to place—but she does not travel in the same sense as the Englishwoman. The Russians have means enough to sail a whole fleet of private yachts, but which of them would think of cruising in the Mediterranean, or of launching across the Atlantic for pure pleasure? There are certain modes of life for which English nature and education alone seem adapted;—travelling is one—living in the country another.

The truth is that no foreign nation possesses that same class of women from which the great body of our female tourists are drafted. They have not the same well-read, solid thinking,—early rising—sketch-loving—light-footed—trim-waisted—straw-hatted specimen of women; educated with the refinement of the highest classes, and with the usefulness of the lowest; all-sufficient companion to her husband, and all-sufficient lady's maid to herself—they have her not. Of course in the numbers that flit annually from our coasts, from one motive or other, every shade and grade is to be found, from the highest *blasée* fashionable, with every faculty of intelligent interest fast closed, to the lowest Biddy Fudge, with every pore of vulgar wonder wide open; the absurdities committed by our countrymen and women under the name of travel are highly significant of the national folly, extravagance, and eccentricity; but the *taste* for travel from which these abuses spring—the *art* of it in which the English excel—we are inclined to attribute to a something still more conspicuous and hon-

orable in the national life—to nothing less than the *domesticity* of the English character. Who can witness the innumerable family parties which annually take their excursions abroad—the husbands and wives—brothers and sisters—parents and children,—all enjoying the novel scenes, but chiefly because they are enjoying them together? Who can see the joint delight with which these expeditions are planned, the kindly feelings and habits they develop, the joint pleasure with which they are remembered—without recognising a proof of exclusive domestic cohesion which no other people display? What, too, is the secret of that facility with which the Englishman adapts himself to a residence in any remote corner of the world?—why do we so often find him settled happily among scenes and people utterly uncongenial in climate and habit? Simply because he takes his *home* with him; and has more within it and wants less beyond it than any other man in the world.

As for the tribes who throng capitals and watering-places for purposes of mere idleness and dissipation, and because they can indulge both upon a cheaper and laxer footing than at home, they certainly do not contribute to give foreigners a very exalted idea of the national domesticity; but whether human nature or English nature be here to blame, we suppose may be a question; we suspect the fact is that this description of travellers quit their native land precisely because they are no longer suited to her, nor she to them.

But to return to the ladies:—if now and then some foreigners venture on their travels, here the analogy ends; they do not venture to publish them. The German ladies, with all their virtues, are not supposed to excel in rapid observation, or lively delineation. Inward experiences not outward impressions are their forte;—the eyes of their souls are brighter than those of their bodies;—they are fonder of looking into the one than out of the other. They will give you, therefore, most admirable maps of the winding paths of their own hearts, but they are not of much assistance on the common dusty high roads of other countries. Bettina, it is true, might have made a brilliant Münchhausen, but otherwise, with the exception of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, of whom we have more to say, the public is not supposed to have gained much by their peregrinations, nor perhaps lost much by their staying at home.

The Frenchwoman has not the same grounds for silence. Her eyes and her tongue we know are both of the most lively description—she would make a shrewd observer and a brilliant describer—but alas! there is one little impediment which stands in her way—a trifle, we feel almost provoked to have to mention, which stops her pen—*she cannot spell!*

It is true that two great French authoresses of these times—Madame de Staël and Madam Dodevant—have given their foreign impressions to the world; but the one visited foreign countries with the feeling of an exile, and the other has described them exactly as she might have done without stirring from her chamber. The '*De l'Allemagne*' is the type of classical sentiment, the '*Lettres d'un Voyageur*' the flower of picturesque romance—neither of them come under the denomination of travels. What Madame de Staël sententiously says in *Corinne*, remains to this day the true French motto:—'*Voyager est, quoi qu'on en puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie. Lorsque vous vous trouvez bien dans quelque ville étrangère, c'est que vous commencez à vous y faire une patrie; mais traverser des pays inconnus, entendre parler un langage que vous comprenez à peine, voir des visages humains sans relation avec votre passé ni avec votre avenir, c'est de la solitude, et de l'isolement, sans repos et sans dignité.*' In short, what the French depend upon for their daily happiness, even the spelling few of their womankind cannot transport with them.

It is time, however, that we should advert more particularly to the fair writers named at the head of our paper. Since the peace of 1815, most of the central European countries have been too completely examined and described for a passing tourist to offer any novelty, while the excellent Handbooks of the day leave no room for contributions of mere roadside information. Our modern writers of this class may be therefore divided into three heads:—Such as have made their own personal movements the mere thread on which to hang the general history of the countries they are traversing, or the groundwork on which to introduce a narrative of fictitious interest;—such as have remained long enough in one province or place, however obscure in itself, or however often described before, to obtain that living acquaintance with it which always commands interest;—and lastly, those who, having launched out beyond the beaten track,

are privileged to offer any description, however unpretending, on the score of novelty. As specimens of the first class, we may mention Miss Taylor's '*Letters from Italy*': a volume which will retain a standard value for correct research and simple beauty of writing;—Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes's '*Ride on horseback through France and Switzerland to Florence*'—in which we have not a little sterling information and sterling humor too, with very much of feminine grace;—Mrs. Ashton Yates's '*Letters from Switzerland to her children*.' We instance these as all showing what we have defined as the national type of female character—minds of the highest intellectual culture, and manners of the most domestic simplicity. As a more particular illustration of what is the highest pride of modern English civilization—the union of genuine learning and genuine refinement—we may once more mention Mrs. Hamilton Gray's '*Sepulchres of Itruria*.' Nor could we give a better instance of real description and opinions interwoven with a romance—though in no way needing this fictitious interest—than another established favorite, Mrs. Jameson's '*Diary of an Ennuyée*.'

The list of those who have resided a longer period in one place requires more particular attention; the Englishwoman's services being here most important, and her own character most conspicuous. In this capacity it is almost exclusively affection and duty that send her abroad; and it is a proud and a pleasant feeling to trace these qualities as the chief basis of the energy and animation that appear in these books. With so much of the old Ruth at her heart, it is not in Latin or Greek, or in Physical Sciences, or even, we hope, in Mesmerism to unsex her. Wherever she goes, a little fertile patch of household comfort grows beneath her feet; wherever there is room for rational tastes, orderly habits, and gentle charities—and where is there not?—there we find the Englishwoman creating an atmosphere of virtuous happiness around her. Like the gipsy she may sing—

'We pitch our tent where'er we please,
And there we make our home.'

There is no part of the world, however remote, from which she does not send forth a voice of cheerful intelligence. We pass over a number of older works of great value and attraction, from Lady Calcott's '*Residence in the Brazils*' down to the

'Letters from the Shores of the Baltic,' to call the reader's attention to four more recent books—dated from as opposite parts of the world as could well have been chosen—viz., 'Notes and Sketches of New South Wales;' 'The Englishwoman in Egypt;' 'Letters from Madras;' and 'Life in Mexico.'

No work can better illustrate the distinctive traits of a woman's writing than the first of these;—the easy style—the brilliant thought—the delicate touch—the close detail—the sound sense—and then that pretty under current of natural affection which gives the true healthy English tone to the whole. It is a real pleasure to accompany such a lady over sea and land—though the former stretched monotonously around her during a four months' merchant-vessel passage—and was exchanged for the scorched 'everbrown' surface of a country devoid of any past or present interest, whether of an historical, poetical, pictorial, or social kind—New South Wales. But liveliness, sense, and knowledge, and a spring of youthful intelligence are hers; and a long-continued honey-moon of fresh-wedded happiness (may it never wane!) beams through every sprightly and humane thought. Independent, however, of these general recommendations, Mrs. Meredith's volume has a separate attraction of its own in the valuable store of natural history it communicates. Under a name which she has since changed—we think for the better—this lady is well known to the flower-loving world as the most graceful expositor of English botany;* and this volume proves that her taste and knowledge extend to many other departments of natural phenomena. Birds and beasts, fishes and insects, and creeping things innumerable equally engage her intelligent attention, and are described with a simplicity and precision which will give much valuable information to the professed naturalist, no additional jargon to the dabbling amateur, and involuntary interest to the most uninitiated. Not a trace of pedantry appears, nor of what is quite as bad, and too frequent when women treat such matters—not the slightest affectation of a popular tone. Not a microscope nor a herbarium is seen; but keen eyes and taper fingers, and a most active mind, it is evident have been at work. We need no apology for giving a few specimens of her

graceful and humorous descriptions—it matters not whether of spider, parrot, opossum, or 'pretty trailing flower.' This is the very poetry of frogs:—

'In the Macquarie, near Bathurst, I first saw the superb green frogs of Australia. The river, at the period of our visit, was for the most part a dry bed, with small pools in the deeper holes; and in these, among the few shining water-plants and conservæ, dwelt these gorgeous reptiles. In form and size they resemble a very large English frog, but their color is more beautiful than words can describe. I never saw plant or gem of such bright tints. A vivid yellow-green seems the ground work of the creature's array, and this is daintily pencilled over with other shades—emerald, olive, and blue greens, with a few delicate markings of yellow, like an embroidery of gold thread upon shaded velvet. And the creatures sit looking at you from their moist floating bowers, with their large eyes expressive of the most perfect enjoyment, which, if you doubt while they remain still, you can't refuse to believe in when you see them flop into the delicious cool water, and go slowly stretching their long green legs as they pass through the wavy grove of sedgy feathery plants in the river's bed, till you lose them under a dense mass of gently waving leaves. And to see this while a burning, broiling sun is scorching up your very life, and not a breeze is stirring, and the glare of the herbless earth dazzles your agonized eyes into blindness, is enough to make one willing to forego all the glories of humanity, and be changed into a frog!—p. 107.

The transformation of a locust is another excellent specimen of her vein:—

'In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of the trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, humpbacked brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle off his mortal" or rather earthly "coil" and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light-red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-colored, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing

* 'Our wild Flowers;' 'Romance of Nature.'
By Louisa A. Twamley.

entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of “speculation” in them. On the back of the new born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves—and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-colored wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark color; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.—p. 117.

Our limits forbid further quotation, and we can only sum up her tarantulas, her scorpions, her ants, spiders, crabs, and grubs, and all kinds of other nasty things, with the unqualified assertion that nobody ever made them so nice before. Certainly, judging from the remaining and no less valuable portions of Mrs. Meredith's book, it seems not only that in such a country her tastes for natural history were the greatest possible blessing she could have possessed, but also a perfect mystery how the other ladies in New South Wales get on without them. If any thing were wanting to convince us how little real simplicity is to be found where no real refinement exists—how indispensable are the distinctions of rank for the union of society—and how far more egregiously those follies and absurdities which we usually attribute to the great world, abound in a little one, we shall find it in her remarks on the petty vanities and jealousies, the illiterate dullness, and the tawdry extravagance of the *beau monde* of Sydney. Nor were the lower orders a more agreeable picture—the plenty and prosperity which at that time reigned in the colony being chiefly evidenced in the all-prevailing luxury of intoxication. Of course we do not here allude to the convicts, or to the vitiated poor in the towns, but to the habits of the settlers in the country—a farmhouse, far from all other dwellings, and every soul in it, male and female, drunk at ten o'clock in the morning!

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that we find Mrs. Meredith quitting New South Wales ‘with joy’ to seek a new home in Tasmania, where we hope she may find as much to interest her in her own particular line, and more in every other. Meanwhile we should be happy to think that this expression of our thanks for so in-

teresting an addition to the Home and Colonial Library may reach her. Only if the reader of Sir Francis Drake's exploits, which follow in the same volume, should at all flag in attention, we know on whose head the sin will be.

‘The Englishwoman in Egypt’ is made of very different stuff, though a truer woman never wrote. Mrs. Poole's visit to Egypt was mainly prompted by her affection for her brother, Mr. Lane, and her book is what she intended it to be, an humble help-mate to his well-known ‘Modern Egyptians.’

There is something so awful in the tremendous weight of the past which falls on the spirit in this Ancient of lands that we feel that it is only the highest knowledge, the deepest reverence, or the most artless simplicity, that can qualify a modern traveller to lift his eyes to the imperishable regalia of its fallen majesty. Mrs. Poole has this last qualification in every respect. She has no learning, and not much sentiment, but she has what is quite as important, the sense to know that nothing of her own is wanted in a land where the mere changes of the seasons present sacred associations to the mind. Her descriptions of the phenomena of the Nile—of the varieties of climate—of the murrain on cattle—the pestilence on man, and other plagues in Egypt—are given with a plainness which perhaps leaves no new impression on the reader, but has a sober charm of its own: you are convinced the witness is true. Nor are her remarks on the government or the people more characterized by novelty of information or freshness of idea; at the same time, without attempting to vindicate the rigor of the one, or the ignorance of the other, she contrives, by the mere force of her own kindly and humane feelings, to bring forward points of good, which in the midst of so much evil it is some comfort to dwell upon; to show us that though there be nothing of what we call freedom, there is happiness and content in the homes of Egypt down to the lowest purchased slave; and that in the midst of ignorance and superstition, the poorest peasants meet and part with blessings—age and infirmity are respected—parents venerated—and the presence and providence of the Deity ever held in remembrance. She says, ‘The number of persons nearly or entirely blind, and especially the aged blind, affected us exceedingly; but we rejoiced in the evident consideration they received from all who had

occasion to make room for them to pass. I should imagine that all who have visited this country must remark the decided respect which is shown to those who are superior in years; and that this respect is naturally rendered to the beggar as well as the prince. In fact, the people are educated in the belief that there is honor in the hoary head; and this glorious sentiment strengthens with their strength, and beautifully influences their conduct.

It is in the description of the domestic customs of Egyptian families that this lady offers most novelty. Of these she presents the most agreeable picture—not a little heightened perhaps, in our minds, by the knowledge that one so gentle as herself had conformed with facility to them. Mrs. Poole entered the country with the wise and amiable conviction that if you have any wish to be pleased among a new people, you should begin by endeavoring to please them. She, as far as possible, adopted their most cherished customs, out of consideration for the feelings of the natives—but not for this reason only—she shrewdly supposed also that the same circumstances of soil and climate which recommended them to the Egyptians would equally apply to her family. The respect and cordiality, therefore, with which she is received into the chief harems of Cairo only reflect credit on her sense and manners, which present a pleasing contrast to that spirit of curiosity and intrusion which has taken many a modern fine lady behind the curtain of an Eastern harem—not to describe the manners or costumes of those who had given her hospitable entertainment, for in that there would be no harm, but to criticise or ridicule them by ignorant and absurd comparisons between modes of life which bear as little parallel as the skies they are under. Mrs. Poole is not at all surprised that Egyptian fine ladies should make their own sherbet, cook their own dishes, and wash their own floors, for all that English fine ladies do nothing of the kind.

'The employments of the harem chiefly consist in embroidery in an oblong frame, but they extend to superintending the kitchen, and indeed the female slaves and servants generally; and often ladies of the highest distinction cook those dishes which are particularly preferred. The sherbets are generally made by the ladies; and this is the case in one harem I visit, where the ladies, in point of rank, are the highest of eastern *haut ton*. The violet sherbet is prepared by them in the following manner. The flowers are brought to them in large sil-

ver trays, and slaves commence picking off the large outer leaves. The ladies then put the centres of the violets into small mortars, and pound them until they have thoroughly expressed all the juice, with which, and fine sugar, they form round cakes of conserve, resembling, when hardened, loaf-sugar dyed green. This produces a bright green sherbet prettier than the blue or pink, and exceedingly delicate. I do not know what the blue is composed of, but am told it is a preparation of violets. The pink is of roses, the yellow of oranges, apricots, &c.'—vol. ii. p. 27.

We admire the sorceress-like effect of this:—

'You will be surprised to hear that the daughter of the Pacha, in whose presence the ladies who attend her never raise their eyes, herself superintends the washing and polishing of the marble pavements in her palaces. She stands on such occasions barefooted on a small square carpet, holding in her hand a silver rod. About twenty slaves surround her—ten throw the water, while the others follow them, wiping the marble and polishing it with smooth stones.'—*ib.* p. 28.

It would be absurd to quarrel with a sister of Mr. Lane's for that newfangled orthography in which he has had so many imitators. Nevertheless, it is rather a drawback in this pretty book to find all our old friends disguised under new names. Caliphs and dervishes are creatures we have known and loved since we could read at all, but 'khaleefehs' and 'darweeshes' are merely hard words, which bring nothing to our minds. The mere name of Saladin conveys associations, chivalrous, heroic, and picturesque—but Salah-ed-Deen might be the Man in the Moon, or the Phonic Spelling-book, for aught our sympathies will stir. Of course we bow to Mr. Lane's superior knowledge, but if every foreign word which has been naturalized into the English language is to be restored to its original articulation, where should we stop? The Nile itself would be the *Neel*; and why not that as well as the *Kur'an* with Mrs. Poole, or the *Chooran* with Mr. Lane—for they frequently disagree? We venture to say that had the spelling of the old 'Arabian Nights' been retained, the 'Englishwoman in Egypt' would have produced a far livelier effect on the imagination.

The 'Letters from Madras' are a perfect case in point of the peculiar value of a woman's book. This is the very lightest work that has ever appeared from India, yet it tells us more of what everybody cares to know than any other. Considering the

ship-loads of young and intelligent women perpetually wasted over to the shores of India, and the number of years the relays of this home commodity have been going on, it might be thought that nothing relating to our Eastern colonies could have been by this time left unsaid. And perhaps no more striking proof can be given of the enervating effects of idleness and luxury, than the comparative absence of all lively feminine works upon a country where for nearly a century well-educated English-women have had the amplest means of observation. We do not overlook Miss Roberts's capital sketches of Hindostan—nor Mrs. Elwood's traits of Indian life in her *Overland Journey*—a work for which we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere admiration; but neither of these gives the *humours* of this antipodes state of society like our nameless lady. Not that her position differed in any way from that of which every day brings a repetition. She married, and went out to India—halted a short time at Madras—and then proceeded up the country. Nor are her letters any thing beyond what a lively, happy, well-educated young woman would write to her family upon her first domiciliation in a foreign country—full of sense and nonsense—describing every thing as it came in her way—just as it suited her fancy or her fun. The only advantage she possessed, and one it is to be hoped not very uncommon, was that of being united to a worthy, sensible man, who encouraged her vivacity, but directed her judgment, and allied her with himself in whatever was useful and benevolent. There is no question, therefore, of the sound domesticity that pervades this book—indeed no happier family group has come under our notice—even the dash of flippancy which occasionally jars upon us proceeds evidently from too light a heart for us to quarrel with it.

What first struck our fair incognita seems to have been the great difference between the listless ladies of Madras and her lively self. They could tell her nothing—knew nothing—cared for nothing. Their minds seemed to have evaporated beneath an Indian sun, never to condense again. The seven years' sleep of the Beauty in the fairy tale was nothing to the seven years' lethargy of a beauty in Madras, for the enchanted lady awoke to her former energies, and the merely enervated lady, she thinks, never can. Our young bride is therefore anxious to make the most of her stock of English

energy before it should go the way of all her neighbors'.

She begins at once with the things immediately under her notice—the great gallery-like rooms—the dull dinner parties—the languid conversations everlastingly about the changes in the service, till she wishes all appointments were permanent—the mode of passing your time, 'which seems to be spent alternately in tiring and resting one's self;' and above all, 'those great babies,' the native servants, who throughout furnish her with occasion for fun, and never for complaint. In this respect their domiciliation at first in a friend's house at Madras made little difference,

'For in an Indian house every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the household. The servants *find for themselves* in the most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and to eat nothing—that is to say, not in our houses, nor of our goods. They have mats on the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah (or lady's maid) and a tailor, for the ayahs can't work; and A. has a boy, also two *muddles* (how charmingly expressive!), one to sweep our room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself; the maid cuts grass for him: and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found she was allowed to wait upon herself; and as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put upon him, without being found out by the master and mistress.'—p. 38.

'Every creature seems eaten up with laziness—even my horse pretends he is too fine to switch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns his head round to the horsekeeper to order him to do it for him.'—p. 50.

'They are indeed a lazy race—they lie on their mats strewing the floor like cats and dogs, and begin to puff and whine whenever one gives them the least employment. The truest account of their occupations was given me in her blundering English by my muddle. I said, "Ellen, what are you doing; why don't you come when I call you?" "No, ma'am." "What are you doing, I say?" "Ma'am, I never do"—meaning, I am doing nothing'—p. 54.

—or rather 'I never do any thing.' Then comes the awful heat—the regular land-wind, and plenty of it—like a blast from a furnace; when, with all the lofty rooms, and punkahs always going, and perpetually wet-

ted tatties, the temperature can be with difficulty kept *down* to 90°. And our lady sits under the wet mats, with her hands in a basin of water. 'And the leaves of the trees are all curled up, and the grass crackles under one's feet like snow, and the sea is a dead yellow color, and the air and the light a sort of buff, as if the elements had the jaundice: and we are all *so* cross—creeping about and whining, and then lying down and growling—I hope it won't last long.'—p. 78. Nor does it, above ten days. She says most truly that a small income is real wretchedness in India; for what would be luxuries in England, such as large, airy houses, carriages, plenty of servants, &c., are there necessities, indispensable for health, to say nothing of comfort. 'The real luxury, and for which one would give any price, would be the power of going without such matters.'

Now, however, comes a refreshing change of scene. A. is appointed district judge at Rajahmundry, 'in a really Indian part of India'—and they move thither with a ship-load of goods and an army of servants, and a little lady baby in addition, who greatly enlivens the scene. There they live like 'most uncommonly great grandees,' or rather, to our view, like a thoroughly sensible, right-thinking English family—visiting with their Rajah neighbors, instituting schools and reading-rooms for the natives—performing divine service in their own house—making roads, digging wells, and doing all the good in their power. Whoever, indeed, wishes to know more upon that painful, disappointing, and mysterious subject—the absence of all real and effectual progress in the conversion of the Hindoos—will here find much practical good sense, none the worse for being sprightly given. That the exertions of many admirable and devoted men in this field have done some good, as the example of all good men must, there can be no question; but also that there are many who have retarded more than promoted the cause of Christianity, by insisting on teaching the natives nothing else till they had taught them that, is equally beyond doubt. Experience has proved that there is no more certain way of preventing the entrance of Christianity among the Hindoos than the open attempt to introduce it; and that at best the easier admission of it among the Pariahs only bespeaks that previous indifference to matters of religion which makes the conversion worthless. 'I of Mistress' caste, I eat anything'—this is the key too

generally to Pariah Christianity—or even granting it as sincere, this only increases the barrier to its progress beyond these *outcasts* who have nothing to lose by any change.

Speaking of a worthy missionary settled near them, whose native hearers, having gratified their curiosity, had entirely abandoned him, and who honestly confessed that he had not met with a single instance of a real desire for truth, she very sensibly observes, 'That is the great difficulty with these poor natives. *They have not the slightest idea of the value and advantage of truth.* No one in England knows the difficulty of making any impression upon them. The best means seems to be education, because false notions of science form one great part of their religion. Every belief of theirs is interwoven with some matter of religion, and if once some of their scientific absurdities were overthrown, a large portion of their religion would go with them.' (p. 198.) The readiness, or rather positive ambition of the caste natives to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, so long as they are not directly mixed up with the doctrines of Christianity, is, indeed, sufficient proof that in their case the lesser good must be made the pioneer to the greater.

The newly-appointed Judge and his active lady were no sooner settled 'up country' than they busied themselves at considerable trouble and expense in establishing a school for caste boys. A Brahmin was engaged to teach Gentoo, and a half-caste to teach English—the Bible was freely read and translated—the attendance rapidly increased to above eighty scholars, and almost every day a pretty little boy was found 'salaaming' at the gate for admittance. All, in short, was going on as well as sense and benevolence could desire. At this time a dissenting missionary happened to pass—was received at their house with customary Anglo-Indian hospitality, and having, in return, favored his hosts with his opinions regarding the enormity of bishops, and the bigotry of ordination, he adjourned to the school, and without the knowledge or permission of the Judge, held forth to the boys. This soon created a disturbance, which he proceeded to augment, by seizing hold of a native's *lingum*, or badge of caste, and taking it away. At this, the grossest insult you can offer a Hindoo, the whole population rose in a ferment—the boys brought back their books, and although the dissenter was obliged to restore the badge, the feeling was

so strong, that the school was abandoned for awhile, and then recommenced with not half the number of scholars.

There is plenty of temptation for quotation in this merry volume—the visit to the Rajah—the dog Don's scene with the family of monkeys—the petitioners to baby—the Moonshree's idea of the planetary system, and his astonishment that 'Europe lady or gentleman' should go to hell! &c. But we must pass on to a very different degree of longitude, though our latitude does not much vary.

Madame Calderon de la Barca is very distinct from the ladies that precede her. She has as much liveliness as our Madras friend—as much intelligence as Mrs. Meredith, and more spirit than Mrs. Poole; but with all this, though her book engages the attention in a high degree, and exhibits great and various ability, it fails to interest us in the writer. Something of this, however, may be owing to a reason, which is perhaps meritorious, and certainly fortunate in her as the wife of a foreigner; viz. to the very *un-English* nature of her writing. Madame Calderon was a Scotchwoman—and a Presbyterian, we have reason to suppose; she is now a Spaniard—and a Roman Catholic, as we have more than reason to suppose. And, accordingly, we have a Spanish indifference to bloodshed, a Spanish enthusiasm for bullfights, a Murillo glow of color, a Cervantes touch of humor, a gentle defence of the cigarito, and a hard hit at John Knox, which can leave no doubt of our quondam countrywoman being perfectly at home in her adopted land. The reel and the bolero may be nearer allied than we imagined. Madame Calderon, we are told, was distinguished in early days for her accomplishments and personal attractions among the circles of her native capital, Edinburgh; instead, however, of taking a Scotch advocate or W. S., and settling there, she removed with her family to New York, where again she steered clear of all Yankee importunities, and finally accomplished her destiny by bestowing her hand upon a Spanish diplomatist, a collateral descendant (we believe) of the great dramatist Calderon, who was shortly after appointed minister for the Court of Madrid at Mexico.

The work commences with the departure of the envoy from New York; and the easy humor and brilliant description of the first shipboard chapter show at once the power with which the story is sustained throughout. At Havannah, the first

Spanish territory the lady had touched, they are received with distinguished honors; and balls, dinners, and operas, female Croesuses and men millionaires pass before us in a perfect blaze. Thence another tedious voyage, made most amusing to the reader, to Vera Cruz, with a renewal of festivities. There they take mules for Mexico, breakfasting *en route* with General Santa Ana, and then launch into a wilderness of all the glowing productions of *Terra Caliente*—pineapples, oranges, lemons, bananas, and granaditas, above their heads—roses and myrtles, carnations and jasmine at their feet—'delicious eggs, butter, and custard off new and wonderful trees,' within arm's length—splendid woods, fertile plains, stupendous mountains, glimpses of distant sea, and expanses of sapphire sky, 'and not a human being or passing object to be seen which is not in itself a picture.' And all this in the month of December! What an earthly Paradise! It is quite a comfort to know that the road was enough to break their bones, and that there were daily robberies and murders committed upon it.

At length, distant volcanoes and spires innumerable announced the city of Mexico; and our authoress's thoughts had wandered back to the time 'when the great panorama first burst upon the eyes of the King-fearing, God-loving conqueror; and the mild bronze-colored Emperor advanced himself in the midst of his Indian nobility, with rich dress and unshod feet, to welcome his unbidden and unwelcome guest;' but speedily her ruminations were put to flight by a very different crowd, consisting of half the population of modern Mexico, who had turned out to welcome the bearer of the olive-branch from old Spain, and who now constrained them to enter a splendid state-carriage, all crimson and gold, and drawn by four white horses. 'In the midst of this immense procession of troops, carriages, and horsemen, we entered the ancient city of Montezuma.'

This is succeeded by fêtes, serenades, masked balls, and bull-fights extraordinary, in honor of the Ambassador; with the introduction to all the Mexican world of fashion, and a most animated description of dress, jewelry, visiting, etiquette, and *bad servants*.

But it is impossible to follow a lady who seems never to have known one moment of fear, lassitude, or repose. All is excitement from morning till night. Nuns taking the

veil—full-dress processions to the Virgin—political *émeutes* which batter down houses, and kill some of her friends—thunderstorms with raging torrents and uproarious mules—cock-fights as well as bull-fights—bals *al fresco*, as well as balls in palaces, with every other imaginable kind of excitement which southern temperaments require, and southern climates furnish; and such suns, such diamonds, and such eyes presiding over all, till we are kept in one perpetual firework. We feel that it is not only tropical life we are leading, but, with the exception of an occasional trait of Scotch shrewdness, and, we must say it, of Yankee vulgarity, a tropical mind which is addressing us. None other could have entered into the spirit of the people with such mingled ardor and *sang froid*. It is a most brilliant book, and doubtless very like life in Spanish Mexico; but we may save ourselves the trouble of looking for anything *domestic* in it.

This scene is characteristic both of the lady and the country—namely, the *Herzraders*, or branding of the bulls.

'The next morning we set off early to the *Plaza de Toros*. The day was fresh and exhilarating. All the country people from several miles around were assembled, and the trees to their topmost branches presented a collection of bronze faces and black eyes, belonging to the Indians, who had taken their places there as comfortably as spectators in a one shilling gallery. A platform opposite ours was filled with wives and daughters of agents and small farmers—little *rancheras* with short white gowns and *rebozos*. There was a very tolerable band of music perched upon a natural orchestra. Bernardo and his men were walking or riding about, and preparing for action. Nothing could be more picturesque than the whole scene.

'Seven hundred bulls were driven in from the plains, bellowing loudly, so that the whole air was filled with their fierce music. The universal love which the Mexicans have for these sports amounts to a passion. All their money is reserved to buy new dresses for these occasions—silver rolls, or gold linings for their hats, or new deer-skin pantaloons, or embroidered jackets. The accidents that happen are innumerable, but nothing damps their ardor: it beats *fox-hunting*. The most extraordinary part of the scene is the facility with which these men throw the laso. The bulls being all driven into an enclosure, one after another, or sometimes two or three at a time were chosen from amongst them and driven into the *plaza*, where they were received with shouts of applause if they appeared

fierce and likely to afford good sport, and of irony if they turned to fly, which happened more than once. Three or four bulls are driven in. They stand for a moment proudly reconnoitering their opponents. The horsemen gallop up, armed only with the laso, and with loud insulting cries of "*¡Al Toro!*" challenge them to the combat. The bulls paw the ground, and then plunge furiously at the horses, frequently wounding them at the first onset. Round they go in fierce gallop, bulls and horsemen, among the shouts and cries of the spectators. The horseman throws the laso—the bull shakes his head free of the cord, tosses his horns proudly, and gallops on: but his fate is inevitable. Down comes the whirling rope, and encircles his thick neck. He is thrown down, struggling furiously, and repeatedly dashes his head against the ground in rage and despair. Then, his legs being also tied, the man with the hissing, red-hot iron, in the form of a letter, brands him on the side, with the token of his dependence upon the lord of the soil. Some of the bulls stand this martyrdom with Spartan heroism, and do not utter a cry; but others, when the iron enters their flesh, burst out into long bellowing roars that seem to echo through the whole country. They are then loosened, get upon their legs again, and, like so many branded Cains, are driven out into the country, to make room for others. Such roaring, such shouting, such an odor of singed hair and *bistek au naturel*, such playing of music, and such wanton risks as were run by the men!—p. 229.

This is very striking and picturesque writing, and would do admirably under Basil Hall's, or any other man's name; but, to our feeling, there is neither a woman's hand nor heart in it. Modern philosophers may think and write what they please about the mental equality of the sexes, but ladies may depend upon this, that some of the most vigorous and forcible writing in the English language would lose all its charm with a woman's name prefixed to it. Women may become orators and heroes in sudden emergencies—they may do feats of mental or physical manliness to defend a parent, a husband, or a child, which command our most enthusiastic admiration; but take away the sacred object—remove the high occasion which nerved her nature, or suspended it, and however wonderful or beautiful in itself the power exhibited, she may be sure that the feeling she wounds is far closer to our heart than the feeling she gratifies.

Madame Calderon's description of a bull-fight in the country is equally spirited and unwomanlike. Even the little pity vouchsafed has the air of being thrown in for decency's sake.

In the afternoon we all rode to the *Plaza de Toros*. The evening was cool, and our horses good, the road pretty and shady, and the plaza itself a most picturesque enclosure surrounded by high trees. Chairs were placed for us on a raised platform, and the bright green of the trees, the flashing dresses of the *toreros*, the roaring of the fierce bulls, the spirited horses, the music and the cries, the Indians shouting from the trees up which they had climbed, formed a scene of savage grandeur which, for a short time at least, is very interesting. Bernardo was dressed in blue satin and gold—the *picadors* in black and silver—the others in maroon-colored satin and gold. All those on foot wear knee breeches and white silk stockings, a little black cap with ribbons, and a plait of hair streaming down behind. The horses were generally good, and, as each new adversary appeared, seemed to participate in the enthusiasm of their riders. One bull after another was driven in roaring, and as here they are generally fierce, and their horns not blunted, as at Mexico, it is a much more dangerous affair. The bulls were not killed, but sufficiently tormented. One, stuck full of arrows and fireworks, all adorned with ribbons and colored paper, made a sudden spring over an immensely high wall, and dashed into the woods. I thought afterwards of this unfortunate animal—how it must have been wandering about all night, bellowing with pain, the concealed arrows piercing his flesh, and looking like gay ornaments. If the arrows had stuck too deep, and that the bull could not rub them against the trees, he must have bled to death. Had he remained, his fate would have been better, for when the animal is entirely exhausted they throw him down with a lasso, and, pulling out the arrows, put ointment into the wounds.

The skill of the men is surprising; but the most curious part of the exhibition was when a coachman of —'s, a strong, handsome Mexican mounted on the back of a fierce bull, which plunged and flung himself about as if possessed by a legion of demons, and forced the animal to gallop round and round the arena. The bull is first caught by the lasso, and thrown on his side, struggling furiously; the man mounts while he is still on the ground. At the same moment the lasso is withdrawn, and the bull starts up, maddened by feeling the weight of his unusual burden. The rider must dismount in the same way, the bull being first thrown down, otherwise he would be gored in a moment. It is terribly dangerous, for if the man were to lose his seat his death is nearly certain; but these Mexicans are superb riders. The amusement was suddenly interrupted by sudden darkness and a tremendous storm of rain and thunder, in the midst of which we mounted our horses and galloped home.

Another bull-fight last evening! It is like *Pulque*; one makes wry faces at it at first, and then begins to like it. One thing was soon

discovered, which was that the bulls, if so inclined, could leap upon our platform, as they occasionally sprang over a wall twice as high. There was a part of the spectacle rather too horrible. The horse of one of the *picadors* was gored, his side torn up by the bull's horn, and in this state, streaming with blood, he was forced to gallop round the circle.—p. 130.

We give Madame Calderon credit for capital nerves; doubtless she would stand a public execution as well. But we have another lady's account of a bull-fight, quite as characteristic, in Mrs. Romer's book, 'The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir.' It is true that before the Spanish ladies were well warmed to the scene she was pressing her hands before her eyes in terror and pity, and by the time one noble horse was gored had fled the arena in horror and shame that she had ever sought it. But what Mrs. Romer dared not see has left a far more vivid impression on our minds than all that the Scotch-Spaniard comportedly examined.

Mrs. Romer's well written book introduces us to our third and last class,—books recording wanderings of great length, undertaken solely for pleasure and curiosity, consuming much time and money, and as such indulged in, especially by those who have both at their command. This class extends to ladies of the highest nobility in the land, who, by the publication of their own journals, have undesignedly introduced many a reader to the manners and phraseology of a state of society quite as foreign as any they can undertake to describe. We are naturally anxious to know how those who go clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, get on in the rude ups and downs of travelling life; for though yachts may be furnished with every luxury—though medical men and air-cushions, and ladies' maids and canteens, and portable tents and Douro chairs, and daguerreotypes, and every modern invention that money can procure, may be included in their outfit—yet the winds will blow, and the waves toss, and the sun beat down, and the dust rise up, and the rain soak through, and hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and things their delicacy knew not of before, assail them as if they were mere flesh and blood like other people. Upon the whole, however, these tell-tale books are very creditable reporters, and show us that spirit of good sense, good feeling, and good principle which we have ever fondly attributed to the highest ranks of our English women.

Modern Europe, it is true, has been tolerably tutored into the anticipation of every English want; and the daintiest woman may now traverse the greater part of it without a rough road, a sour dish, or a doubtful bed. But what is modern Europe to a modern traveller? France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, no longer *count* in a fine lady's journal. Trieste is their starting-post, not Dover; and Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, the cities they desire to see, 'and then die,' or return home and publish, as the case may be. Rides on horseback have now given way to rides on camel-back, dromedary-back, pick-a-back, or any back that can be had; gondolas have yielded to caiques, chars-à-bancs to arabas, laquais de place to kavashes, couriers to dragomen; convents have merged in harems; the Pyramids have extinguished Vesuvius, and St. Sophia has cut out St. Peter's. Honourable and Right Honourable beauties now listen to howling dervishes instead of Tyrolese minstrels; know more of Arabic than their grandmothers did of French; and flirt with beys and pachas instead of counts and barons, and doubtless find them answer the purpose quite as well. As Mrs. Dawson Damer, speaking of Lord Waterford's residence at Cairo a few years back, natvely observes, 'A European nobleman's visit to Cairo was then a much more rare occurrence than it has lately become. One is a little *désillusionné* now about the East, when at an hotel you are shown the rooms occupied by Lord and Lady S——n, Lord C——H——n, the Hon. Mr. L——, the Baronet and his lady, &c.'

There is perhaps more in this clever lady's remark than even her philosophy dreamt of. Do what we will, a painful thought has haunted us throughout this article. The present generation may take their pleasure with plenty of territory before them, but it is the fate of the future tourist that troubles us. Geologists, they say, have insured a supply of coal for several centuries to come; but who is to supply new countries when the old ones are done? It is all very well to say that the world is wide: what does that help, if ladies' minds be wider still? We cannot expect them to put up with cast-off cataracts or second-hand deserts. However, the Niger is still to explore, and two large deserts somewhere in Tartary, and a great many islands in the Pacific not yet *done*; and visits to return from the North American Indians; and no handbook on Central America yet ready; and, in short,

a great deal of lady's work still on hand; and meanwhile we have only to be thankful that it was reserved for our times to reap the opinions of ladies of the first quality upon subjects of the highest classical, biblical, and historical importance—a privilege which, to borrow a phrase from their own dictionary, comprehending apparently all that can be desired, is 'highly satisfactory.'

One lady for example, is inclined to believe that Mount Thabor was not the scene of the Transfiguration, and that the illustration of 'a city on a hill' was not suggested by Saphet. One expresses herself as having been seriously disappointed in the Jordan, which was unmannerly of the river after she had come so far to see it; but, on the other hand, is 'quite satisfied' about the site of Jericho. Another declares the Temple of Theseus at Athens to be 'a positive *bijou*,' though that of Jupiter Olympius is 'less satisfactory.' This, however, is redeemed by her finding the accidental profile of the Duke of Wellington on the rock of the Acropolis, 'something in itself particularly sublime and satisfactory'! Then the fair commentators do not always agree, which is, in one sense, also 'satisfactory.' Lady Francis Egerton doubts whether the church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the walls of Jerusalem, be really the site of Mount Calvary; and indeed proceeds to question whether Mount Calvary were ever a mount at all—while Mrs. Dawson Damer thinks the evidences of its being the actual site 'highly satisfactory,' and throws no light whatsoever on the question of the Mount. Again, Lady F. Egerton implies that she wishes the good Empress Helena further, only decidedly *not* at Jericho, for having built up and over all the most remarkable Scripture localities; while Mrs. Damer thinks that her memory should be revered on that very account, as having preserved what otherwise would have been inevitably lost. Then the Areopagus did not strike her ladyship as at all an appropriate place for St. Paul's addressing the Athenians; while her indefatigable opponent declares it just the very spot, of all others, best fitted for such an occasion. On the whole, we fancy it might be as well that such controversies should be left for the solid erudition and masculine diligence of Dr. Robinson and Lord Nugent. Each lady, however, with her husband and child, was in turn taken for the King and Queen of England—the one travelling with a Prince of Wales, the other with a Princess Royal—which

must have been, in every respect, particularly 'satisfactory.'

Another advantage we must by no manner of means pass over. What is the use of plain Mrs. Anybody's getting into courts and harems, and scraping acquaintance with all sorts of illustrious strangers? They cannot tell us *who they are like!* or, if they do, it is somebody that nobody knows anything about; whereas ladies of rank and fashion, by comparing people of quality abroad with people of quality at home, have it in their power to give us the most luminous ideas of both. Thanks to Mrs. Dawson Damer, we now know that one of Osman Bey's wives is like Lady F——y S——t, and another like Lady F—— E——; and that a sister of Halib Effendi's is the very image both of Lady A—— F——x and of Lady C——y; and we are much the wiser for the information. Also that King Otho of Greece is an unfavorable likeness of the late Lord Durham, which is the best it appears, that any of these ladies can say for his majesty.

But in spite of these and some other little fineries which lie on the surface of these works, there is much more of good feeling and right principle they cannot hide. Lady F. Egerton's little volume, taken all in all, well justifies the respect with which we have always heard her name mentioned. Although she travelled with all the comfort and protection which station and wealth could secure to her, and the smooth ways of pilgrimage now permit, yet that one indispensable qualification which the Christian reader demands in all who presume to approach the altar-place of our faith, the absence of which no array of learning and no brilliancy of talent can supply—namely, the genuine *pilgrim's heart*—that we find in Lady F. Egerton's unpretending journal, more than in any other modern expedition to the Holy Land we know. It is not to be expected that casual and passing travellers should be able to furnish us with any new associations of importance, but this lady has done what is as good, if not better: she has responded to our old ones. In every expression of her sentiments—in her deep emotion at first beholding Jerusalem—in her gratitude at being permitted to enter its gates—in her modest hope that the expedition thither had been the source of religious improvement to herself and all her party—we find those feelings which the heart naturally associates with the sacred territory, and which, she needs us not to remind her, are of far more importance in

one of her high estate than any stores of erudition or powers of research she might have desired to possess.—But Lady Francis Egerton has received praise after which all other tributes must indeed appear worthless. The companion of her wanderings concludes his own very beautiful record of the *Pilgrimage* with some lines which we must transfer to our page:—

'If I too much
And far have ventured; if the cherub's wing,
Which shades the ark, I have presumed to
touch;
With voice profane if I have dared to sing
Of themes too high; and swept the sacred
string,
To none but masters of the lyre allowed;—
Then may this world's neglect or censure fling
Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and shroud
The rhymers and the rhyme in one oblivious cloud.

'Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's muse,
Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief crusade,
The tribute of the Wanderer's song refuse,
Too feebly uttered and too long delayed?
Whose voice could cheer him; and whose accents made,
Like sound of waters bubbling from the sand,
The desert smile; whose presence, undismayed
By toil or danger, o'er our fainting band
Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in a weary land.

'O guide, companion, monitress, and friend!—
And dearer words than these remain behind,—
If, in the strain in which I fain would blend
Thy name, some charm to which the world
were blind,
Some dream of past enjoyment thou canst find;
If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,
One note of music murmur on the wind;
If in this wreath one flower be found to twine
And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I ask is
mine.'

Lady Grosvenor (now Marchioness of Westminster) is in no respect to be included among the ranks of *fine ladies*, except on the score of elevated station. Her 'Narrative of a Yacht Voyage' requires no assistance from her title to give it interest. It is simply a sensible, healthy, and well-written work, utterly free from all affectations, and especially from that which apes humility, and betraying the woman of rank chiefly in the total absence of all attempt to display it. None indeed can open these volumes without feeling that they are conversing with a high-bred, independent-spirited woman—too proud to condescend to be vain—who, having read well, and thought well, and been surrounded from infancy with society of the highest intellect,

* *Mediterranean Sketches*, by Lord F. Egerton (1843), p. 30.

and objects of the finest art, becomes instructive without any pretension to teach, and interesting, though giving only the simple narrative of her every-day life. Her ladyship is so truly the Englishwoman too in her tastes—such delight in a garden, such interest in a horse, such enjoyment of the sea:—her mind has evidently so much fresh air to it—through all her wanderings you see so evidently the healthy English home she has left. *Bonâ fide*, however, Lady Grosvenor never entirely quitted the atmosphere of home. Her voyages were chiefly performed in her lord's own yacht, and their land expeditions restricted to short visits to the Ionian Isles and the coast of Africa, with a few longer excursions into the interior of Spain and Greece.—We are thus spared all those discontented descriptions of hotel ill-treatment which give a sameness to many journals, while the rough accommodations on the rough road to Granada are described with a humor, as if she thought them, what she probably did, part of the enjoyment. Certainly to make the *periplus* of the Mediterranean in one's own yacht, and stop for a bit of inland as often as the fancy moves—would seem to be the perfection of pleasure—always barring sea-sickness.

Lady Grosvenor's book is evidently a close transcript of her private journal: there are some chapters in it that could not have been penned except for the use of her own girls, and if she had left these out it might perhaps have been better—certain abridgments of Plutarch for instance. But with these exceptions, we advise no skipping. Throughout she enjoys Nature enthusiastically, tells a story admirably, and here and there gives little touches of truth, which at once light up the scene. For example, speaking of the pestiferous marsh in which ancient Ephesus stands, she says:—'The whole place swarmed with reptiles and insects, the noisy humming of which latter was quite repulsive. Locusts sprang at every step, huge dragon flies, black beetles, and spiders, and enormous ants, and all either creeping, jumping, or gliding about, as in a bad dream.'—vol. ii. p. 101.

Also describing the Temple of Selencus on the Island of Rhodes:—'Fragments of columns now repose in confusion, one over the other; the separate blocks disunited, but lying prostrate in layers from east to west, like a string of beads unthreaded.'—vol. ii. p. 304.

From the long habit of a sea life, her ladyship had evidently familiarized herself

with the anatomy of a vessel and technicalities of nautical phraseology. Instead, therefore, of mincing the matter with feminine paraphrases, she simply makes use of the terms employed around her. Such passages as these look like an experienced sailor:—'But a breeze sprang up from the north-west at ten A. M., which increased rapidly with a succession of tremendous white squalls; we double-reefed the mainsail, furled the top-gallant sail, closed reefed the topsail, brailed up the foresail, single reefed the fore staysail, and furled the jib; and even then the ship heeled a good deal, and everything was topsyturvy in the cabin.'—vol. ii. p. 217. At the same time we confess that we are taking the correctness of the sea dialect for granted. We do not forget how a certain page in Gulliver took in the landmen, and maddened Swift's friend the old admiral. At all events the Countess was a fearless sailor—for the Dolphin suffered its full share of sea vicissitudes, and there is a description of a three-days' storm off the coast of Portugal, which no reader will find it easy to forget.

The little Dolphin schooner is a great favorite, it would seem, with the fair sex, and has since crossed the Atlantic in the service of another English lady, Mrs. Houston, who spends many an epithet of admiration upon her, and announces with characteristic pride that, from the day of their departure to the day of their return to the Channel, she had not 'shipped a single sea!' We have not room for that notice of the 'Voyage to the Texas' which its lively pages warrant, but it is a work which well accords with our estimate of the travelling Englishwoman. The lady is a daughter of Mr. Jesse, so well known for his charming contributions to the popular literature of Natural History; and she inherits the easy spirit of the paternal pen. Her adventures are often most diverting, and the buoyancy of her temperament seems almost unique—yet all is amiable, gentle, and good.

With the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer we return at once to the innermost boudoir of modern fashion. But though the light is stifled with draperies, and the air heavy with perfumes, and every step impeded with prettinesses, and uselessnesses, and nonsenses without end, yet a stream of pure feeling plays through, and genuine mirth is heard, and genuine kindness felt; and something tells that the inmate must be both healthy, happy, and worthy. There is

no objection in the world to a little finery if it be but well done: those only are ridiculous who are one thing and fancy themselves another. Now Mrs. Dawson Damer is *real*; she knows her own foibles as well as anybody else, and is too ready to laugh at them herself for her readers to do so long. Her affectation, too, is of that nice, simple, frank kind which flourishes under any circumstances, makes itself happy with any materials, and can ever and anon slip into positive nature without any very palpable change of manner. This lady can write her own tongue very admirably when she pleases, though she prefers a pepper and salt of French and English, in which she equally excels. In the midst of her gayest scenes, one perceives every now and then—even when she whispers it to a Pacha acquaintance—that she is thinking of the ‘four deserted children’ at home. She travels with every imaginable luxury—lackies and abigails, cook, courier, doctor, and artist—but sets to work to make the beds at Ramla, and picks up sticks herself in the desert with the greatest glee. The French cook is in agonies because he cannot get a turkey for his second course in the tent below *Mount Horeb*; but Mrs. Damer is quite contented with the five chickens he is forced to substitute. Her tent is evidently, wherever she goes, like a fragment of Mayfair: but she is always ready to bear a hand in tricking it out. She has all sorts of pretty longings and wishes—thinks that groups of slaves, each holding a candle, as she sees them in Shami Bey’s harem, are the prettiest way imaginable of lighting a room, and fears that ‘these animated candlesticks’ will quite spoil her for crystal and *ormolu*—longs to buy a little estate in the island of Rhodes, ‘if only to furnish sweet oranges and lemons for one’s desserts,’ but at the same time puts up with all the *tracasseries*, *désagréments*, and *malentendres*, and other disagreeables—for which of course there are no equivalents in the English language—with perfect equanimity of temper, and has even a kind word to say of the worst accommodation. Some people make you dislike their very virtues—this charming magician manages to put you in good humor even with her foibles.

Among all these

‘Young ladies with pink parasols
That glide about the Pyramids,’

we pick up sundry notices and traits of Mehemet Ali, quite as correct as those the

newspapers supply, and rather more interesting. In spite of his buying up his subjects’ cotton cheap, and selling it out dear, and other Pacha-like discrepancies, we feel that an Eastern Peter the Great is governing Egypt—that the massacre of the Mamelukes is but a counterpart to that of the Strelitzes—nay, that the cruelties of the Mahometan despot are less obnoxious on the whole than those of the Christian czar. Mrs. Dawson Damer gives a most spirited account of him—having, on occasion of his inspecting the arsenal, stationed herself close by, and been presented ‘as far as ladies could be.’

‘I never saw so striking and intelligent a countenance, nor one with half the variety of expression. The eye had at one moment that of positive benevolence, and an instant afterwards, when some of the machinery went wrong, it gained the most savage expression; and again when an awkward-looking boy fell down in turning a wheel, it assumed an appearance of fun and mischief, accompanied by a chuckle, for it could not be called a laugh. His costume was very simple—a greenish brown suit, trimmed with ugly light fur, and a red fez (cap)—and he wore pea-green silk gloves. His cloak was held up by one attendant, more as if for the purpose of keeping it out of the dirt than for ceremony. The Captain Pacha was on his left, and Burghos Bey, his prime minister, and five or six others, stood near him, but there was no appearance of the etiquette of a court. The only smart thing belonging to him was his large cherry-colored parasol, trimmed with gold fringe, of which an ill-dressed Arab had charge, but which the heat of the day did not oblige him to unfurl.

‘We were told that except Mrs. Light, who went in male costume to his levée, no European ladies had ever been in such direct communication with him before. He seemed to be much amused and flattered by our anxiety to see him, and remarked that Minny [Miss Damer] must be the youngest European traveller of her time. All this was communicated through the medium of his interpreter, in Turkish. He professes to know no other language, but I thought as our answers in French were translated, that he frequently appeared to have forestalled the interpreter.’—vol. ii. p. 228.

Thanks, too, to Mrs. Damer’s artist, M. Chacaton, we are furnished with a portrait of the Pacha in every way to match this description—representing a handsome intelligent countenance, with an ample brow and a white beard, and a pair of eyes it must be very difficult to throw dust into.

But the best is still to come. It may not be known to all our readers that Mrs.

Damer has struck out quite a new line of collecting—and that, instead of filling a show book with the autographs or portraits of distinguished individuals, she is satisfied with nothing less than a lock of their own hair! Having, not long since, succeeded in abstracting the six last black hairs from the noblest and wisest head in Europe, it is not surprising that she plucked up courage on the present occasion; bethought herself that she might not be passing through Alexandria again in a hurry, and that Pachas only live for ever in figures of speech, and, in short, applied for the same token, black or white, from under the turban—no, alas! the chimney-pot fez—that governs Modern Egypt. Mehemet Ali was startled;—if she had asked for his head it would have surprised him less! however, he remembered the bright pair of Frank eyes which had pierced him through and through at the arsenal—his heart softened, and though he eluded her immediate request under some excuse about the law of the Prophet—(of course, he had not a hair to give)—he made ample amends by promising much more.

‘He said that in a collection, containing Nelson’s, Napoleon’s, and Wellington’s, his was as yet unworthy to be included; but, if posterity judged otherwise, he would leave in his will a request to Ibrahim Pacha to present me with his beard; and if I did not outlive him, it was to descend to the son or daughters who inherited my collection. The ages and names of my children were asked for, and these testamentary arrangements were very gravely made, and written down by the secretary sent for that purpose. In the evening, at a little party at Captain L.’s, we heard that all Alexandria was ringing with this little episode.’—vol. ii. p. 234.

No wonder! What European lady had ever got so far before? Henceforth all generations of Dawson Damer will swear by the beard of the Pacha!

‘We feel that we owe our readers some apology for having thus late deferred the mention of a lady whose rank takes precedence of all the foregoing, and whose literary merit is no less distinct. We mean Harriet Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry. To Lord Londonderry the public were indebted only a few years back for that picture of the Northern Courts which no other pen but his could have supplied. To Lady Londonderry it now owes the completion of the set, by the addition of those of the South, including Constantino-ple—and two other Courts, never we be-

lieve described before, namely, Tetuan and Tangiers. Not, we are happy to say, that information of this value has been in any way purchased by the separation of two personages whose harmony of tastes is so conspicuously exemplary. On the contrary, it is pleasing to observe that Lady Londonderry followed Lord Londonderry north, and Lord Londonderry accompanied Lady Londonderry south. In addition therefore to other excellent merits, this work tends in every way to corroborate that doctrine of English domesticity on which we have dwelt, and cannot fail to impress the lower ranks of readers with the most salutary veneration for the connubial relations of exalted life.

In every other respect, indeed, vast sacrifice was incurred; but this, perhaps, considering the chief aim of their travels, was not to be avoided; for it is obvious that this noble pair were far too much impressed with the responsibility of their high station to think of travelling for their own pleasure. Their objects seem to have been multitudinous—but we are satisfied that their motive was always identical, and that of the most single-hearted description. Sometimes one is tempted to fancy that they had quitted home and all its comforts for the express purpose of binding the British Court in relations of closer amity with those of the rest of Europe, and, as we have said, of some parts of Africa, than the mere official modes of intercourse had been able to effect. At other times it looks as if their exclusive end and aim was the establishment of civilization in backward and careless countries, and the encouragement of it in those that were taking more pains. Perhaps a few pages further on, you are induced to surmise that they had no other earthly object than to erect themselves as living sign-posts in the most unfrequented regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa—for the warning or instruction of all those who might follow in their steps. But before we conclude the book, there is not a doubt upon our minds that the illustrious travellers were solely and entirely sustained by the desire of impressing upon mankind the great moral lesson of the insufficiency of the highest rank, consequence, and excellence, to screen its owners from the various evils of this world. In short, from whatever aspect we view it, the same broad principle of philanthropy pervades this work, though its actual application is not always so clear.

This must also account for the very decided tone we observe in her Ladyship's style of writing—even as to matters that usually pass for trifles. But Lady Londonderry feels and shows that to those who have a great public object at heart, there are no such things as trifles. Strict uncompromising partiality is her motto throughout. Drachenfels disappointed her, and she does not hesitate to tell it so; whereas Wiesbaden was larger than she expected, and she is equally open in her approbation. Scenery, however beautiful, if it lasted too long, she naturally pronounces troublesome; at the same time the humblest effort of an echo to give her pleasure is met by encouragement. Leaky steamers, mismanaged hotels, and obstinate Germans, she thinks it false humanity to spare; while, on the other hand, the worst behaved weather is admonished rather in astonishment than anger, and in the darkest night she blames nobody but herself for not having bespoken a moon. The same undeviating frankness accompanies her into the social departments of their private life. Her Ladyship dwells with amiable minuteness upon the eagerness of various illustrious individuals to do them honor, but is equally anxious we should be informed of all occasions when personages of similar dignity manifested inferior discernment. In this respect, indeed, the Marquis and Marchioness seem to have been particularly tried; and 'Royal forgetfulness' heads more than one chapter. Lord Londonderry some years ago was treated with what he took for studious rudeness by the Court of the Hague—who can have forgotten that horror, or the consequent kick at the ignoble Dutch nation?—This time the King of Bavaria, who, as Crown Prince, had been very intimate with him, returns 'a flat refusal' to Lord Londonderry's request for an audience; nay, Princess Doria, although often invited to Lady Londonderry's parties in London, peremptorily denies admittance to her palace. 'This is too bad.' Most people would have kept such matters to themselves; but Lady Londonderry knows the moral that must be drawn, and speaks out.

Again, on the occasion of that remarkable epoch in the Turkish history—Lady Londonderry's presentation at the Ottoman court—she enters into particulars which, had she not told them herself, we should probably never have heard of, and certainly never have believed. To us the

bright daylight picture (in the Book of Beauty) of the Marchioness of Londonderry in full court-dress presents only pleasing ideas of aristocratic splendor and feminine grace; but to the Turks the revelation was too sudden. They had but heard afar off of the goddess of civilization, and they did not know that she went unveiled, far less *décolletée*. At first, therefore, they opened the eyes of astonishment, and then turned the back of confusion; in occidental phrase, the poor Moslems all ran away the moment they beheld the radiant peeress, then peeped behind the curtains, and otherwise very much misbehaved themselves. Even when they did recover from their panic, they evidently had not a notion what to do, for they trotted her ladyship up and down, through courts and over terraces, as if she had been—in short, anything but a 'High and Mighty Princess.' Also, to crown the business, when Abdul Medjid finally did make his appearance, he took so little notice of his visitor, and retreated again so quickly, that to those not acquainted with the secret springs of policy which sustained the noble Marchioness, the whole affair might appear absurd and even derogatory.

The presentation to the Bey of Tangiers is, however, a grateful set-off. The costume of the Marchioness, upon this occasion, was not certainly calculated to give the most correct ideas of English court-dress, being merely her 'travelling-gown and old straw poke bonnet,' with her jewels over them. But the great Hash-Hash was too busy counting his toes to remark any discrepancies of toilette; and excepting 'four or five rude girls who laughed immoderately,' the ceremony passed off with commendable decorum.

Whatever else may be thought of this our grandest insular specimen, it will at least be allowed that the book is rich in amusement. It deserves to be printed on satin, and inlaid with as many crests and coronets as Debrett.

Foreign ladies, as we have already said, neither travel nor write sufficiently to supply any strict analogy. The few, therefore, that do are the more remarkable, and may furnish some comparison as women, if they do not as tourists.

The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn's name is well known as the authoress of light and amusing novels—a description of works comparatively unknown before in Germany, and which, in this instance, owe their popularity equally to the perfectly German

tone of manners and morals they express, as to the brilliant talents they exhibit. These novels, which appeared with a rapidity bespeaking productive powers of no common kind, were occasionally interspersed with accounts of trips to neighboring countries, undertaken for health or pleasure, and intermingled with episodes, either of story or verse. Of late, however, Countess Hahn-Hahn has appeared almost exclusively in the character of a tourist.

It is difficult to approach such a performer as this with any satisfaction to ourselves. The merits and demerits of her writing are so interwoven that it is hard to pronounce upon them, without being unjust to the one or far too lenient to the other. She is a sort of Pückler Muskau, with this difference, that the same class of cleverness is more becoming in the person of a woman, and the same class of errors infinitely more disgusting; and that she has both in a greater degree. Whether also Countess Hahn-Hahn the novelist has been a profitable predecessor to Countess Hahn-Hahn the tourist—is a question—which we are inclined to answer in the negative. The tourist has the same smartness of idea, lightness of step, and play of language, but she has also less scope for her fancy, and less disguise for her egotism. What therefore is the chief attraction of the one, viz., the *personal* nature of her writing, becomes the greatest drawback in the other. Now the whole field of emotions and feelings, the whole train of *internal experiences* as German ladies call them, are Countess Hahn-Hahn's particular vein. And with young, pretty, clever, rich, independent heroines to express them, and every imaginable romantic position to excite them, they are perfectly in their place, though seldom what we may approve. But the case is widely different the moment the feigned name is dropped. For when a lady invites you to accompany her, in her own person, through countries suggestive of outer impressions of the utmost interest and novelty, yet pauses every moment to tell you not only her own particular thoughts and feelings, but also those habits, peculiarities, preferences and antipathies, which one would have thought even she herself on such an occasion would have forgotten, we feel tied to one who at home would be rather tiresome, but abroad becomes insufferable—to one who never leaves *self* behind. It is no matter, therefore, whether the novelist be identical with the Countess Faustine, or the Countess Schön-

holm, or any other of her heroines, as has often been discussed; it is plain that there is but one person ever present to the imagination of the tourist, and that is the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn. The Germans think to bestow the highest praise on this lady by saying that she writes as if she were talking to you, which we admit, and therefore she becomes egotistical, as all great talkers invariably are, and wearisome from the same reason. Like almost all her countrywomen whom we have the honor of knowing in print, this lady commits the mistake of saying all she thinks—forgetful that few may, and those few don't—and not only what she thinks, but why she thinks, and how she thinks, till any process of that kind on the part of the reader becomes somewhat difficult. It is true that these works are chiefly in the form of letters addressed to relations at home—not fictitious relations, as convenient mediators between a bashful lady and a formidable public, but real brothers and sisters, and 'mamas'—who receive them regularly by post, and afterwards all join in entreating her to publish them, *just as they are*. But this by no means accounts for that predominance of the first person singular of which we complain. We all know that there is a species of egotism, generally closest to our hearts, for which our nearest and dearest have less deference than the newest stranger; and Madame Hahn-Hahn's is of this sort.

To turn, however, to a more grateful subject—those brilliant powers which so irksome a defect and others of a far graver nature have not been able to obscure—we have no hesitation in saying that the Countess possesses some of the requisites for a traveller in a most uncommon degree. In liveliness of observation, readiness of idea, and spirited ease of expression, she is unsurpassed by any lady writer we know—far less by any of her own countrywomen. Wherever, therefore, her pen engages on a subject where the mawkish egotism of the German woman is not excited, or the decorous principle of the English reader not offended, we follow her with the admiration due to rare talents.

Having pretty well exhausted the usual beat of European travelling—having revelled in Spain, reasoned in France, and grumbled in Sweden—the Countess came to a determination rather more extraordinary among the fine ladies of Germany than among those we have just left, namely, that of visiting the East. We pick, therefore,

among her 'Oriental Letters' for average specimens of her style.

Speaking of the plague of dogs in Constantinople—the hordes of living ones—the remains of dead ones—the perpetual offence to every sense—she says:—

'Enough! If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself—here comes a train of horses, laden on each side with skins of oil—all oil without as well as within. And, oh! take care again, for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coals upon their heads, and give way, too, to the left for those other men—four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandise, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile don't lose your head with the braying of the asses, the yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and cheanut venders, but follow your dragoman, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply the Turks respect the graves of the dead—how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe, after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated, or awry—several roughly paved streets intersect the space—here sheep are feeding—there donkeys are waiting—here geese are cackling—there cocks are crowing—in one part of the ground linen is drying—in another carpenters are planing—from one corner a troop of camels defile—from another a funeral procession approaches—children are playing—dogs rolling—every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But, true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they lie still.'—vol. i. p. 133.

Her remarks, too, from the Pyramids are such as have not often reached us thence:—

'Dear Brother,—If any one had said to me up there, between the foundation of this pyramid and that of the railroad at Vienna there are as many thousand years as there are thousands of miles from the planet Earth to the planet Sirius, I should have answered at once,

"Of course there are." I seemed to be standing on an island in the midst of the ether, without the slightest connection with all that hearts are throbbing with below. Time seemed to have rent a cleft around me deeper than the deepest ravine in the highest mountain of the Alps. Then one's very view below becomes so utterly—what shall I say?—so utterly lifeless. In the whole immense plain beneath you there is not one prominent feature. It is merely a geographical map with colored spaces—blue-green, yellow-green, sap-green—just as the culture may be. Among them palm-woods and gardens like dark spots, canals like silver stripes, and banks like black bars. Far and faint the brownish, formless masses of the city, wrapt in its own exhalations. And last of all, but seemingly quite near, the Desert—here no longer horrible. If in time itself there be such enormous deserts, where hundreds of years lie bare and waste, and only here and there some intellectual building, together with the builder, appear in the midst, like an oasis for the mind, why should not a few hundred miles of sand lie barren here upon earth? But even if Fairyland itself lay smiling round, it would make no difference. The pyramid is every thing. Like a great mind, it overpowers all in its vicinity. Even the Nile becomes insignificant. As the mountains attract the clouds, so does the pyramid attract the thoughts, and make them revolve perpetually round it. Dear Brother, it is a wonderful sight when man gets up his creations in a kind of rivalry with Eternity, as this old Cheops has done.'—vol. iii. p. 39.

One can hardly imagine this to be the same woman who shortly before had gone off into an ultra-German rhapsody about the bliss of a soft melancholy of the soul, 'serious yet not dejected,' and who longs 'to go to sleep in *herself*, rocked by the waves of her own heart!'

Now for a specimen of what is very beautiful, and the more surprising, considering it occurs not above a couple of pages off that ardently desired self-contained cradle!—namely, the lady's account of the rebuilding of the convent on Mount Carmel by the energies and exertions of one single individual. We are sorry to be obliged to curtail it, as it is more creditable to her pen and to her feelings than any other part of the work.

In 1819, Father Giovanni Baptista, an architect, received an order from the papal chair to proceed to Palestine, and ascertain the state of this convent. He found it as the Turks had left it upon Napoleon's retreat—plundered, ruined, and deserted, except by one monk, who loitered in a village at the foot. What there was to do was easily ascertained, for every thing was to be done: but the times were unfavorable.

Abdallah Pacha ruled in Syria—the Greek war had just commenced—whatever the Christians did was looked upon with suspicion; and the father returned to Rome. But the thought that the Holy Mountain no longer offered a home to the Christian and a resting place to the pilgrim, but that wild beasts and wilder Bedouins alone trod the sacred ground, never forsook him. In 1826 times had improved. He journeyed to Constantinople—obtained, through French influence, a firman to rebuild the convent, and with this repaired to Syria. The one monk had meanwhile died, and Father Baptista stood alone in the ruins. He now made a plan of the building, and an estimate of the costs—and then—

‘From Damascus to Gibraltar, from Morocco to Dublin, did his unwearied energy carry him; and whenever he had collected a certain sum, back he came to Syria, stood once more on Mount Carmel, and exchanged the way-worn pilgrim for the active architect. Of course he accomplished his end. For several years the convent has now stood on Mount Carmel, an asylum of mercy for all who need it, ready to receive Jew and Turk, Protestant and Heathen, *for God's sake*. Three days is the time allotted to each traveller. The sick may stay longer; also whoever needs them receives provision or clothes for the way. The building and fitting up cost 500,000 francs, and Father Giovanni Baptista *begged them all*—from high and low—from prince and from artizan. The beautiful marble pavement was presented by the Duke of Modena—the bells by the King of Naples—the little organ by the Queen. He himself, the pious builder, lives here as one of the six monks of the convent. . . . But is not this beautiful? A poor monk comes with empty hands, but with a strong will and a full heart, and accomplishes all he desires—literally all—permission, plan, money—and within ten years completes his work—and this in our days too! Dear friend! you are a tolerably zealous Protestant, but this you must admit, that Protestantism has a dreadful narrowness of heart. In the hospital of the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Berlin, *no Roman Catholic is admitted!* In what Roman Catholic hospital in the world is this the case? In none, I believe. Wherever Protestantism applies itself to good works, it contracts a narrow-minded pietistical taint, which deals uncharitably with every other denomination. And why? *because its essence is not Love*. In the assertion of rights it was born—in the struggle with abuses it has grown—and assertion and struggle, even in things divine, make mankind hard and egotistical; and thus has Protestantism remained. . . . Reflection is also a Protestant element—at once the spark that animates, and the fire that destroys it. Apparently Father Giovanni Baptista reflected but little

before he applied to the work, otherwise the difficulties would have deterred him. He said to himself, “This work must thou do,” and then he did it. Such men are *my men*.”—vol. ii. p. 132.

We beg to assure Madame Hahn-Hahn that the Protestantism of our country, is as Catholic in its charities as that of her Berlin hospital seems to be exclusive. The passage we have quoted is, however, most beautiful, and as Catholic as the most Catholic hearts of the day could desire. But let them not rejoice too soon over their adherent. In German phrase she is *many-sided*—she can argue just as warmly, though not quite so intelligibly, with one of the infidel parties in Germany, that the whole plan of Christianity is only to be taken in a philosophical sense; e. g. that ‘Christ had that view over this short life, and that insight into the souls of men, *which only those possess who have come to the perfect comprehension of their own I*—therefore might He say of himself, I have overcome the world.’ (vol. ii. p. 144.) She can as heartily agree with another party in the interpretation of the miracles on physical principles, and announces herself as ‘really delighted, that, in a journey undertaken for no positive use, she has been able, at all events, to prove one thing for the benefit of the rational interpreters of the Bible—viz., that the feeding of the five thousand, which Christ undertook with a few loaves and fishes, is, in this country, neither a miracle nor an impossibility, but really quite natural.’ (vol. ii. p. 182.) We should like to know how? She can declare with all the infidel parties of Germany at once, that whatever each believes to be true, is, *therefore*, true; and that the great right of the mind is to free itself from the domination of every belief that rests upon authority; and finally, she has a little private creed peculiar to herself alone, but ‘strong and impregnable, namely, *my belief*, that I am a child of God, for whom all churches are too narrow.’!!

This is certainly not much in the spirit of Father Giovanni Baptista. We doubt whether she be one of *his* women. Whoever wishes to know more about Madame Hahn-Hahn's religion, need only refer to the table of contents, 27th Letter, ‘What I think of Christianity—What I believe;’ but they must be very patient who get through the said letter, and very clever to understand it. At the same time we pass no condemnation on Madame Hahn-

Hahn for those opinions which, with all her imaginary freedom, she evidently holds, as it is natural for many men and most women to do, just because they are held by all around her. But it must be owned, that if there be one place in the world where the empty gibberish of modern German infidelity is least to be borne, it is *Jerusalem*.

There is one point in these letters to which we advert unwillingly, though, considering how very free this lady is on all subjects connected with herself, our delicacy is perhaps misplaced. We mean the occasional and off-hand allusion to a certain Baron Bystram, in a manner that shows he was the constant companion of her travels, and also her sole companion. It would be as uncharitable to attack the reputation of a lady who in this respect gives us no other cause for offence throughout the book, as it would be absurd to defend that of the German *Divorcée* who could write 'Faustine.' We only mention it as an illustration of the difference between the home and foreign standard of propriety. Madame Hahn-Hahn does not parade this equivocal matter, as if determined to outbraid all opinion—on the contrary, she alludes to it so seldom, that had the semblance of decorum been of any value in her eyes, she might have concealed it from the public altogether. 'Bystram' is of no use to her that we can discover, and she repudiates the idea of help or protection.

We have met with but one other German lady traveller who commits her impressions to paper. This is a certain Frau v. Bacharach, authoress of a novel called 'Lydia,' and of a volume entitled 'Theresa's Letters from the South.' We know nothing of the novel, but certainly the Letters are in no way deserving notice, except as a specimen of a class of which there are so few. Theresa deals so unceasingly in vague longings and mysterious sorrows—she has such pages of dialogue with her own soul, such sheets of description of her own mental scenery, that we lose all sight of the road she is travelling, and augur but ill for the home she has left. She is young, wealthy, and happily married (we are assured in the preface); nevertheless these letters are addressed to some male friend of her soul, who may be old enough to be her grandfather, or cold enough to be her Mentor, but whom she thinks of always, and longs

for every where, and apostrophises with an ardor which the mere English reader will consider as throwing rather a new light upon the relations of friendship.

To come back to our English books—in times like these the luxury of travel, like every other that fashion recommends, or that money can purchase, will necessarily be shared in by many utterly unfitted to profit by it. Nevertheless, while we lament much desecration of beautiful scenes and hallowed sites, let us turn to the brighter side of the question, and rejoice that the long continuation of peace, the gradual removal of prejudices, the strength of the British character, and the faith in British honesty, have not only made way for the foot of our countryman through countries hardly accessible before, but also for that of the tender and delicate companion, whose participation in his foreign pleasures his home habits have made indispensable to him. We are aware that much more might have been said about the high endowments of mind and great proficiency of attainment which many of these lady tourists display; but we fear no reproach for having brought forward their domestic virtues as the truest foundation for their powers of travelling, and the reflex of their own personal characters as the highest attraction in their books of travel. It is not for any endowments of intellect, either natural or acquired, that we care to prove the English woman's superiority over all her foreign sisters, but for that soundness of principle and healthiness of heart, without which the most brilliant of women's books, like the most brilliant woman herself, never fails to leave the sense of something wanted—a something better than all she has besides.

JEMIMAH WILKINSON, THE AMERICAN PROPHETESS.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE subject of this sketch received her being in the state of Rhode Island, one of the New England states, North America, about 1756, while the country remained a British province.

The parents of Jemimah were not above the common yeomanry of the country, except that her father was a ruling elder in the Calvinistic church. Her grandfather

had been more distinguished. He had sat in the first council of the colony, where, on account of its being seed-time, and the members anxious to get home to their farms, they gravely resolved to adopt the laws of God for the government of the colony, until they should have time to meet together and make better.

Jemimah inherited the native talents of the whole stock; and I should conclude from her subsequent career, that her education was superior to what fell to the common lot of New England females, at that period. From the living chroniclers of the place, I have not been enabled to gather any thing important of her early history, before she reached the age of twenty-four years, except that she was very grave, contemplative, absent, and somewhat eccentric.

There is a certain epoch in the history of all prophets, whether true or false, from which they date their commission; when, either by a vision, the ministration of angels, a journey to heaven, or by the voice of God himself, the inspired one receives, or pretends to have received, the divine afflatus, by which he is qualified to open his authoritative message to the world. If the lips of Isaiah were touched with hallowed fire from off the altar; if Mahomet was caught up into the country of Cherubim; so Jemimah Wilkinson, late of Rhode Island, spinstress, at the age of twenty-four met the Almighty in a trance, as she ever after boldly affirmed, and received a commission at his hands. The circumstances of this event are too important in the history of the prophetess to pass unnoticed, and must therefore here appear in their order.

It occurred, then, about 1780, when our heroine was of the age aforesaid, that after a few days' slight illness, she fell into an unusual syncope, presenting more the pallid lineaments of death than any state of disease known to physiology. Her eyes remained partially open, fixed on vacancy; or rather apparently gazing on some terrific object; pulsation had ceased; the silver cord seemed loosed; the wheels of life stood still; and nothing indicative of vitality remained, but a slight warmth in the region of the heart. In this condition she had remained for two days and two nights, when her medical attendants, after having exhausted their skill in efforts at resuscitation, pronounced her dead; and the agonized family, no longer held in suspense, now found a definite object for their grief,

as they poured out their tears for their beloved and lost one. It is the custom of that country to bury the dead on the next day after the decease. No invitation is extended to particular friends, to be in attendance. The corpse is generally removed to the parish *meeting-house*, where a promiscuous congregation is assembled with the *minister*; singing, prayer, and a funeral sermon follow, when the whole congregation march in procession to the place of sepulture. Accordingly, the next day was fixed for the funeral of Jemimah Wilkinson. When it arrived, an immense concourse of people were on the spot, drawn out, as well on account of the popularity of the deceased, as from a laudable curiosity to learn more of the singular circumstances attending her exit. The family appeared in decent mourning; the coffin was placed on the altar in front of the pulpit; the preacher had ascended the holy place, and was in profound meditation, preparatory to that solemn service which devolved upon him. The assembly, in sympathy with the scenes before them, and feeling that they were in the house of mourning, were hushed into silence; when, of a sudden, and to the astonishment of all present, three distinct raps, coming forth from the narrow house of the dead, sounded through the aisles, and echoed from the vaulted ceiling of the church. This was succeeded by a silence still more profound; not a limb was moved nor a whisper breathed; the awe-stricken Puritans sat in solemn amazement, as if the day of judgment, and the voice of the last trumpet, had just sounded in their ears. In the midst of this silence, and while every eye was turned towards the altar, the short lid* at the head of the coffin was thrown back, and the pale hand of Jemimah Wilkinson was extended upwards, as if in the effort of rising. In a moment the pious divine and family physician were at her side. The lower lid was stricken off; aid was given to her efforts, and she sat up in her grave-clothes in the midst of an amazed congregation. After a short pause, the prophetess opened her lips in faint words, which were rendered audible only by the breathless silence which otherwise prevailed. She declared that her former self had died and passed into the land of spirits,—that this which

* Coffin lids in that country are made in two parts: the upper division, about a foot in length, is hung with brass hinges, left unfastened till they arrive at the cemetery.

they now saw was her resurrection and spiritual body, redeemed from corruption by the power of God, that she might come back to earth, as a new proof of the resurrection of the dead—that, while absent from the body, she had received a commission from the Holy One investing her with the power of Jesus Christ until his second coming to judge the world—that she had authority to raise up a holy and elect church on the earth, who should share with her in the first resurrection, and be present to witness her equal glory with Christ when he should descend in the clouds of heaven. It may well be supposed, that this astounding announcement, made under circumstances thus extraordinary, was not without its effects upon a multitude so disposed to the marvellous from their sympathy in the scene. Its ultimate influence upon the surrounding neighborhood will by-and-by more fully appear. Various opinions have been entertained by the philosophic and incredulous in the neighborhood, as to the true character of this extraordinary vision. Some very good men have supposed that the Almighty, whose power over the invisible world is as absolute as over the material universe, did indeed in this instance employ a spiritual agency to effect some good purpose: but that, through the weakness of the erring creature, what was intended for salvation was perverted, and made the occasion of the wildest fanaticism. To support this notion, her former piety, and the otherwise inexplicable features of the case, are referred to.

Others have supposed that the melancholic subject of the vision was predisposed to swooning or fainting fits, in which, while the other powers of mind and body were suspended, the imagination, as in case of a dream, was left free to wander over heaven, earth, and hell; and that her previous sublimated piety gave direction to her fancy, and led her thoughts up to the temple and throne of God, where she verily *supposed* she heard the announcements, and received the commission, which she afterwards made known. This notion finds corroboration in the apparent sincerity of her after life. If correct, it presents a notable case of self-deception.

Others, again, have resolved the whole matter into a systematic scheme for personal aggrandizement, power, and wealth; by which its authoress became the founder of a sect, the leader of a party, and the ora-

cle of her devoted followers. This explanation, though less charitable than the others, and scarcely reconcilable with her former piety, and the wonderful phenomenon of the trance, is, nevertheless, more in accordance with her future developments.

It is said, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country;" but it must be conceded to Jemimah Wilkinson, that, even there, and among her own kinsmen, her mission was honored by scores of proselytes. Her father's family, and immediate kinsfolk, who best knew her moral character, and who were eye-witnesses of her trance, were the first to seal their testimony to the truth of her doctrines, by unreserved discipleship.

Soon she established regular meetings, where the people flocked in multitudes; some to gratify an awakened curiosity, others to wait on her ministrations with a profound conviction of their truth. Some who were present on such occasions, and who were by no means favorable to her pretensions, have assured me, that so much evangelical truth was mixed up with her statements; so original were her conceptions; so vivid her imagination; so sublimated her piety, and pathetic her appeals, that it was not strange that the unlettered mind should be warped from the common faith, and hundreds should rally around her standard, to go up with her to possess the goodly land. The company of the *faithful* in her native state, already numbered some hundreds. That it was not quadrupled, was owing, undoubtedly, to the impolitic adoption of an unnatural rule for the government of her flock; namely, that they should "neither marry nor be given in marriage; and those who had wives, should become as those who had none."

Religionists of all ages have been tainted with this folly. It was the foundation of the monastic orders. Its requirement, by the Popes, of the clergy of Britain, furnished matter of contention for many centuries. The stalwart Saxon, in whom the voice of nature was too potent for such *single* spirituality, resisting unto bonds and imprisonment, raised up a standard against papal domination, which was only confirmed and established in the reformation of Luther. Founders of sects, therefore, who incorporate this element into their systems, however they may prosper for a season, will find in the end, that nature will resent such a prohibition in her empire,—her

voice will be heard,—her laws will prevail, to the subversion and overthrow of every celibate hierarchy.

Another element adopted in Jemimah's system, was conceived in more wisdom. Though at war with the conventional usages of society, it outraged no laws of nature; and addressing itself to the indigent and hungry, it operated as a foil to the other objectionable feature, by drawing in the poor, the maimed, the halt, the deaf, and blind, to the place of bread, and equal enjoyments. This item was no other than that adopted by the first disciples of Jesus, after the Holy Ghost had fallen on them at Pentecost when, "neither of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Another principle adopted and acted on in this new system was, to collect and adopt, as constituent parts of their community, all the orphans, foundlings, and poor children, within reach of their operations; thereby, in a manner, supplying the defects of the other part of the system, that the society of the faithful should not ultimately become extinct. These two last mentioned elements, though wisely contrived, to increase the numbers of the sect, could not fail, in their practical working, to increase poverty in the same proportion. This was soon felt, to the heart of the community. Jemimah could shower down the spiritual bread, such as it was, in profuse abundance, which she never failed to do at their solemn convocations; but still, these ethereal-minded disciples were constantly reminded that they were still in the body, by the cravings of unsatiated appetites, and the shivering of their uncovered limbs. This was a matter to be looked into. Rhode Island, as a country, was a poverty stricken region: the land cold and hungry—the climate bleak and unpropitious.

Matters for the society were getting worse and worse. What was to be done? In this emergency the Prophetess applied to the divinity *that was within her*, and the answer returned was, "Thou shalt go out into a strange country, and to a people of strange language: but fear not; for lo! the angel of his presence [alias, Jemimah Wilkinson] shall go with thee. He shall lead thee; and the Shechinah [that is, Jemimah] shall be thy rearward?"

About this period, the celebrated Oliver Phelps, whose history I may hereafter lay before the public, had effected his treaty

with the Seneca Indians, by which an extensive territory of Western New-York was ceded to him and his heirs for ever. This purchase was seventy miles in breadth, and an hundred in length; bounded on the north by Lake Ontario; east by Cayuga lake; south by Pennsylvania, and the spurs of the Alleghany mountains; and west by the Genesee river. At *this* period, it is the most populous and highly cultivated portion of the Union; and, having respect to luxuriousness of soil, abounding wealth, hydraulic erections, clustering cities, towns, and villages, convenience to market, and other elements of perpetual prosperity, I think all travellers who have visited the spot will agree with me in saying, it is the garden of the New World.

At the time of which we write, when the Prophetess received her direction to go to a strange country, this was, indeed, a strange and unknown land to the *settled* portion of America, lying far beyond the western limits of civilization. The sound of the axe had never been heard in its ancient forests, nor had foot of the most adventurous pioneer pressed its soil. It was, indeed, the habitation of a people of strange language; for no voice, since "the morning stars sang together" at creation's birth, had ever broken the solitude of the wilderness, or awoken echo from its deep glens and mountain-caves, save the whoop of the savage warrior, or the howlings of beasts of prey. To this country, then, when in the condition I have just described it, Jemimah Wilkinson emigrated with her followers,—performing a journey of five hundred miles, mostly through the forests, destitute of highways,—to plant her colony in a more congenial soil, and develop her doctrines on a wider theatre. Though the savage tribes had conveyed by treaty the greater part of the territory, yet, as the process of *settling*, by the whites, would occupy many years, those stalwart foresters, the ancient proprietors of the land, still lingered around the graves of their forefathers, as if in no haste to break communion with their hallowed manes, which they believed to people the air, and "walk the earth unseen, both when they waked and when they slept," warning them of approaching danger, and becoming their guardian *genii* through the vicissitudes of life. These scattered tribes, though principally inhabiting their reservations on the aforesaid territory, were not scrupulous in the matter of the chase, but promiscuously

wandered over the whole country for their game; and, what was quite natural in the case, they looked with jealousy and distrust at any encroachment on their ancient dominions; having occasion to be dissatisfied with a treaty procured by finesse, if not by fraud, by which their former hunting-ground was about to pass from them for ever; their sacred spots, consecrated to the dead, to be desecrated; and the bones of their venerated chieftains to be turned up by the white man's plough-share, to bleach in the sun-beams, or mingle with the common earth. It was, then, with no ordinary feelings of surprise that a hunting party of these savages witnessed the arrival of the *holy band*, consisting of some hundreds, with the Prophetess at their head. Runners were despatched from this small party of Indians to notify to the head men of the nation this important event. Jemimah had effected her purchase of land of its proprietor, consisting of a township, of six miles square, in the very heart of this beautiful country. She named her purchase after the holy city of Judea; calling it *Jerusalem*, because out of it was to go forth the word of life, to enlighten the surrounding nations, as well pagan as civilized.

It still retains the name bestowed upon it by the Prophetess; and will be found by the traveller, about twelve miles south-west of the beautiful town of Geneva, on the west side of the Seneca lake, in the well known county of Ontario. That the reader may know with what rapidity the value of real estates is advanced in a new country, by its progressive improvements, I will here state, that the worth of Jemimah's purchase at this time, is not less than £400,000 sterling. Its original cost, to the Prophetess, as is still to be seen in the record of her deed, at Canandaigua, the capital of Ontario, was but £500. Well, the next difficulty to be encountered, was with those turbulent neighbors, the Seneca Indians; for a settlement within their borders could not go on, at that period, unless *they* could be propitiated.

The neglect of such a precaution, has been the occasion of many a bloody massacre. Penn, perhaps, with the exception of Jemimah Wilkinson, was the only pioneer of emigration in the new world, who adopted the true policy with these unlettered children of nature. His scheme, bot-tomed on eternal justice, and the pacific theory of the gospel, being practically carried out before the pagan eye, won for

Christianity (exhibited in that amiable form) the profoundest reverence, even from savage breasts; while, at the same time, it procured the safety and prosperity of his band of emigrants, who first peopled Philadelphia and the country around. His doings are too well known to need repetition here. They stand recorded on the enduring page of national history; and live in the veneration of his followers.

While Jemimah and her disciples were busily employed in laying out their grounds, it being on a spot formerly occupied as an Indian village, a formidable band of the natives, who had been collected by the runners, looked in upon her, quite unexpectedly, and to the dismay of her lamb-like believers. The Prophetess alone remained unmoved at this hostile array—for the warriors had come well armed; rifles and long carbines trailed from their right hands; tomahawks, hatchets, and scalping-knives gleamed in the sun's rays, as they depended from their belts; the war-paint upon their faces, and eagle quills nodding on their scalp-tufts, invested them with unearthly ferocity; so that a much more valorous band than the followers of Jemimah, might well have had misgivings, without the charge of cowardice justly resting on them. The Prophetess approached the intruders with a firm step, and undaunted eye, apparelled in that unique dress which I shall hereafter describe. She was met, to her surprise, by a lad of white skin, who addressed her in good English. This lad was no other than Jasper Parrish, afterwards Captain Parrish, who became the United States interpreter, in their negotiations with the Indians, for forty years thereafter. Born in Pennsylvania, he was taken prisoner some years previous, in the revolutionary war, when his family were all massacred in his presence, and himself caused to run the gauntlet. He came off triumphant—was adopted into an Indian family—became a favorite—finally settled in Canandaigua, enriched by Indian munificence—filled a broad space in the good opinion of his country—died in the bosom of civilization, and within the pale of the Christian church. This Jasper Parrish, while a vagrant orphan, incorporated with the wandering tribes, as one of their number, met the Prophetess of Rhode Island, in advance of his savage companions, who were drawn up in battle array. He inquired of her, who she was, whence she came, who were her companions, and what was their present object. Her answer,

as Parrish afterwards reported it, was as follows:—"I am the Out-beaming of God on earth, in the place of Jesus Christ, until his second coming—I came from the east—these are the lambs of my flock—and we seek a pasture in the wilderness." The interpreter, though a youth, was a shrewd lad; he comprehended in a breath, as well from the vehemence and apparent sincerity of the speaker, as from her singular dress, that she was some fanatic; and he conceived the thought, that this could be turned to good account with the savages, whose superstitions in these matters, I will shortly hereafter describe. But, the young interpreter was in a sad perplexity to determine to which *sex* the "*Out-beaming*" belonged; especially as her dress was so equivocal, that it went to establish, rather than resolve the doubt. And, as I have referred to this habiliment once before, and promised an explanation, I will proceed to describe it, as I saw it myself, many years afterwards; especially, as I was assured, by those who knew, that her dress was never varied in appearance, through her long prophetic life. First, then, she wore neither gown nor petticoat. Her lower limbs were covered with kilts or *pantaletts*, coming down midway between the knee and ankle—they were composed of very fine woollen cloth, of light drab color. Her hose were of linen thread, of flax color:—shoes covered with large yellow buckles. Her tunic was like a bishop's under-dress; showing a skirt opening in front, coming down midway between the waist and knee. The outward garment, covering the bust and arms, was not unlike a riding habit with rolling collar and wide lappells, turning back upon the breasts. Around her neck was a wide white ribbon, crossed in front, and pinned down upon her breast, not unlike a clergyman's small linen worn in front. The material of her habit and tunic were all of a piece with her kilts, being a very light-colored drab. Her black hair parted in front, and coming down upon her shoulders on each side, rolled up in natural curls. She wore a drab quaker-hat, with a rim not less than eight inches wide.—While my hand is in at description, let me say as to her person, that nature had not been stingy, either in bulk of material, or symmetrical adjustment. She was considerably above the middle stature, as to height and muscular development. Her eyes were coal-black, large, steady, firm: the *tout ensemble*, or entire person of Jemimah Wilkinson, taken

would impress the beholder with strong intellect, decision of character, deep sincerity, and passionate devotion.

Now my reader will understand, from the above, why young Parrish doubted as to which *sex* she belonged; and her voice furnished no better clue; as, in aid of nature, she had made it sonorous by her *out-pourings* to her flock, some of whom were deaf, as before stated. My readers may think me trifling upon this question of *sex*; for he will ask me, what mattered it to the interpreter, whether the Prophetess was man or woman? Be patient, kind reader—don't anticipate. Let me assure you, matter enough depended on this equivocal point. The success of the whole enterprise: ay, the safety of the lambs of the flock:—yea more, *the life of the Prophetess herself rested on this single point*. If the reader will indulge me in another digression, I will here satisfy him, on the spot, of the truth of the above statement. Indians, like Orientalists, place women low in the scale of moral being, denying to them souls and immortality; hence they refuse them a place in the council-house; intrust them with no secrets of war; admit them to no part of religious rites;—and if a woman is even suspected of divination, or having to do with invisible agencies, she is immediately put to death as a *witch*, and her children must seek shelter in a foreign tribe. While, on the other hand, a *Medicine-man*, as they call an astrologer, or magician, ranks high in the nation; wielding authority even over their chiefs; sitting among their kings; and ruling by his counsel, as the great prophet of the tribe, in all affairs of war and state. Now, had the interpreter announced Jemimah Wilkinson, to the warriors, as a *woman* having the power of Deity, or as dealing in occult arts, her heart's blood would have been spilled before the chieftains left the spot, and the lambs of her flock been devoured by the *savage wolves* of the Senecas. The matter of *sex*, therefore, as the reader now sees, became most important on that occasion. Parrish, who had witnessed barbarous massacres enough, was deeply anxious to prevent the blood of these unarmed enthusiasts being shed; and, knowing the Indian customs aforesaid, put the direct inquiry to Jemimah, whether she were man or woman? "As to that, young man," replied the Prophetess, "I am neither; being the effulgence of Divinity, and at the head of a kingdom whose subjects neither marry nor are given in mar-

with her carriage, manners, and address, riage; and where they are neither Greek nor Jew, bond nor free, male nor female, it does not behove me to allow the distinctions of the flesh, where all are one in Christ, whose authority I now wield." This was a poser to the young interpreter. He knew not how to proceed. Jemimah, perceiving his embarrassment, added, "True, I was once known as Jemimah Wilkinson; was *then a woman*, and so remained, till my mortality put on immortality, and was swallowed up of spiritual life." "God be thanked for that," said Parrish, "keep the old *name* to yourself; and, if you were not actually changed from woman to man, in the operation, let me say to the Indians that you *are* a man, or you'll meet with a worse change than ever came over you *down East*." A few words served to explain the Indian custom to the quick apprehension of the Prophetess, who undoubtedly rejoiced in spirit that on *that* occasion, at least, she was delivered from the bonds of the flesh. Parrish, as master of ceremonies, and chief mediator in this grave affair, left Jemimah where they had been standing, and hastened to his companions, to report progress.

If I were not opposed to the pedantic usage of interlarding English books with scraps of French and Italian, and, moreover, if I supposed my readers understood the language of the Senecas, I should bring out the life-tints of these Indian scenes in *their* guttural and beautifully figurative dialect; but, having undertaken to write an *English* account of this woman, I should not redeem my pledge by talking in an unknown tongue. Would that my contemporary writers might think of this matter, and govern themselves accordingly! Well, Parrish declared to the assembled warriors, that the great medicine-man of the Pale-faces, whose mysterious power in divination was the admiration of his own nation, being moved with compassion for the wandering tribes, had left the place of the sun's rising, accompanied by his friends, and, after passing their boundless forests, had arrived in the heart of the Senecas, to teach them more fully of the Great Spirit, to heal their diseases, defend them from *Evil-ones*, and, controlling the elements of nature, to bring fruitful seasons, good fishing and hunting, and general prosperity. This announcement was received by the savages with mingled feelings of surprise, joy, and doubt. They

desired to approach nearer to this mysterious being, that they might better satisfy themselves, by scrutiny, as to the reality of her pretensions.

Jemimah, who was an adept in reading men's thoughts, whether savage or civilized, perceived at once that she had nothing to fear from the approach of these awe-stricken Pagans. She knew by their very movement that a favorable impression had already been made upon them; so that she was perfectly self-possessed, and prepared to deepen the veneration with which they approached her. As they formed a semicircle around her, she solemnly raised her hands toward heaven, threw back her head, closed her eyes, moved her lips as if in holy communion with the Highest; while her countenance, lighted up with celestial ardor, betrayed unearthly emotion, such as man might not look upon and remain unaffected. When the interest of the warriors was thus wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, her eyes gently opened, her arms waved downwards in concentric circles as if in the act of pouring blessings on their heads, while her lips pronounced these solemn words:—"May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pour his blessing upon you! Receive *my* blessing in the name of the Lord." This being interpreted to the Indians, they bowed themselves toward the Prophetess, in token of reverence, and silently retired. As these foresters never despatch any grave matter in haste, they chose not to commit themselves any further in this affair, until their course of procedure should be settled in general council, when their own prophet, orators, and sage men, should all be present, to act as might be required. Accordingly, runners were despatched to the Genesee Reservations to assemble a full delegation of the wise men of the tribes, at a council-fire, to be held near to Jerusalem.

When the day arrived, Blue-Sky, Corn-Tassel, Red-Jacket, the most illustrious orators of the nation, together with some hundreds of chiefs and warriors, clad in all their gew-gaw splendor, exhibiting the grotesque insignia of their respective tribes, appeared in the council-house, ready to hear the prophet of the pale-faces. But there was one accompanied them, requiring a more particular description. His form was venerable, though emaciated. Time, and mental cares, had ploughed deep furrows in his cheeks, and marked his forehead into ridges. Of his once raven locks, what re-

mained from the bleaching of an hundred *snows*,* was hoary as the feathers of the swan. His form was stooping, his limbs tremulous with age, and his eyes sealed up with blindness.

This was Skós-kajénau, the great Prophet of the Senecas, before whom the chieftains bowed down, and the young men hid themselves. Into this grave assembly, Jemimah Wilkinson, clad as I have already described her, made her entrance. A wicker seat had been raised for the two prophets; while the warriors sat upon the ground below and before them. A deep silence, such as I have often witnessed in the Indian council-house, pervaded the assembly for ten minutes, when the Indian Prophet above described arose and delivered himself as follows:—" *Medicine-man* of the Yangees,† *listen!* I am an old man—my eyes can no more look on the sun—my tongue can speak but few words. Soon I *sleep*,—who then shall teach my people? They say you come from the sun's rising, where the shining ones talk with you. Now, we don't know. May be you be good, may be not. I, ancient prophet,—seen much. Great Spirit talk to me from the cloud. I inquire after him in my dreams. Sometimes he answer in the sunshine, sometimes in the rain. Sometimes I don't know. If Pale-face know more, then me listen. I have done."‡

This address being duly interpreted by Parrish, Jemimah felt herself called on to respond. I must not detain the reader by her entire speech. She spake of her supernatural being and divine mission; of the success which had attended her preaching; of the love she bore to a fallen world, and especially the deep interest she felt in the welfare of the Senecas, for whom she travailed in birth, until their redemption should be brought in. Indians rarely take a vote, or resolve as to any thing, immediately after listening to a speech. They will not place an important matter on the issue of excited passions. They have a maxim, which, when rendered into English, reads thus:—"Grave things are to be weighed in a cool balance." Hence, on the close of Jemimah's speech, they adjourned the sitting, to deliberate on what they had heard. After due consideration, they sent a messenger, with their in-

terpreter, to the Prophetess, notifying to her that it was *one* thing to speak the *great word*, but *another* thing to do the great *Wizard-work*; and that, unless the *medicine-man* of the pale faces could show them a sign, they would not believe on him.

Jemimah's wits were put to the test by this requirement. However great she might fancy her power in the invisible and spiritual world, she felt it was rather difficult to bring out a notable and visible miracle, to the conviction of savages, from the gross materials of nature which surrounded her. She had but short time to consider; so she despatched the messenger with answer that she would soon be with them in council. While walking her room, in some perplexity how next to proceed, dame Nature came up in aid of her *divinity*. Her eyes fell on a large magnet lying beside her compass, which articles she had brought with her from the sea-board to aid her surveys of the new country; for, be it known to my readers, that even the supernal power of Jemimah Wilkinson did not extend to the making of straight lines and observing due courses, in that extended forest, without the aid of earthly science. Well, with the magnet concealed in her pocket, the "*Out-beaming*" once more paraded through the sitting ranks of the chieftains to her wicker-chair, beside the ancient Prophet. Another silence pervaded the council-house; all eyes were fixed on the *Divinity*. Jemimah arose in that solemn and imposing manner peculiar to herself, and said—"Oh, slow of heart to believe! I might denounce ye as that 'wicked and adulterous generation who seek a sign,' and might add, that 'no sign shall be given ye, but the sign of Jonas the Prophet:' but, that I may make full proof of this more merciful dispensation; and that ye may believe that I have power over nature, I propose to shake the foundation of the house where we are sitting, and level its timbers to the ground." This being interpreted, a thrill of horror and apprehension shook every warrior's nerves. They begged, through the interpreter, that a less tremendous display be made, and they would believe. Jemimah saw that this was her time; the savages were in alarm, and hence disposed to the marvellous. She extended her hand towards the nearest chieftain, and, in an authoritative tone, demanded his bright scalping knife, which gleamed from beneath his belt. The knife was handed to her. Then, standing up, she waved her right hand, with the magnet in it, like an

* *Snows*, with the Indians, signify winters.

† "*Yangees*," means white men. *Yankee* was derived from it.

‡ I am indebted to Captain Parrish for the substance of this speech.

enchanter's wand, over the heads of the warriors, till, bringing the knife and loadstone in contact, the cohesion of attraction was never better illustrated. The knife, attached by its point to the loadstone, made sudden evolutions in concentric circles, as it glistened and trembled in its whirling, and yet adhered to the point of attraction. "Hugh!" (their exclamation of surprise,) burst from every savage bosom. In a moment, they were all upon their feet, leaning forward, in breathless silence and amazed wonder, at the phenomenon before them. The blind Prophet had only heard the exclamation. He inquired the cause, which, being explained to him by one of the orators, he rose up, bending his sightless eyeballs toward the magic exhibition.

When the "*Divinity*" had made ample exhibition of her sorcery, to the satisfaction of herself and amazement of her beholders, she gracefully drew in her arm, disposing of the magnet in her pocket, still holding the knife in her hand, and delivered herself as follows: "As you have seen the scalping-knife arrested by invisible power, and suspended on nothing, it is to admonish you, that the Great Spirit wills the suspension of that bloody instrument, together with the tomahawk and rifle, in the destruction of human life; that you are to hang them up in your wigwams; and no more employ them against your white neighbors. I have come among you as the *Great Blessing*; see that you refuse not him that speaketh from heaven!"

This interpreted, the aged Prophet closed the council as follows: "Wizard of the Yangees, we bow to your supremacy. Red men have become mice; we crawl under your feet. Once we were the wild buffalo—our heart was big—our legs long, and our horn strong. Now our heart is soft, we have become women. The Yangees of the east have slain the Pequot warriors—made the Delawares mad with fire-water: the last of the Mohigans sleeps. The Senecas go next. The Great Spirit talks no more with our prophets; our warriors are cowards; and our wise men are confounded in the r talk. By-and-by we have no deer—the tree that shades us will be dry; Yangees will burn up our wigwams, and dig up our graves. We think you a great witch.* Pale faces will hear you. When you see poor Indian

fainting, will you give him bread?—when the snow and frost are on his blanket, may he come to your fire? Now we go home: we hang up the scalping knife at your *great word*: we fight no more: we be good friends: good-bye." At these words the council broke up; the natives retired in profound reverence of the *medicine-man* of the Yangees; and from that hour to the day of her death, Jemimah Wilkinson exercised a controlling influence over all the Seneca nation, who regarded her as a being having power over nature and Divine agency in the invisible world. This homage was not limited to profession merely, it was manifested in offerings and propitiatory presents of furs, venison, and other acceptable things, at every full moon, for many years thereafter. And, in justice to Jemimah, be it recorded, that no undue advantage of that influence was ever taken by her; but on the contrary, she proved herself the Indian's friend, through good report and evil report. Her doors were ever open to these houseless wanderers; and her board spread for their wants. That thousands of them did not become her constant disciples was owing, not to a want of kindness on her part, or veneration on theirs, but to that fugitive, vagabond habit, instinctive in all the Indian race, which renders all efforts at civilization among them unavailing and abortive.

The settlement of Jemimah at Jerusalem was immediately succeeded by a vast influx of emigrants from New England, pouring in, year after year, and month after month, like wave succeeding wave, to obtain a footing in the Genesee country, which was justly considered the garden of America. This brought around the Prophetess too stubborn a material to be worked up into her spiritual edifice, as all who will philosophize upon the subject will at once perceive.

It is a mistaken notion that the pioneers of a new country, especially a country of great productiveness, are boorish, illiterate men. The next generation may become so, by a neglect of schools, churches, and other institutions of moral culture and mental training; but the first adventurers are generally bold, enterprising, persevering men, who think and act for themselves, and to the best advantage. Such were the first settlers of Ontario county. Besides, their time was too much occupied in selling the trees, clearing and fencing land, and obtaining bread for the body, to bestow much attention upon ethereal and spiritual matters. Add to this, populous villages, such as Can-

* Not that the Indians suspected Jemimah to be a woman. "Witch" is a generic term for sorcerer, without distinction of sex.

andaigua, Geneva, Pennyan, &c. &c. were springing up in the immediate neighborhood of Jerusalem, where the literature of the day, newspapers, books, clergymen, lawyers, and scholars soon found their way.

All these causes combined, operated to suspend the spiritual advancement of the new sect, and to limit the *out-pourings* to the established in the faith. Even this was not without its advantages: it enabled the *elect* to extend their improvements, beautify and adorn their village, introduce the mechanic arts, erect mills and manufactories; so, if they were not gathering materials for their moon-shine kingdom in the clouds, they were more profitably advancing their interests in the world *that now is*. The result of this thrifty economy was, that in a few years, the same community who wandered off from Rhode Island in destitution and in rags, now excited the envy of the surrounding country, by their superior wealth, and eligible situation. A country squire, by the name of Potter, residing in the neighborhood, who had recently been raised to the bench of Common Pleas, as one of the judges of Ontario county, having squandered his time and fortune in politics, now cast around him for the means of getting up in the world. He selected Jemimah's establishment as the theatre of his operations. With this view, he appeared among her worshippers on their Lord's Day meetings, first as a spectator; then as a penitent; and finally as a convert and member in full fellowship. Jemimah *rejoiced in spirit* at this honorable acquisition, naturally concluding that so influential a disciple as Judge Potter would induce many others into her fold: but she soon found that she had caught a Tartar—a wolf had come among the *lambs* of the flock. Potter ingratiated himself with the "*Divinity*:" became her confidential adviser in worldly matters, and her private secretary. Soon he brought his wits to bear upon the old, illiterate, and feeble-minded of the community; and, by what pretence I have never known, he obtained releases from many of them, of their rights, as tenants in common, in the whole township.

The reader must know that this township of six miles square, contained no less than 23,040 acres of land; which, at the time of Potter's doings was worth £90,000 sterling. It was therefore quite a scheme at money-making, to get some third part of these rights condensed into one hand. Matters went on but a short time in this

way, before the Prophetess, who kept herself well informed as to the doings of her flock, came to be advised of all the particulars of this transaction, from beginning to end. Meeting with her secretary, she mildly rebuked him for his worldly-mindedness: and expressed a hope, that for the honor of the cause in which he had so devoutly embarked, he would return the *worldly* papers in his possession, to the infirm old people from whom he had obtained them. Potter, feeling that his designs were accomplished, concluded that a crouching policy was no longer necessary; so he came out boldly to his "*Divine*" mistress, accusing her of hypocrisy and blasphemy, threatening the penalties of the law upon her, if she interfered in the least with the contracts he had made. This was bold language to Deity's vicerent—such as Jemimah had never yet heard from the mouth of a disciple—such as none but a mind well balanced, and feelings well disciplined, could endure in silence.

Jemimah made no reply; but retiring to her *sanctum sanctorum*, which I may hereafter describe, she rang for her page, who alone was admitted into that sacred retreat. Of what orders she there despatched, or how executed, Potter knew nothing, but the fact, that four robust disciples immediately entered the room where he was, seized him by the arms and legs, and without a word spoken, hurried him out of the house, across the improved land, and so through the forest, till he was fairly off the premises claimed by the elect church. On putting him upon his feet, beyond the limits of their township, his bearers now cautioned him, by the authority of the "*Vicerent*," and on peril of his life, never to set foot on the consecrated premises.

Potter too well knew the unbending character of Jemimah, and that her authority was backed up by two hundred men who were subservient to her nod, to treat with indifference the admonition he had received. He consoled himself, however, with this thought, that the papers were in his pocket, and the law open for his remedy. And to law he went—first by obtaining an indictment against the *elect-lady* for blasphemy; and then by instituting ejectment-suits, to oust the infirm ones who had so improvidently re-leased to him. The blasphemy case first came on for trial. Great interest was excited throughout the vest. The court-house was filled with the vonder-loving multitude. The Prophetess de-

clined employing counsel; alleging for plea that the temporal courts had no jurisdiction over the person of the Lord's anointed. This plea being overruled by the court, the Attorney-general went on with his statements and proofs. It appeared, indisputably, that the defendant had arrogated Divine power to herself; and this was alleged to fall within the definition of blasphemy. It now became Jemimah's turn to speak. She arose with the dignity of an empress. The buzzing multitude was hushed to silence. She observed that her kingdom was not of this world—hence she should despatch the temporal matter, now before the court, in a single sentence, and hasten to something more important. If, as was alleged, her doctrines were blasphemous, then was the complainant, who was the principal witness, a blasphemer; and therefore not a competent witness; "for," said she, "Judge Potter, on whose testimony the prosecution is founded, has subscribed to all my doctrines, and made no renunciation of his faith." With this, she assumed a new attitude; lifted up her hands and eyes toward heaven, and poured out a most fervent and passionate ejaculation to her Father in heaven, that the Holy Ghost might descend upon the present audience, and penetrate their hearts with an awful sense of that approaching tribunal, before whom judges and jury, witnesses and spectators, the rich man and Lazarus, must shortly appear, to render an account for the deeds done in the body. Then, assuming an oratorical attitude, she continued with an exhortation so pungent and soul-stirring, so sublimated and overwhelming, that all present seemed to forget they were in a temporal court; and none seemed disposed to interrupt her in her course. She sat down, with the blessings of the multitude upon her; and however they might think her enthusiastic, none doubted her sincerity. The learned judge, in charging the jury, placed the case on two points; First, conceding that to assume the Almighty's prerogatives was blasphemy, in a finite creature; yet, he submitted, whether such an assumption was not evidence of that insane state of mind, which rendered the defendant incapable of committing crime: this was for the jury to determine. Second, should the jury consider the defendant of sufficient reason to commit crime; then they would inquire into the intent, or *quo animo* with which the defendant had acted. If her design had been to revile the Deity—to con-

temn the mission of Jesus Christ—or bring the Christian Scriptures into contempt; then was she guilty of blasphemy. If, on the contrary, she had acted from mistaken views, or religious frenzy—if, in other words, her motives were sincere, however erroneous her opinions, she could not be guilty of the crime alleged.

Jemimah's speech, though considered as travelling out of the record, by the legal gentlemen present, was still sounding in the ears of the rustic jury, who, without troubling themselves with the judge's learned charge, proclaimed their verdict of acquittal without leaving their box.

Potter was much annoyed at this result; but he derived comfort in the thought, that nothing could defeat his recovery of the land, of which he held the paper-title. The links in the chain, to his apprehension, were too simple and direct to involve any doubt as to his success. 1. The immemorial Indian right to the country, by the gift of God. 2. Indian conveyance to Oliver Phelps, by solemn treaty. 3. Grant from Phelps to Jemimah Wilkinson, and her heirs and assignees forever. 4. Jemimah's Deed to her disciples. 5. Sundry of the disciples' releases to Hiram Potter.—"Thank God," says Hiram, "this is matter of law, in which the old hypocrite's prayers and tears can avail her nothing." Well, at length the trial came on. The presiding judge was no other than Chancellor Kent, whose brilliant intellect and forensic science have won him renown, even in Westminster Hall. In this, as in the other case, Jemimah declined other counsel. She sat in all the majesty of royalty, facing two of the most eminent counsellors in the state, whom Potter had retained, and imported from the city, to make doubly sure in the cause. The case was opened, the documentary evidence exhibited, which left no doubt of the plaintiff's right. The learned judge in commiseration of the defendants, and regarding Jemimah as necessarily unqualified as counsel for them, humanely proposed to assign legal gentlemen to assist in the defence, who, he supposed would be better able to measure swords with the champions from New York, than a Rhode Island spinstress. The Prophetess felt her dignity touched by the suggestion; and she thus addressed the court: "Hast thou never read, that He taketh the wise in his own craftiness? That God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise, and foolish things

to bring to nought the wisdom of the mighty?"

"Well, well," said the judge; "but here is a connected chain of title that ties up your hands, and binds you hand and foot."

"Be it so," said Jemimah; "but is it not written, 'I will break their chains from off their neck, and cast their bands asunder, that my people may go free?' Judge Kent, hast thou faith? 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

At this, she drew from her large pocket a most formidable parchment, having appended to it two hundred seals, with the signature of all her followers, exemplified by the great seal of the State, certifying that it had been duly recorded in the Secretary of State's office, long previous to Potter's re-leases. The instrument bore even date with the deeds which she had given to her people, and was explanatory of those deeds. It went to constitute Jemimah Wilkinson sole trustee for her followers, in the whole of their lands, and to re-invest the title in her as such trustee. It referred to the said deeds, and went on to modify them thus: That the interest in the lands, granted by said deeds, should be held no longer than the subscribers remained in full fellowship in the *elect-church*; and that any grant, sale, or *re-lease* of said lands, by any member, should operate as a forfeiture of his right; that nothing should *pass to the purchaser*, by any such sale, but the land should revert to the said Jemimah.

This instrument, the Prophetess read out in the hearing of the whole court and bar, in a firm voice, and with most provoking *nonchalance*; while Potter and his counsel were agitated in every nerve, and in a fever of *nonplusment*. The court decided that this instrument, being executed at the same time with the deeds to the disciples, was to be taken as part and parcel of the same transaction, and to be construed in connexion with the deeds; the effect of which was, to re-invest Jemimah with the title as trustee, and to render the estates inalienable by any act of her followers.

This turned the tables upon poor Potter, who left the court in disgrace, with a heavy bill of costs upon his shoulders. He was soon thereafter impeached for his conduct in this affair, deposed from his office as judge, and sent back to his own insignificance. It is due to the magnanimity of Jemimah to say, that she refused to come

forward as a witness against her quondam disciple, on his impeachment; observing, that "she pitied poor Potter, whose bad heart was a punishment quite sufficient for him; and she would not place the weight of her finger in the scale, to increase that punishment."

It was intended to note the progress of the *elect* hierarchy, to draw out their rules, their domestic economy, their distinctive and peculiar usages, &c. &c.; but these would fill a volume. A few more remarks must close this article.

However presumptuous and arrogant were the pretensions of the Prophetess as a "*Divine*" messenger, they never seem to have led her into any immoral or unjust conduct. In her abounding wealth, she was the same plain, devout, nursing mother to her flock, as when surrounded by poverty and want. She took no advantage of her power in temporal matters; but caused her meanest disciple to fare as well as his "*Divine*" mistress; yea, more, she submitted to fastings and privations, which were never imposed upon her servants. Her hospitality to strangers and visitants, was without a parallel. On Sundays, when many of the surrounding gentry came out to spend an hour in her chapel, as matter of pastime, she never suffered them to depart without a bountiful dinner, served up in her dining hall in a neat and most inviting manner. The writer of this article was once present on such an occasion.

When service was closed, which was performed by Jemimah in a sitting posture, on an elevated stand, she invited all strangers and visitants to *take bread* with her, before their departure: then retiring into a screened alcove, at the back of the stand, a small bell was heard—then the clatter of many footsteps from the kitchen to the dining hall; and finally the great bell, in announcement of dinner.

In coming into the room, we congratulated ourselves that we were to dine with the great "*Viceregent*;" for she stood, covered with her broad-brimmed hat, at the head of the table; but we were mistaken. All standing before their plates, she spread out her hands, blessed the food for our use, in the name of the Lord; then waving her hand in token of adieu, retired to her *sanctum sanctorum*.

The dinner was excellent, the cheer better becoming a nobleman's mansion, than the spiritual establishment of a humble Prophetess. We saw no more of Jemimah;

but we left her hall with satiated appetites, full of benevolence for all mankind, and with the best wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the Prophetess of Jerusalem.

A sentiment had long prevailed among her people, that Jemimah was to live for ever. Whether this was directly inculcated in her teachings, or was an inference drawn from the fact, that she had once died in Rhode Island, and was now moving about in her resurrection body, I cannot assert; yet the impression was universal among her flock, that she was to die no more. However, nature was not to be balked in this way. The "keepers of the house began to tremble:" advancing age admonished the "Vicegerent" that she must by and by abdicate her spiritual kingdom, and leave her lambs without a shepherd. To prepare them for this event, she announced that it was needful for her to go away, that she might send the Comforter, and prepare for them a habitation in the New Jerusalem above; whence she would return, and whither they should go up with her, to stand on the sea of glass, with the hundred and forty and four thousand, to reign for ever and ever! She charged them not to weep for her, as those who had no hope; that though she should *sleep* she should revive again; for, "I desire," said she, "there may be no funeral at my departure, no hearse, no coach, no pomp, no parade; but the blessing of them who loved me on earth, and are following me to the New Jerusalem in heaven."

These injunctions were strictly kept; she stole away from life, unattended, unannounced, unwept. The disciples hid her body in the valley where she had died; but, as in the case of the Jewish lawgiver, "no man knoweth of her sepulchre, unto this day."

This event happened in 1820. Fifteen years afterwards, the writer of this article, in his travels through the country, visited for the last time the habitation of the Prophetess. The scene was changed: Jerusalem's glory had departed. Her sun had set behind a cloud.

He was shown her late establishment, and among the rest the "*sanctum sanctorum*," of which mention has been made. It was a snug parlor, entered but by one door, viz. through the alcove in rear of the chapel. On other sides it was surrounded by sleeping rooms, lighted by a sky-light, ornamented by pictures of apostles and

saints, and furnished with cushioned chairs, and a respectable theological library.

Not an article in the room had been removed from the day of her death. There were her dressing-case, compass, magnet, thimble, needles, &c., besides a ponderous quarto Bible, well-thumbed and marked, lying open on the table. But death had made fearful ravages among her followers. A mere fragment remained to tell that this once had been Jerusalem; and that fragment consisted of the mere effigies of aged men and women, whose bending forms and whitened locks betokened them the lingering remnants of a bygone age, waiting for the summons to depart, and join their leader in the land of forgetfulness. The scenes around me brought painful reflections that here was the end of human aspirations, human genius, human hopes, unguided by the standard of revelation.

Who that shall contemplate Jemimah Wilkinson in her genius, in her probity, in her constancy, in her perseverance and unwavering course, will not regret that a mind so original and powerful, a heart naturally so sincere, an imagination so vivid and creative, by which she might have adorned the higher circles of life, shedding a glory on her sex, should become the temple of a false faith, and a prey to RELIGIOUS FANATICISM?

LETHE AND OTHER POEMS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Lethè and other Poems. By Sophia Woodrooffe. Posthumously Edited by G. S. Faber, B.D. Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury. Seeley, Fleet-street, London.

Our stronger sex, neither very gallantly nor very liberally, seems to have erected *young ladies' poems* into a sort of proverb which implies any thing rather than admiration; and we fairly confess, that we took up the little volume now before us with an internal qualm, notwithstanding that a grave divine—Miss Woodrooffe's grand-uncle—has stood their sponsor. Nor was this anticipation of evil abated by the mournful expression "*posthumously edited*," which occurs in the title-page. Mr. Faber has long been well-known as a theologian, a controversialist, and a mythologist; but we

believe, that his fiercest opponents cannot charge him with ever having perpetrated poetry. Of *this* sin, at least, he must be admitted to be guiltless; and though it is perfectly true, that one who is no poet *himself*, (as, indeed, the respectable editor, in one of his appended notes, ingenuously confesses to be *his own* case,) may yet be a *lover* of poetry, still, somehow or another, we did not look out for any thing particularly good in a volume of poems ushered into the world under the imprimatur of a dogged disputant. Nor were our forebodings dispelled by the affectionate and laudatory preface, which, with much good feeling, introduces the productions of a lamented relative, cut off at the early age of twenty-two; rather, indeed, they were increased, both by the expression of very natural partiality on the part of the editor, and by the perhaps deprecatory statement, that the principal poem, *Lethè*, was written at nineteen, and the dramatic poem, *Irenè*, at the astounding age of thirteen! In short, we are very much inclined to suspect, that the learned gentleman, *confessedly* no poet, had, through regard to his youthful literary correspondent, infelicitously contrived to get out of his element; or, as we familiarly express it, had most indiscreetly committed himself.

Such were our apprehensions; and though, from a decent feeling towards an amiable young woman, now no more, we had determined to inflict no such rough castigation as might have been beneficial to the rashness of a living subject, still we did not expect that we could conscientiously travel beyond the limits of decorously negative civility.

But, like many far more sagacious prophets, we have found our anticipations to be incorrect. We cannot, from the sight of the title-page, or even from the perusal of the preface, claim to have been gifted *prophets* of good; but we may certainly appear in the more unpretending, and probably more satisfactory character of *announcers* of it.

If we should say that the volume contained *no* blemishes, who would believe us, and where would be our long-established praise of critical sagacity? Assuredly, we make no such portentous statement; but collectively, though of course not equally, the poems possess such a high degree of merit that we really must apologize to Mr. Faber for entertaining, when his previous pursuits are considered, some serious doubts of his competency as a judge *in re poetica*. This

merit is quite independent of the age of the authoress. We do not merely say that the poems are good when Miss Woodrooffe's extreme youth is taken into the account; but we say that they are good intrinsically and absolutely. Hence we think, that, had her life been spared, she would probably ere long have ranked, even if she does not *already* rank, with the very highest of our female poets. Respecting *male* poets, being males *ourselves*, we shall say nothing, though we *could* say much. As the wise old saw runs—"Comparisons are odious."

In the poems now before us, there is displayed a singular power of language with an almost perfect command of rhythm; but their specially striking peculiarity (we use the word *peculiarity* advisably) is their complete freedom from *childishness*. What we mean by this remark cannot be more intelligibly expressed than by our saying, that, in no conceivable possibility, could Miss Woodrooffe's poems have been written by an accomplished young lady, *fresh* or *not fresh*, whichever term may be thought most appropriate, from a fashionable London boarding-school.

But it is time that we should justify our praise, and vindicate our critical sagacity, by some extracts from the volume itself.

We shall begin with *Irenè*, which though placed *last* in the collection, was the *first* written.

The plot of this dramatic poem is borrowed from the history of the ambitious *Irenè*, Empress of Constantinople in the eighth and ninth centuries; and it mainly turns upon the dethronement and blinding of her son Constantine. With Baronius, from an ambiguous passage of Theophanes, that barbarous deed is supposed to have *intentionally occasioned his death*; though the more accurate research of Gibbon has discovered that "the blind son of *Irenè* survived many years, oppressed by the court, and forgotten by the world."

When the blinding of Constantine, *designedly* (as appears from the language put into the mouth of the empress) inflicted to produce his death, is determined upon, the affianced bride of the young prince throws herself at the feet of *Irenè*, and passionately implores mercy from the unnatural mother.

"O gracious Empress, spare him!
Yea, spare him yet awhile, a little while!
Mercy! oh, mercy! Do not cut him off
In the fair springtime of his blooming youth,

When all his path is strewed around with roses!
His blood not yet is frozen in the veins—
Not yet the buoyant spirit of his youth
Is to the sternness of old age congealed.
Spare him! and heaven shall shower its blessings down

Upon your head profuse. Slay him! and sure
All heaven's fierce curses shall be poured upon you.

Save—save his life—and God requite the deed!
By the soft ties of filial love, and by
The silver link of motherhood; by that love
Which blessed imperial Leo while alive;
And by those hallowed tears which mourned him dead;

Pronounce the pardoning word to Constantine!"

This is certainly most extraordinary, written by a child of thirteen; and it involved a promise of future excellence in the tragic department, had the young authoress been spared, and had she in mature age re-written the entire poem in the form of a regular tragedy.

The second part of *Irene* opens with a manifest, though allowable imitation of the fearful remorse of the phantom-scared Macbeth. As such, it is not quite a fair specimen of Miss Woodrooffe's early powers. We, therefore, shall not cite the first portion of the speech; but the conclusion is, we believe, perfectly original, and, while perfectly original, perfectly natural. When some horrible deed has been committed, the human mind, in its revulsion, can scarcely believe the reality of the act; but soon an overwhelming conviction of the truth forces itself upon the wretched offender; and, whatever excuse may be attempted, inexorable conscience will do its office:—

"Soft! It hath vanished. Let me think again,
And be myself once more. Yea, did I slay
My Constantine—and did I lift my hand
Against mine only son? It could not be!
Yea, yes, I did. Yon pale and shivering phantom—

The fevered product of a brain disturbed—
And eye-accusing conscience, tell me yes!
But sent I not a messenger to recall
The fatal word? Yea, but he came too late."

Quite independently of the age of the writer, we cannot but think this a really fine burst of passion.

All young ladies, as the master of Sherburn truly remarks in one of his editorial notes, do not understand Greek; but his accomplished grand-niece (we do not use the word boarding school) *did*, it seems—like Lady Jane Grey, and quite as early—understand that noble language. At the age of sixteen, she produced a translation

of a Chorus in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, which the highest boy at Eton or Winchester in the race of emulation might well have coveted; but we rather prefer citing her still better translation of the noble Hymn of Cleanthes; and *that* the rather, because we have already, in a former number, given a version of it by Mrs. James Gray;—

"Most glorious of immortals! Many-named!
Great and all-powerful ever! Jupiter,
Author of nature, universal king,
Hail; for by right thou rulest mortal men!

We are thine offspring: unto us alone
Among the dwellers on the earth, is given
The mimic gift of speech. Therefore to thee
We will sing praises, and extol thy might.

Round, in its place, the universe thou rollest;
And, by thy sovereign will, guidest each orb
As it revolves. In thine unconquered hand
The double-pointed arrows of the lightning,
Thy fiery, ever-living minister,
Thou wieldest; and all Nature at the stroke
Trembles: O Thou, the all-pervading Mind,
Mingled with great and small; thou Lord Supreme,

Nought is without thee—or in the divine
Ethereal heaven, or in the sea, or earth—
Save the blind actions of the wicked man!

'Tis thine to order what things are confused,
Prune the redundant, th' adverse reconcile;
For thou thy law with evil mixes good.

Thrice happy they who love and follow it—
The virtuous! But the wicked, wo to them,
For they abhor and break it! They nor see,
Nor will obey. From what alone can give
Life to their souls, madly they turn away:
Some eager climbing the steep path of glory;
Some, aye unsated, craving after gain;
Some efssoon lulled, by pleasure's syren voice,
To sloth and soft repose. But oh, do thou,
All-giver, dwelling midst the clouds in darkness,
Ruler of lightning, hear: and free the minds
Of men from fatal ignorance; and teach
To follow thine all just, all-guiding will;
That we, since thou hast honored us in much,
May, as becometh us, return thee honor,
Ever thy works extolling! For what gift,
On mortals or on gods, can be bestowed,
More excellent than this?—FOR EVERMORE,
RIGHTLY TO PRAISE THINE UNIVERSAL LAW!"

Among the minor poems, though considerable praise is due to *The Athenian Torch-race*, and others that might be mentioned, we prefer *Constancy* and *Ivy in a Wreath of Flowers*. We transcribe the former; though, instead of the single ambiguous word *Constancy*, we would recommend, as its title in a future edition, *Constancy under Trials*:—

"Man's mind should be of marble, not of clay—
A rock-hewn temple, stern, majestic, bare!
Oh that man's spirit ever thus could be,
Firm and all noble. But how oft we see

It doth resemble some Etruscan tomb,
Where, when you pierce the stillness and the
gloom
Which ages have enwrap it with, you find
A wondrous pile indeed, built strong, secure,
As if, unmoved, eternal to endure;
Bright wreaths of golden leaves and gems en-
twined,
Rich armor, graceful vases, jewels rare,
And sculptured figures more than mortal fair;
While eye, in radiant hue and flowing line,
Are pictured forms of beauty, mirth, or woe.
Entranced awhile you gaze; then seek to
know
For whom these gathered treasures brightly
shine—
But all is silence. Raise the massive lid
Of yon sarcophagus. See what is hid
Beneath the cover of its carven stone.
There is the answer—DUST, AND DUST ALONE."

The two first lines of this beautiful little poem, which serve as a sort of motto to it, are acknowledged by the authoress to have been borrowed from Sir Aubrey de Vere.

But our limits require us to hasten to her undoubtedly principal poem, *Lethè*, which is judiciously placed the first of the collection, and which gives to the entire volume its title.

The editor, whose taste, albeit a controversialist, we have learned duly to appreciate, calls, in his note, this production an *exquisite poem*, and we are not inclined to dispute the propriety of his expression. It is an exquisite poem, both in rhythm and in imaginativeness, and in well-sustained, though happily-diversified energy, through 126 stanzas.

A young Athenian, at the time of the Persian invasion of Greece, is living in a sequestered scene of beauty, beautifully described "sweet to the sweet," with his sisters, and one yet dearer, his own Evadne. The rapid approach of the enemy induces him to seek, with his precious charge, the protection of the city; but in moving thither, the party falls into an ambuscade, and, after a desperate action, the hero, who had been left for dead upon the field, awakes to consciousness only to learn, that the affianced of his sister is slain, and that his consort has fallen into the hands of the Persians. Despair benumbs his faculties—a despair carried to the verge of madness by the speedy tidings of her death. In the depth of his wretchedness he seeks consolation from the schools of the philosophers; but miserable comforters he finds them all. The death of Evadne leads him anxiously to inquire into the state of the disembodied soul; and learning nothing certain in the

schools, he successively, in a fine and varied strain of agonized eloquence, adjures the wind, the ocean, the primeval night, and those

"Holy watchers of the midnight gloom,"

the stars of heaven, to give him the desired information. At length, in utter misery, he prays the invisible powers to grant the boon of forgetfulness:—

"'T was thus I prayed, and long in vain. At length
My prayer was answered. 'T was a stormy night—
The fierce winds shook the cedars in their strength,
And crushed the forest oaks; the forked light
In lurid glances through the tempest flashed;
And o'er the sounding rocks the furious billows dashed.

"I stood alone upon the mountain's brow,
My spirit in one thought absorbed; nor heard
Thunder, or foaming wave, or crashing bough.
And I stood thus entranced, until a word
Fell on my ear, and startled me. I turned,
And dimly through the gloom a formless shape
discerned.

"It spake—'Thy prayer is granted! I have brought
A goblet filled with Lethè water. Drink,
And thou shalt know the boon so wildly sought.
Yet pause while still thou canst; e'en pause, and think
At what a price thou hast it.' 'Give,' I cried,
Fearful lest yet the gift should be denied.

I seized, and drank. A peal of thunder came,
And shook the strong foundations of the hill.
From the dark sky, one flash of livid flame
Shot o'er the surges of the torrent. Still
There was a sound, as if of wings that rushed,
Borne on the raging wind. And all was hushed."

But forgetfulness is only a brief and partial remedy. He prays that his memory may be restored; and the same mysterious agent who had given him the cup of Lethè, annuls its potent influence. He now, in quest of mental repose, successively wanders to Egypt, Italy, Babylon, Tyre, and Palmyra; all of which, particularly Egypt and Palmyra, are powerfully described with great and diversified poetical vividness. At length, his wandering steps conduct him to Palestine; and here, not long after the restoration of Judah from Babylon, (for the land, though "fair and fertile, bore yet traces left by slavery, war, and wrath,") he encounters a venerable stranger, whose guest he becomes. The result of the old man's instructions is that blessed peace of

mind which can alone spring from a knowledge of the great truths of revelation.

"No more forlorn
I roam and desolate. Thou hast shown me
peace,
And had my doubts, and fears, and longings
cease.

"Long have lived together since that time;
And, day by day, fresh beams of light have
burst
Upon my spirit from the source, sublime,
Of all true light. My soul has quenched her
thirst
With living waters. Now I know and praise
The hand that led to truth by such mysterious
ways."

Such is the story of *Lethè*, and though
in the course of the narrative we have al-
ready given two extracts, we cannot re-
frain from adding yet another, as lucidly
showing the diversified powers of Miss
Woodrooffe's muse:—

"Nature I loved. To hear the pine boughs
crashing,
When, black with storms, came on the deep
midnight:
To watch the lightnings, in their fitful flashing,
Scathe the tall firs and cedars in their might;
While through heaven's vault the pealing thun-
ders rolled,
Echoed by every cave an hundred fold;

"This was my joy. Or, by the flood to stand,
Bursting its bounds to ravage and to spoil
The works which man had reared with busy
hand;
Destroying in one hour a lifetime's toil;
Bearing before it in its headlong course,
Earth, trees, and dwellings, with resistless force.

"I loved the mountains and the misty vale,
Which wreathed around them many a shadowy
fold.
I loved to see the kingly eagle sail
On lofty pinions from his eyrie's hold.
I loved to watch 'mid rocks the streamlet leaping,
Or in the vale through weeds and fern leaves
peeping.

"I loved the ocean onward still to float,
In calm or tempest o'er its vast expanse.
I loved the desert, boundless and remote,
Where nought presents itself to keenest glance
But burning sand and cloudless sultry sky,
Save where the treacherous lake recedes before
the eye.

"Once, as I wandered o'er the desert plains,
Afair I saw a green and palmy wood.
I hastened on; and there, with all its fanes
Bathed in the evening light, a city stood,
Glorious as 'twere a city seen in dreams,
Tower, arch, and column bright with rainbow
gleams.

"The palm and cypress cast a pleasant shade
Around; and many a silvery fount was there
With murmuring voice, and many a long arcade,
Lending a shelter from the noon-tide glare.
It was an isle of beauty, placed apart
From common earth in that wide desert's heart.

"Stillness was o'er the plains—a silent gloom
Brooded above them. But within the town
All breathed of life, and youth, and joy, and
bloom,
As if the dwellers in it had cast down
All worldly cares, all grief, all dark dismay,
Making their life one sunny holiday.

"City of palm-trees, fare thee well! How oft
Doth memory turn to thee, as if that thou
Hadst been a place I loved: and in her soft
Dissolving hues she paints thee, till a glow
Hangs round thee, lovely even as thine own
When sunset girds thee with a golden zone."

Our opinion of the collection has now
been sufficiently expressed; and as to her
bereaved parents, it will doubtless be a
soothing memorial of their departed child,
(who really in her own beautiful and af-
fecting *Dirge in Autumn*, seems, by
anticipation, to have described her early
removal from this vale of tears,) so we
heartily wish all success to a publication
which, in his advocacy of it, does credit to
the taste and credit of the learned editor;
though perhaps rather saucily, and doubtless
much too hastily, we expressed what had
been our *secret* misgivings as to his poeti-
cal susceptibilities.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—Several meet-
ings of this society have lately been devoted to
inquiries and illustrations of the properties of vari-
ous kinds of timber, with microscopical examina-
tions of their structure, and the effects produced
on them by Paynising.—On Wednesday, 28th
May, a general consideration of "Geometrical
figures as the foundation of graceful outline,"
was commenced; and although this may not be
strictly true as a theorem, it afforded an opportu-
nity for the recognition and development of some
of the leading principles by which the best works
of ornament are regulated. The varying elements
of form peculiar to different epochs were noticed
and explained. It was considered that the im-
portance of the subject rendered it deserving of
continued attention, and it was therefore deter-
mined that it should be brought before the soci-
ety monthly until further notice.—On Wednesday,
June 11th, a paper will be read "On stained
glass;" and at the meeting on the 25th, the con-
sideration of "Geometrical figures" will be re-
sumed by discussing "The properties of the
oval."—*Lit. Gaz.*



TO MY DAUGHTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR J——.

MARK you yon rivulet that, through the plain,
Winds like a serpent, devious to and fro,
In thousand turns as though it left with pain
The much-loved spring from whence its waters
flow.

All—all is vain, too certain in its flight,
What boot those windings? 'Spite of all delay,
The gentle slope acts with resistless might,
And ever—ever pass its waves away.

So in the course of life our souls return,
Softened by pleasant fancies to the time
Of memory's thousand pictures, and we yearn
O'er the past gladness of our youthful prime.
Alas 'tis vain; in vain may we recall
The pleasant dream, and think with youth to
stay;
Time's downward slope still bears us with its fall,
And ever—ever pass our years away.

Nature alone all powerful is reborn,
And every year to youth returns again;
Each season crowns our fields with waving corn,
And decks with fruit and flowers the verdant
plain.

For me, an old and withered plant am I,
Nature's stern law grants me no second birth:
My evanescent spring long since gone by
Is fled, and ne'er may be renew'd on earth.

Alas! submitted to the same decree,
Louisa, thus thy brightest days glide on;
Bright for an instant only will they be,
And vanish then, like mine, for ever gone.
Yet fear thou not that there is nothing sweet,
Save youthful pleasure, in our course of life;
Too oft the young may envy that retreat
The aged calmly find from passion's strife.

Oh, my dear daughter! from this simple truth
One lesson take,—enjoy the passing hour
With grateful heart, but in thy spring of youth
Sow thou those seeds that may in autumn flower.
The present scarce a moment doth it last,
E'en as we speak and call it ours 'tis gone,
Borne on Time's current, mingled with the past,
It melts and lives in memory alone.

Watch then, oh watch! with never-ceasing care,
O'er thy young heart and each awakening
sense,
Leave not repentance on thine age to bear,
Let Memory's record tell of innocence.

Happy are they who o'er each bygone year
Without remorse can retrospective gaze,
And calmly view the end of life's career,
As we the evenings of our loveliest days.

THE TRUST RECLAIMED.

BY MRS. ARDY.

THE chieftain hastened homeward from the field
Of battle strife,
Eager to clasp his blooming boys and fair and faith-
ful wife;
Alas! his vassals welcomed him in accents faint
and low,
And his lady on a couch reclin'd in deep and si-
lent woe.

"What aileth thee, sweet Isabel? hast thou no
smile or word
To greet thy long-expected love, thy wearied
warrior lord?"
But ever as he soothed her grief tears trickled
from her eyes,
And mournfully she told her tale with sad and
broken sighs.

"A potent ruler once," she said, "committed to
my care
Two exquisite and precious gems of lustre rich
and rare;
He bade me the deposit guard with prudence firm
and just,
Till summoned at a future day to render up my
trust.

Time pass'd away; those dazzling gems shone
ever on my sight,
And daily they appeared to me more beautiful
and bright;
My love for them increased by years, and, rash
and reckless grown,
In fondness and forgetfulness I deem'd them all
my own.

The rightful owner bids me now prepare my trust
to yield;
Alas! I may not from his arm my cherish'd
treasure shield;
Yet may my tears upbraid the act tyrannic and
severe
That rends from my unwilling grasp the gems I
hold so dear."

The chieftain on his lady fixed a gaze amaz'd
and stern—

"How hath thy tale destroyed," he said, "the
joy of my return!

Can she, the truthful Isabel, the chosen of my
heart—

Can she from honor's simple laws thus flagrant-
ly depart?

Why were thy thoughts and wishes on thy frail
possessions bent?

How couldst thou stake thy peace of mind on
treasures only lent?

Restore the gems, nor show thyself, by weak
complaints of wrong,

Unworthy of the noble trust reposed in thee so
long."

A look of soft serenity replaced the lady's gloom.
She gently led her husband to a still and dark-
en'd room;

There lay his lov'd and lovely boys once strong
in beauty's pride,

Each wrapped within a snowy ahroud, they slum-
ber'd side by side.

The father gazed upon the dead—the warrior's
heart grew weak;

Sobbing in bitter agony, he vainly strove to
speak—

"See here," his trembling lady cried, "the loss
I fear'd to tell;

These are the dear intrusted gems I valued but
too well.

I knew the wise and gracious God, who rules
o'er human ties,

Had to my charge these boys consign'd to train
them for the skies;

I knew them fitted to depart, and yet in wayward
pain

I murmur'd that the mighty Lord had claim'd his
own again.

Now I repent me of my fault—I bow to Heaven's
decree."

The chieftain paused, then by her side he prayed
on bended knee;

That prayer an answer from the Lord of peace
and mercy won:

In meek and tranquil faith they said—"The will
of God be done."

Years now have pass'd, bright children smile
around their happy hearth,

Yet hold they with a loosen'd hand these fleeting
ties of earth,

And view the treasures of their house as blessings
lent, not given,

Ever prepared to yield the charge they hold in
trust for Heaven.

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Yea, ye are free, the fields and bowers

Look gaily in this summer weather—

Free to enjoy some merry hours

Of harmless liberty together—

Mounting the green and breezy hill,
There to pursue your playful gambols,
Or wandering to the ivied mill,
That sweetest of all summer rambles.

'Tis eve, and now by yonder brook,
Homeward I mark ye swiftly wending,
None wear a sad and troubled look
Because the day's glad sports are ending;
To study ye shall turn again,
Refresh'd and cheer'd by healthful leisure,
And shall by diligence obtain
A passport to fresh hours of pleasure.

Alas! when in the school of life
We find in after years employment,
And from its path of busy strife
Snatch a short season of enjoyment,
We hope "free nature's grace" to share,
We hope to break the chains that bind us—
But no, in spots most bright, most fair
We drag our fetters still behind us.

Our weary labors we resume,
But cannot bend to the transition,
Thoughts of streams and trees in bloom
Flit round us like a mocking vision.
We lack the light elastic mind
That varies with quick alternation
From flowery fields to scenes confined,
From care to mirthful recreation.

Ah, me! the longer that we live,
Suite of our boasted sense and reason,
The more we feel that years can give
No joy like youth's unclouded season,
When actively we toil'd to earn
Freedom to range 'mid nature's beauties,
Yet could from pleasures promptly turn
Whenever summon'd back to duties.

TERESA MILANOLLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PLIGHTED TROTH.'

Hush'd is the orchestra's harmonious din,
Save one long—earnest—thrilling note rung
out—

The pause of Genius ere that it begin
Its awful mission!—"Tis decreed. Without
Or fear or falter, onward sweeps the strain
In conscious might. And now it proudly
burneth

With lofty thoughts that all less high, disdain—
And now unto rapt Extasie it turneth—
Now melts to tears, and chastening all of Earth
In earthly passion, pensive grows and lowly,
Anon serene and calm—the Second Birth
Of Genius—reverential then and Holy!—
Thus running, of Mind militant, the race,
And in its trials triumphing, until
Proved and found faithful, it doth wing apace
Towards the eternal summit of that Hill
Where Song's supreme, and 'mid the ethereal
Quires

Of prophesying Seraphs who proclaim
A Glory to be canonized—expires,
To instant rise again to Life and Fame!—

And who hath rung this strain, and won this crown,

Who may it be, the Bard, of whom this lay
Is type and voice, and who is thus sent down
To teach Man how to joy and weep and pray?—

Behold! 'Tis even she—the Maiden Child
With Italy's gold olive in her cheek,
And ebon ray in hair and eye; the mild
Yet not withal less resolute Girl, than meek,
Who stands before you clasping in one hand
A little homely instrument laid in her breast,
Whilst in the other one, a wizard wand
Ruling its chords, from that soft place of rest
Draws forth a stream of sweet and noble thought
So thrilling, we know not the which it be,
Anguish or joy, it hath within us wrought,
The Rapture heaves in such lost agony
Of tears and sighing—only to surcease
When that the soaring Theme upborne above
Earth's yearnings, swells into a hymn of peace
And praise, and piety, and blessed love,
And Life Immortal!—Oh the gift, the gift
Of such rare Faculty divine! Avaunt,
Ye sordid Artisans of sound, that lift
No soul, or "lap it in Elysium"! Haunt
No Hall of Poet Harmony! Your sleight
And conjury of hand's all vanity
And vexation! Ye've no Faith. No, none. The
Light

Is Darkness in ye! Fallen Humanity
Needs higher, holier Teachers! Stand aloof—
Whilst our young Prophetess and Patron Saint,
Our second St. Cecilia, from the roof
Of Poesy's high Heaven descends to paint
In revelations lyrical—alone
Interpretation meet of things supernal—
The glories that encompass that Sky-Throne,
Its majesty, and might, and love, and truth
Eternal!

BIRTH-DAY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Oh! for the songs of other years,
When life and joy were young;
When nought but gladsome tales were told,
Or mirthful strains were sung!
When birth-day "healths," with welcomes high,
Were given with cheerful brow!
Our cups, alas! in silence pass—
We've nought but "memories" now!

And round our little social board
Was seen that watchful eye—
One who, though knit to us on earth,
Yet raised our hopes on high!
She who in childhood's helpless days
Around our couch did bow—
A mother's name—no more gives fame—
We've nought but "memories" now!

Off in the stormy sea of life,
Our bark, by tempest driven,
Full dashing on the shoals of fate
With cords and canvass riven,

A mother's love, a mother's look,
Like angel at the prow,
Would cheer us to the haven of health—
We've nought but "memories" now!

Youth's days are fled, and in their stead
Come sorrow, grief, and tears;
And for the sunny morns of song
We number heavy years!
Fond friends are gone, and we alone
Must 'neath affliction bow—
Time was when we gave happy healths—
We've nought but "memories" now!

A STRANGER MINSTREL—A POEM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Not published in any edition of his Works.—Written to Mrs.
Robinson a few days before her death.

As late on Skiddaw mount I lay supine
Midway the ascent, in that repose divine
When the soul, centered in the heart's recess,
Hath quaffed its fill of Nature's loveliness,
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay,
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkle of a silent laugh;
In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought,
A form within me rose, within me wrought
With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,
"Thou ancient SKIDDAW! by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-colored chaams so deep,
And by their shadows that forever sleep—
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunshine islands on thy smooth green
height—
And by yon shepherds with their sheep,
And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd
That rush even now with clamor loud
Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud—
And by this laugh, and by this tear,
I would, old SKIDDAW! she were here!
A lady of sweet song is she—
Her soft blue eye was made for thee!
Oh, ancient SKIDDAW! by this tear
I would, I would, that she were here!"

Then ancient SKIDDAW, stern and proud,
In sullen majesty replying,
Thus spake from out his helm of cloud—
(His voice was like an echo dying!)
"She dwells, belike, by scenes more fair,
And scorns a mount so bleak and bare!"
I only sighed when this I heard,
Such mournful thoughts within me stirred
That all my heart was faint and weak,
So sorely was I troubled!
No laughter wrinkled now my cheek,
But oh! the tears were doubled.

But ancient SKIDDAW, green and high,
Heard and understood my sigh;
And now, in tones less stern and rude,
As if he wished to end the feud,
Spake he, the proud response renewing—
(His voice was like a monarch wooing!)

"Nay but thou dost not know her might—
The pinions of her soul how strong!
But many a stranger in my height
Hath sung to me her magic song,
Sending forth his ecstasy
In her divinest melody.
And hence I know her soul is free—
She is where'er she wills to be,
Unfettered by mortality!
Now to the 'haunted beach' can fly,
Beside the threshold scourged with waves;
Now to the maniac while he raves,
'Pale moon! thou spectre of the sky,'
No wind that hurries o'er my height
Can travel with so swift a flight.
I too, methinks, might merit
The presence of her spirit!
To me, too, might belong
The honor of her song,
And witching melody
Which most resembles me,
Soft, various, and sublime,
Exempt from wrongs of Time!"

Thus spake the mighty mount, and I
Made answer with a deep-drawn sigh—
"Thou ancient SKIDDAW, by this tear,
I would, I would, that she were here!"

CHARLTON.

"More life, and fuller, 'tis we want"—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Thus standing on a mound of graves,
To look out on the living world,
That in this vernal sunshine waves—
On ships with their broad sails unfurled,
(Large vehicles of merchandise,
Crowding the all too narrow stream,)—
That back upon the steadfast eyes,
From their far-winding progress, gleam
Like white-winged birds, before the sun,—
Who would the story of these tombs,
Like a mere thoughtless coward, shun?
The heart of every tree that blooms,
In this its hour of gladness, saith:—
"Life must be something more than breath."

For man, who can identify
Himself with what can never die,
There can be no such thing as death.

Beauty and love, with outstretched arms,
And eyes more lustrous by the light
Of kindled hearts and ripened charms,
Still in their old embrace unite.
And all that wintry thoughts congeal
Beneath spring's passion will relax—
As a proud heart, beneath the seal
Of sovereign love becomes like wax
Longer than graves shall keep alive
The fading memory of the dead,
And long as earth shall be a hive
Of industry, and flowers, outspread
Thence by God's impartial hand,
Shall, with their honeyed voice, breathe peace
throughout the land.

Why, then, should graves beget more gloom
Than this old mansion in the rear?
Death must have been in every room
Of its magnificence, and fear
Of death be stronger there than here.
And yet it speaks of life alone—
Of life in the potential mood—
As if its walls were little prone
To thoughts of common brotherhood
With any cottage built of clay.

But wherefore linger here? The pink
Of May upon the apple-tree
Stands on annihilation's brink;
And in the distance I can see,
Bursting and bleaching in the sun,
Large sheets of it—where with loud voice,
And thoughts, perchance, of unfledged young,
Secure, the blackbird doth rejoice;
While various notes of softer song—
Like nestling love retired to rest
With gladness in its heart so strong
That it will overflow its nest—
Are up from hedge and thicket flung.
Yet I still grasp the iron-rail,
As if from graves I could not flee,
And watch the river's onward trail
From London to the other sea.
Bright Thames! amidst much wo and weal
Thou windest onward, ever bright,
Beneath the heavy-laden keel,
And the gay skiff that dances light,
With beauty sitting in its bow,
The river of the world art thou.
And thou shalt ever wind
Fertile and free and bright as now,
Through solitudes and cities ebb,
A thread of gold with the dark web
Of the world's history twined.

L. D.

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

MAN ever talks, and man ever dreams
Of better days that are yet to be;
After golden goal, that distant gleams,
Running and racing untiringly.
The world may grow old and young as it will,
But the Hope of man is Improvement still!

Hope bears him into life in her arms,
She flutters around the boy's young bloom;
Youth's ardent soul with her magic warms,
Nor e'en with age doth herself entomb;
For ends man his weary course at the grave;
There plants he—Hope, o'er his ashes to wave.

And O! 'tis no vain delusive show,
No birth in the fool's dull brain begot;
In the heart it speaks, that all may know
We are born to prove a better lot;
And what speaks that inward voice believe,
For the hoping soul 't will not deceive.

C. R. L.



SCIENCE AND ART.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.—An interesting report was addressed not long since to the Comité Historique on the mediæval monuments of Burgundy. Among other points noticed was, the condition of the walls of Beaune, some of the most perfect remains of the middle ages in the east of France. The circuit of the walls round the town is nearly complete, and the effect of these venerable ramparts is exceedingly good; nevertheless, the town-council of the place would willingly pull them all down, not because they are in the way, but merely because they do not consider them to be of any use: and were it not for the ditch of the town having been turned into gardens, and become the property of numerous individuals, who would be sufferers by the demolition, this work of Vandalism would have been long since accomplished. Not one, however, of the ancient gateways of the town has been left untouched. The gateway of the castle, built in 1502, by the father of Louis de la Tremoille, was pulled down in 1829, and replaced by a barrier in wood: another has also been lately destroyed. One of the curtains was recently threatened with demolition in order that a new gateway might be built, and the old one of St. Martin removed. The major part of the walls are of the 11th century, but they were much repaired, at the end of the 14th, by Philip the Bold. Two of the towers which still remain are of the 12th century. They are round, and have narrow loopholes, with conical roofs; two other towers large and round, five pentagonal bastions, and six spherical curtains, are of the time of Louis XII., built by La Tremoille, and having the stones of their faces cut into diamond-shaped projections. All the curtains of the castle are cut into diamond-shaped projections of the same kind, and the care which the engineers of that date took to ornament their military constructions is worthy of note. The fashion of so doing, as in the present instance, might have been introduced by La Tremoille from Italy, where he had conquered the Milanese. On the buttresses of the castle-gateway are still to be seen armorial bearings, such as the wheel

of the Tremoilles; a porcupine crowned; and the escutcheon of France. The letter A, the monogram of Anne of Brittany, occurs between two ermine tails, and the letter L, with a crown upon it, being the monogram of the king, her consort. On the outside of the great gateway are three cordons in stone, placed above each other; the lower one bears 56 wheels of the Tremoilles, the middle one 29 porcupines, and the upper one 25 crowned L's. Various other bearings and enrichments occur at other spots.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CARDINAL FESCH'S PICTURE SALE has terminated at Rome. Among the latest *chef-d'œuvres* mentioned by Galignani, were a pair of *stèles champêtres* by Watteau, which brought 28,245f.; a battle-piece by Wouvermans, 25,420f.; *Christ crowned with Thorns*, Teniers, also 25,420f.; *Jacob's Journey*, by A. Vandewelde (with above sixty animals), 50,840f.; *The Prayer of Love*, by Greuse, 34,797f.; both bought by Lord Hertford; an early Raphael, *The Crucifixion*, 56,490f. bought by Prince Canino; *St. John Preaching*, a remarkable Rembrandt, 75,320f., also secured by the Prince. Many others brought from 5000 to 10,000f.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of the British Association at Cambridge is likely to prove of more than usual interest, from the number of distinguished scientific foreigners expected. Prof. Struve of Dörpat, Professors Dove, Kreil, Kupfer, and others, will be present at the magnetic congress which forms the prominent feature of the proceedings this year. Prof. Foggi of Pisa, Prof. Schonbein of Basel, and Sir Robert Schomburgk, have also expressed their intention of attending the meeting; and it is hoped that M. Quetelet, Prof. Agassiz, &c., will be able to be there. The arrangements at Cambridge include a very extensive and convenient model-room, in which works of art of all kinds, and mechanical and other inventions, will be exhibited to great advantage. We would recommend all who intend sending models and other works of art to

communicate their intentions to the local secretaries without delay.—The proper authorities have granted the use of the new Fitzwilliam Museum to the Association.—*Lit. Gaz.*

GREEK SLAVE : SCULPTURE.—A very fine female figure under this title, executed by Powers, an American artist at Florence, has for the last fortnight been exhibited at Messrs. Graves and Co. It is a charming work, and reflects high honor on the artist. The form is nude, as if exposed to view in the slave-market; and there is a sweet natural sense of shame both in the countenance and attitude. The head is altogether good, and well poised, with an averted look on the neck and chest. The bosom is youthful, but full, and the whole of the body and limbs admirably modelled. The back is particularly beautiful; but indeed there is hardly any point of vision where a defect or blemish of outline can be detected. Where the muscle above the mamma retires, below the right shoulder, there is the slightest appearance which, we could hypercritically say, was not to our taste. We must, however, declare our decided objection to the chain between the manacled wrists. If a sculptor cannot express his idea or convey his meaning without an accessory of this kind, he fails in the highest elevation of his art: his design is imperfect. The chain is in itself contrary to historical truth, and ought assuredly to be taken away.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE REV. E. SIDNEY 'ON THE ELECTRICITY OF PLANTS in the several stages of their development.'—At the commencement and at each division of this communication, Mr. Sidney dwelt on his desire to be considered, not as the promulgator of any theory on the influence of electricity on vegetable growth, but as the cautious observer of important and instructive facts. The following six propositions were maintained:—First, *Electricity appears to exercise an influence on growing plants.* After noticing the experiments of Maimbray, Nollett, Bertholon, Davy and others, Mr. Sidney mentioned that he had himself accelerated the growth of a hyacinth in the common glass jar by giving it sparks, on alternate days, from the machine. Secondly, *Fluids contained in vegetable tissues possess a high conducting energy, as compared with the ordinary substances found on the earth's surface.* In confirmation of this several experiments were shown, to prove the conducting energy of vegetable points. The fact was also stated, that it was impossible to give an electric shock to more than one at each extremity of a circle of persons standing on a grass-plot. This the operator easily did when they transferred themselves to a gravel-walk. In the former instance, the current went across the grass, instead of being carried from one human body to another. A jar, of forty-six square inches of coated surface, was discharged by a blade of grass in little more than four minutes of time, whereas it required three times that period to produce the same effect by means of a metallic needle. Mr. Sidney said, however, that probably the blade of grass had many points. Mr. Sidney also showed a drawing of Mr. Weekes's Electroscope with vegetable points, which Mr. Weekes prefers to any artificial ones he has yet tried in the open air during the passage of a cloud. Thirdly, *There are in-*

dications of adaptation to electrical influences in the differences of form of parts of plants in the different stages of their development. Thus the moistened germ of a vegetating seed becomes a good conductor. The ascending and descending portions are, in the majority of instances, pointed. Plants designed for a rapid growth have generally a strong pubescence. Those destined to meet the variations of the seasons have often thorns or prickles. As surface becomes needed for other purposes, the pointed is changed to the expansive form of the vegetable organ. As the period of fruiting approaches, it seems desirable that electricity should be carried off. Hence the hairs, &c. fall off or dry away. The apparent exception is that of *pappi*, which have a special office for conveyance of seeds. Gardeners put metallic hoops over fruiting melons, which tends to take off electricity and shade them. Fourthly, Mr. Sidney inquired, *Whether there are not natural phenomena tending to confirm these views?* Vines and hops are said to grow rapidly during and after a thunderstorm, and peas to pod after a tempest. As to hops, these effects may be ascribed to the destruction of aphides, &c. by the lightning: but as these animals are tenacious of life, the storm which destroyed the parasitic insect would, probably also, kill the plant which fed it. Again, it is observed that there are no plants wherever simooms, which appear to result from a highly electrical state, of the atmosphere, occur. Mr. Brydone's observation of the presence of electricity in the atmosphere of Mount Etna, in places where vegetation was absent, and its deficiency wherever vegetation luxuriated, also indicated the influence of plants in distributing atmospheric electricity. This was illustrated by an experiment with a cone of chalk, with a piece of moss on one part. The part without the moss brought near the machine only slightly affected the electrometer. The moss carried off the electricity entirely. Fifthly, Mr. Sidney suggested the inquiry, *Whether, the forms and geographical distribution of certain species of plants did not indicate design with reference to their electrical properties and uses.* The prevalence of the fir tribes in high latitudes was noted. These trees are characterized by their needle shaped foliage, and it was argued that the conducting power, with which this form invested them, might modify dryness and cold, and aid in the precipitation of snow. Mr. Sidney concluded by suggesting modes of applying electricity to practical agriculture and horticulture. First, with regard to the free electricity in the atmosphere. Having mentioned the experiments of Mr. Foster of Finbrassie, on growing crops, Mr. Sidney described modifications of this arrangement made by Prof. E. Solly, in his experiments at the Horticultural Garden, and by himself. The latter consist of wires suspended over the growing crop from other wires which are kept parallel to the horizon by being fastened to insulated rods. Secondly, *Electricity artificially generated by the voltaic pile.* Mr. Sidney has found that potatoes, mustard and cress, cinerarias, fuchsias and other plants, have their development, and, in some instances, their productiveness, increased by being made to grow between a copper and a zinc plate connected by a conducting wire; while on the other hand, geraniums and balsams are destroyed by the same influence. Mr. Sidney at present believes that the

application of electricity to vegetable growth may be made available in horticulture. The question as to agriculture may be decided when more experiments are tried: and the philosophy of the experiments fully determined.—*Athenæum*.

‘ON RUSSIA AND THE URAL MOUNTAINS.’—

Mr. Murchison commenced by announcing, that the chief purpose of his communication to the Royal Institution, was to call attention to some of those essential points of palæozoic classification which he had taken an active part in establishing in the British Isles, and which, with the aid of his associates, M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, he had for the last few years endeavored to apply to the great mass of Eastern Europe and the adjacent parts of Asia—countries which hitherto had not been geologically illustrated. He exhibited a very large geological map of Northern Europe, including the vast area bounded by a line from Scandinavia to the Timan range (a tract hitherto unexplored) on the north, and from the western shore of the Black Sea to the eastern shore of the Lake Aral (including the Caucasus and Ararat) on the south. In the northern portion of this great region, the palæozoic series is copiously and completely developed; and each sedimentary system is specially characterized by the same groups of organic remains as in Western Europe. These deposits offer, however, the great and leading distinction, that throughout the whole basin of Russia in Europe, they have been exempted from those intrusions of eruptive rocks which so diversify them in the British Isles, France and Germany, and are therefore to be viewed as large unruffled pages in the book of Nature, which are singularly instructive. Mr. Murchison then proceeded to give a sketch of the analogies of the different palæozoic systems, commencing with the Silurian, which he established by his own researches in the British Isles, and which was now proved universally (whether here, or in America, or Russia,) to be the oldest formation containing organic remains.

1. *The Silurian System*.—This, the lowest great natural group, is divided in Russia and Scandinavia into two great subdivisions, Lower and Upper. The former of these occupies the mainlands of the Russian provinces of St. Petersburg and Esthonia, and considerable tracts in Sweden and Norway,—the latter being chiefly developed in the Baltic isles of Gothland, Oesel, Dago, &c., thus constituting a vast area, nearly as large (when all the fragments are united) as the British Isles. In our own country, it has been found difficult to obtain clear evidence of the super-position of the lowest Silurian strata to those which preceded them; and the value of the Scandinavian sections consists in their affording undeniable proofs particularly along the shores of the great Lake Wetterm, of the very inferior strata, charged with fucoids only, reposing on gneiss and granitic gneiss, out of the materials of which those lowest Silurian rocks have there been formed. Terming the rocks, which are inferior to all traces of animal life, “Azoic,” Mr. Murchison then gave a rapid sketch of the chief characters of each subdivision of the ascending series. Passing up from the lower sands and shales, in which fucoids only are traceable he directed attention to the singular small brachiopod,

the Ungulite or Obolus, which is almost the sole occupant of the grit or sandstone which is found in the next ascending stratum, and is associated at intervals with a very rare species of *Orbicula*, which Mr. Murchison and his associates have named after the distinguished and veteran leader of Geology on the Continent, *O. Buchii*. In the following stage, which is a limestone, are found a multitude of Trilobites, including (though rarely) the *Asaphus Buchii* and *Asaphus tyrannus*, so well known in Siluria and Wales, together with Orthids, Orthoceratites, and a very remarkable family of Crinoids, which, from their round forms, have been termed Sphæronites, and Echino-an-crinites; but which M. von Buch has recently termed *Cystidæ*, dividing them into several genera and species, and showing that they never were provided with arms. As to the Upper Silurian of the Baltic islands and the Bay of Cristiania, of 100 specimens of fossils there discovered, 70 or 80 are identical with those of Dudley and Wenlock. In Norway as in Britain, the Upper and Lower Silurian are divided by a single band of limestone, which is characterized by the same fossil, *Pentamerus oblongus*, in both countries, and even in North America.

2. *Old Red Sandstone, or Devonian System*.—

This deposit occupies an enormous region in Russia, and, succeeding to the Silurian, ranges for upwards of 900 miles, from Lithuania on the south-west to the White Sea on the north-east, and in another parallel for nearly a similar distance, from the western plateaux of the Valdai Hills to Orel, in central Russia, where it forms a great dome, discovered by Mr. Murchison and his associates. Throughout these vast distances, it is in some parts composed of red and grey sandy beds, in others of yellow marlstone, flagstone, and limestone of various colors and composition. In many sandy districts the deposit is exclusively charged with fossil fishes, which are to a great extent the same species as characterize the old red sandstone of Scotland; whilst in other parts, where the beds are more calcareous, these ichthyolites are collocated with the fossil shells of Devonshire—a union never yet discovered in the British Isles, and which perfectly demonstrates the applicability of the term Devonian, as suggested by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, to this group of strata, whose lithological characters are so various, but whose position in the series and whose Fauna are so constant. In showing that the order of Nature, as now clearly read off from the zero of animal life, indicates a succession from a period when no living creature existed, and that the earliest found animals were not associated with even the lowest class of vertebrata, Mr. Murchison not only disavowed giving any sanction to the wild theory of progressive development, but showed, on the contrary, that each animal when first created was most perfect, and often most composite in its kind. Thus, the earliest known fishes, those of the Ludlow or Upper Silurian rocks (which he had been the first to describe), are of singularly curious and elaborate forms; whilst the ichthyolites of the Devonian, or old red deposits of Russia, the earliest fishes of that great continent, contain numerous placoid fishes, which, though of entirely lost genera and species, are, according to Professor Agassiz, who has named and described them for Mr. Murchison, of quite as high an organiza-

tion as any fishes now living in the Mediterranean Sea.

3. Calling attention to the next ascending group, Mr. Murchison then held up a specimen of the white *Carboniferous Limestone*, which ranges for hundreds of miles over Russia. In appearance, this rock exactly resembles a piece of common chalk; but the large *Producti* and other fossils contained in it establish its identity with the mountain limestone of the British Isles. From hence was deduced the generalization, that the mineral character of a rock is not to be taken into account in identifying its age. In Russia, as in Ireland, this system of rocks is singularly barren of coal. Mr. Murchison, in adverting to this circumstance, dwelt on the vast difference between the great productive coal fields of England, which overlie the carboniferous limestone, whereas in Russia the coal is *intercalated within* that rock,—excepting the case of the coal field of the Donetz, which resembles those of Berwickshire and part of Northumberland: the single thin seam of coal which is alone found in the basin of Moscow is nearly valueless. Mr. Murchison here reminded his audience that, as the fossil vegetation below the old red sandstone consisted of small marine fucoids only, and as coal could alone be formed out of large masses of terrestrial vegetation, it was impossible that any coal worthy of being worked could be formed beneath these rocks, and that consequently, the greater portion of the North of Russia must be destitute of this invaluable fuel.

4. *The Permian System.*—Having thus glanced at the three great systems that have been usually supposed to constitute the Palæozoic series, Mr. Murchison briefly adverted to another great natural group, to which, as representing the magnesian limestone and the lower new red sandstone of England, and the *Zechstein*, *Rothe todte liegende* and *Kupfer Schiefer* of the Germans, he had assigned a single and common name, derived from the ancient kingdom of Perm, around which such deposits are extended, over an area twice as large as the kingdom of France, being bounded on the east by the Ural Mountains. It is the great copper region of Russia. With the conclusion of this great deposit, the genera and species of the palæozoic series disappear, and an entirely new animal creation succeeds, in the trias, or new red sandstone.

5. *The New Red Sandstone* being almost entirely absent in Russia, and the lias and inferior oolite being entirely absent, the next group in ascending order are *Jurassic Shales*, which exactly represent the Oxford clay and Kelloway rock of English geologists, and contain the *Gryphea dilatata*, and many characteristic ammonites.

6. *The Cretaceous System* is confined to the southern tracts of Russia, and extends to the east of the Volga and the Ural river, often in the form of white chalk, and with its usual *Belemnites*, and other deposits.

7. *The Tertiary deposits* occupy enormous areas in South Russia, and are divisible into the Eocene and Miocene groups, the first of which occurs at Kief and on the Lower Volga, the latter occupying vast spaces in Volhynia, Podolia, Bessarabia, &c.

8. Besides the oceanic tertiaries so perfectly known in many other parts of the world, Russia and the Southern Asiatic tracts beyond the limits

of the empire are specially distinguished from all the rest of the globe, by being covered with a peculiar deposit—the limestones and sands of the steppes,—which are invariably charged with peculiar relics of a former vast internal sea of brackish water, entirely dissimilar from those of the ocean, and to a great extent the same as those which now live in the Caspian, and the mouths of its tributaries, the Volga, Don, and in the Aral Sea and its great affluent, the Oxus. To this grand tertiary deposit, which covers an area as large as the present Mediterranean, Mr. Murchison and his associates have assigned the term of *Aralo-Caspian*. It represents, in fact, the Pliocene or Pleistocene deposits of Lyell, and shows that, for a very long period, this large portion of the earth was covered by a sheet of water, slightly saline only, and tenanted by creatures which live in rivers and brackish lakes, such as the Caspian and Aral; their spacious habitat being insulated, as it were, from the ocean.

Apologizing for the utter impossibility of condensing into a lecture of an hour's duration any thing like the most general *aperçu* of the great phenomena of Russian geology, and referring his auditors to his forthcoming work for all explanations, Mr. Murchison concluded by a few short allusions to the Ural Mountains, and one of the great generalizations deduced from the survey of a great portion of the globe, more than twice as large as all the kingdoms of Europe united, which have previously been geologically described. The Ural chain, running from north to south and separating Europe from Asia, offers a fine contrast to European Russia; for as the slightly consolidated and palæozoic deposits before alluded to approach these mountains they become hard, black and crystalline, in consequence of being traversed by innumerable points and ridges of intrusive rocks. The palæozoic rocks are there metamorphosed into crystalline schistose bands—yet even here the geologist meets with occasional patches of limestone characterized by fossils. The Siberian side of this chain is a vast mass of plutonic matter, amid which *occur* only of the older palæozoic rocks are found. Mr. Murchison further showed that from the nature of the regenerated copper deposits (Permian) to the west of the chain, their materials must all have been derived from rocks which now exclusively occur on the eastern side of the rocky ridge, and hence he argued, that the chief axis of the Ural—where the gold ores were formed, must have been thrown up at a comparatively recent period. Finally, Mr. Murchison pointed out, that as the three great chains which subdivide Russia in Europe (the Scandinavian, Uralian and Caucasian) have different directions, and in each of them deposits are uplifted which are proved to have been accumulated at consecutive periods, so does this grand phenomenon support one portion of the theory of M. Elie de Beaumont, that the ages of great and independent mountain lines of elevation are indicated by their respective directions.—This communication closed the weekly meetings of the session.—*Athenæum*.

COPYRIGHT.—Sir F. Pollock, C. B., pronounced the judgment of the Court in the case of *Chapple v. Purday*. This was an action in which the plaintiff claimed damages from the defendant, for an alleged infringement of his copyright in the Overture to *Fra Diavolo*. It appeared that

the music in question, which, as is well known, was composed in Paris by Auber, some years ago, was sold by the composer to one Troupinas, who assigned his interest therein to one Latour, from whom the plaintiff took an assignment in his turn. The piece in question having been represented and published in Paris, a formal assignment was subsequently made of the copyright in Eng. and to the plaintiff, by all the parties above mentioned, and the overture was afterwards published in England by the plaintiff. The defendant having published and sold copies of the same music, this action was brought to restrain him from so doing. A verdict passed for the plaintiff at the trial in this court, subject to a motion to enter a nonsuit; and the case having been argued at considerable length, time was taken to consider the question so reserved for the opinion of their Lordships. The Chief Baron now stated that there were two questions—first, whether the plaintiff at common law could claim any copyright under the circumstances of the case; and, secondly, whether failing that, he was protected by the statute law of England. As to the first question, there was no doubt whatever that no foreigner residing abroad and there composing a work could claim any protection for his work by the common law of this country. A copyright is a creature of the municipal law of each country, and must be governed by its statutes, which have no extra-territorial power. A British subject may, therefore, at common law, print and publish any French work in England; and the next question is, whether as regards the defendant, that power is any way affected by the statutes relating to this subject. There are the statutes of 8 Anne, c. 19. and 24. George III, c. 156, which latter was passed to encourage British talent and British authors in most general terms. The terms of these statutes do not apply to foreign authors and their works, and it remains to consider the several cases which have been decided under them. His lordship then examined at some length the several cases which were cited on the argument, and concluded by saying that their result was, that neither a foreign author nor his assignee was protected in England by the statutes, if the work in question should appear to have been first published elsewhere than in this country. In this case the plaintiff was clearly in the same position as M. Auber would be: and as it appeared that the Overture to *Fra Diavolo* had been originally published in Paris by the assent of the author, he could derive no exclusive right to that production in England. For these reasons the verdict must be set aside, and a nonsuit entered.—*Athenæum*.

From St. Petersburg, we hear of a magnificent Vase of sea-green Jasper, which the Emperor has had cut in the mines of Colywan, and placed in the palace of the Hermitage with some difficulty. The dimensions are colossal, its diameter being 15 feet, and its weight, including the jasper pedestal, 418,898 lbs. The upper edges are sculptured in relief and adorned with chasings of the most exquisite finish. In 1829 commenced the work of extracting the block from the quarries of the Mountain Rownwaya, near Colywan;—in 1831 it was hoisted and dragged to the work-yard. For its transport to St. Petersburg 550 peasants and 120—increased in places to 160—horses were required. As it could

not pass over the bridges, it had to be drawn across the rivers, in winter, on ice four feet in thickness. Several times, it broke through; but preparations had been made for such an event, and it was recovered from the water, unmutated. All the workmen employed, either in the work of art or its conveyance, have received rewards from the Emperor.—*Athenæum*.

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction has addressed a report to the Emperor, on the results of M. Middendorf's scientific mission into Siberia. The learned academician had explored the two provinces of Taimyrland and Utzkoi—the one extending between Piazsima and Chatanga, as far as the Frozen Ocean, and the second touching on the South-eastern extremity of Asiatic Russia. After having visited the Schantar islands, where no traveller had preceded it, the expedition pushed its way, through many perils, to the very frontiers of China. Scientific discoveries of great interest are said to be the result of this journey—of which Middendorf is about to publish a detailed account. His work will be given in Russian and French—at the cost of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg.—*Athenæum*.

"LIGHT, COLOR, AND THEIR EFFECTS."—Certain effects observable in mountainous districts were described as strikingly different from any we observe in lower regions, and tending to create doubts of the Newtonian system, in favor of Dr. Hook's theory of two colors only. Yellow and red are supposed by Mr. Foggo to be but modifications of the warm aspect, in contrast or opposition to the blue or cold hue; their prismatic proportions and positions, and the inefficiency of the metrochrome and other modes of attempting the recombinations of colors into pure light or whiteness, were commented on, as well as the important results of glazing and scumbling, in the painter's practice. An inquiry into the principles and effect of light and color was recommended as a delightful and useful opportunity for artists to advance human knowledge, and raise their profession to respect and consideration. The often abused atmosphere of this island was described as one great cause of our landscape painters' excellence and of the peculiar beauty of our descriptive poets, being eminently conducive to picturesque and poetical effect.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CORREGGIO'S FRESCOS, PARMA.—The copies of these far-famed frescoes and others of Parmegiano, by the Chevalier Toschi, exhibited, within the last few days, at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's, are splendid performances, and afford a fine idea of both these great masters in the highest efforts of their genius. In the Correggios the divine expression of countenances, the disposition of human limbs in every posture, yet all of grace and beauty, the fertility of invention, the life-like softness of the flesh, and in short, the exhibition of every power and loveliness of painting, are beyond the meaning of language to describe or measure.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Didot's Bibliotheca Græca. Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf. Scholia of Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf and Dübner. Xenophon, ed. Dindorf. Plutarch, Moralia, ed. Dübner. London. Firmin Didot.

THESE are specimens of Messrs. Didot's gigantic undertaking of giving a complete library of Greek authors, in sixty volumes. In such a scheme we look for more than typographical compactness. It is little to say that these sixty volumes will contain the matter of about four hundred ordinary volumes; for such a saving of space, though immense, would be of very slight importance if it were the main feature of the undertaking. We feel bound to inform our readers of the fact, that the compactness is only one of the great advantages of this publication; cheapness is a second; correct reproduction of the very best text is a third; a fourth is new or newly revised Latin translations side by side with the original; and a very copious *Indices Nominum et Rerum* is a fifth.

There can be no comparison between Didot's publication and that of Tauchnitz; for except that the Tauchnitz Classics have the advantage of being pocket volumes, in no respect are they equal to the goodly octavos of Messrs. Didot. The Tauchnitz Classics are cheap, but inferior; badly edited, often not edited at all, incorrectly printed, and without either indices or translations. The works before us are, as far as we have examined them, very correctly printed from the best editions. The volume of 'Aristophanes' contains, also, the fragments of 'Menander and Philemon,' published by Dübner; together with several new fragments discovered recently in the MSS. of the Royal Library of Paris. The volume containing the Scholia to Aristophanes, we heartily recommend to every reader of the poet; especially directing his attention to the copious index. Plutarch's 'Moralia,' of which two volumes have appeared (a third, containing the Pseudo Plutarch and Index, is to come), is founded on Wyttenbach's magnificent edition, which has been carefully revised by M. Dübner, who has availed himself of the collection of MSS. made by the Greek agent, Konton, for the Royal Library of Paris. The works, though forming a complete library, may be had separately; and it is worth adding that the Index to the Scholia of Aristophanes may also be had separately for four francs. The price of the volumes varies from sixteen shillings to a guinea each: about a fourth of the ordinary price.

For those who do not need editions crowded with foot notes of conjectural emendations and editorial squabbling—who are sensible of the value of good indices, and a Latin version confronting the original—for those, in short, who want good, serviceable books, there are none equal to Messrs. Didot's.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Evenings in the Land of Uz: an Exposition of Job, by Mrs. H. Van Hagen, 2d edit. Letters and Despatches of Lord Viscount Nelson, Vol. III.

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Journal of Missionary Labors in the City of Jerusalem in 1842-3-4, by Rev. P. C. Ewald.

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